

The German Mythological Landscape

by

Guido von List

Translation Note: The translation in this book was completed by DeepL artificial intelligence. This translation may not be perfect, but it gets the central meaning correct, and unlike the mythical army of highly fluent German/English translators we all long for, this translation actually exists. Anyone who can do a better job, please do! As far as I can tell, this book is in the public domain, with over 100 years since List's death in 1919, yet none of the critics of AI have translated the work themselves or raised the money to have it done professionally. In comparing the AI versus human translation in other works (including Flowers' *Secrets of the Runes*, and Dalton's *Mythus*), I found the differences insignificant enough to warrant pushing through in this format. Lack of German/English translators should not be a barrier to the distribution of knowledge of the two languages given current technology.

Whenever a translation exists conducted by a bilingual human with a good heart, please do support their work by buying it new at full price. These translations should be seen as more of a stopgap effort to get something out rather than nothing. The unexpected AI benefits of translating are a larger vocabulary than any human, in a much quicker and mostly objective output. There are many examples of translated German text - simply test the AI versus humans - it makes for a fun afternoon, but ultimately I found the differences to be minor and the AI to be reliably boring but accurate.

Editor's Note: The Foundation

The two volume "Deutsch-Mythologische Landschaftsbilder", or German Mythological Landscape Pictures (probably better titled "The Asatru Landscape") is the foundational work of the Guido von List oeuvre. While "The Secret of the Runes" is the most well known of List's books in translation, it is really a seventy page summary of thousands of pages of previous writing and scholarship. Those ideas are more fully developed in the work you hold in your hands. These two volumes are translated from the *Gesammelte Werke* editions, which were published later in List's life around 1913.

This book moves through the landscape of northern Austria feature by feature, demonstrating the original Asatru nature of the folk beliefs, buildings and geography of the area. This book shows us that Asatru never died, it was merely papered over quite thinly by replacing the Germanic gods with christian saints' names. It has great relevance for the 21st century, as this example of finding our religion where we are lays a very strong fundation for the resurgence of Germanic polytheism anywhere Germanic people may be found.

The American follower of Guido von List might be surprised to know that the Meister might find a modern study on "Folk Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Dutch" just as valid a source of proper Asatru practice as the Eddas or other Scandinavian sources. This opens up exciting areas of Folklore research in the Americas, which can inform Asatru practice into the future.

Another of List's major ideas here that I hadn't seen referenced elsewhere is that the stone megaliths prominent in Northern Europe and the Americas could be abandoned places of Asatru worship built in prehistory. This idea coincides with the finding of the swastika symbol throughout world culture - the idea that there was an earlier global civilization with common founders. This is an exciting albeit speculative area of research, if we are granted the time and technology to make such inquiries without bias.

Coming in 2024:

Pipara, a novel of the German woman who became Caesar of Rome

Untranslated Major Works by Guido von List

König Vannius, Ein deutsches Königsdrama. 1899. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Der Wiederaufbau von Carnuntum. 1900. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Alraunen-Mären. Kulturhistorische Novellen und Dichtungen aus germanischer Vorzeit. 1903. Magic Stories - Cultural and Historical Novellas and Short Stories from Germanic prehistory. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Das Goldstück. Ein Liebesdrama in fünf Aufzügen. 1903. Scan of original Fraktur available on OCLC.

Die Armanenschaft der Ario-Germanen. 1908. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Die Namen der Völkerstämme Germaniens und deren Deutung. 1909. Available in German from Geheimes Wissen Verlag.

Der Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen (Ario-Germanische Hieroglyphik). 1910. Scan of original Fraktur available on Archive.org.

Die Ursprache der Ario-Germanen und ihre Mysteriensprache. 1914. Scan of original Fraktur available on Archive.org.

Untranslated Minor Works by Guido von List

Tauf-, Hochzeits- und Bestattungs-Gebräuche und deren Ursprung, Literaria sodalitas Danubian, Der Wala Erweckung, Walküren-Weihe. Epische Dichtung, Niederösterreichisches Winzerbüchlein, Von der deutschen Wuotanspriesterschaft, Das Saga vom heiligen Gral, Urgrund, and miscellaneous articles published throughout the 1890s.

Works Translated by AI

Carnuntum, a novel of Germany and Rome in 2 volumes.

Deutsch-Mythologische Landschaftsbilder, a non-fiction work of the
Odinic Austrian geography and architecture.

Works Available in English

Der Unbesiegbare: Ein Grundzug germanischer Weltanschaaung. [The
Invincible]. 1898. Translated by Stephen Flowers, in print.

Das Geheimnis der Runen. [The Secret of the Runes]. 1908. Translated by
Stephen Flowers. In print.

Die Rita der Ario-Germanen. [The Rites of the Aryan-German]. 1908.
Translated by the 55 Club. In print.

Die Religion der Ario-Germanen im ihrer Esoterik und Exoterik. [The
Religion of the Aryan Germanic Folk: Esoteric and Exoteric]. 1910.
Translated by Stephen Flowers. In print.

Der Übergang vom Wuotanstum zum Christentum. [The Transition
from Odinism to Christianity]. 1911. Translated by Stephen Flowers. In
print.

Dedication

To the Asatru Folk Assembly

The Gods have not granted us an easy road, but our victories are that much greater thereby.

Acknowledgments

This book is available only due to the great technological developments underpinning the possibilities of mass translation and production of German books into English. The English are great sailors and inventors, pioneers and merchants. The Germans are our great philosophers, our farmers and our infantry. Neither can exist without the other, and the great task of the twenty-first century is to knit the Sachsen people of Germany, England and America back into one folk, to face the future with the courage and honor of our common ancestors.

For Dresden

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Introduction (1913)

For years, Guido List's most famous work, the "German Mythological Landscape Pictures", has been out of print. Ahead of its time by decades, this wonderful and classically beautiful book has remained young and fresh. It seems that the time has only now come for a full understanding of the findings laid down in this work. As young people we first read the "German Mythological Landscape Pictures" twenty years ago, and for each of us this book was a life event, filling us with its romanticism, inspiring us with its enchantingly beautiful language and it opened our eyes to the mysterious charms of the German landscape, becoming both the source of the purest and noblest pleasures and the textbook of the hidden runes of the German landscape. Time and science have advanced, but they have not overtaken Guido List, they have only caught up with him.

Anyone who wants to understand List must have read his "German Mythological Landscape Pictures". They are the gateway to the worldview that the Master discovered and re-established. List's old friends and admirers and even more so the crowd of his new disciples, which is growing day by day in all countries of the Germanic world, have long felt it painful that his most important work, because it was fundamental, was inaccessible.

Without this book, however, the master's work and creativity cannot be grasped in all its gigantic and ingenious magnitude. Because those who are further away, who have not experienced and followed the development of this very unique researcher and thinker, remain amazed and confused in front of the towering height of his boldly constructed worldview,

because its basis and floor plan have remained hidden from them. List's time has now come, and with it the urgent need to publish a new edition of the "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" and to reopen the basic floor plan of the entire building in front of the many new members of the List community. They are solid, mighty pillars of unshakable and solid strength, reaching down to the twilight of primeval times, on which the mighty burden of the whole rests. What List's ingenious art of combination, poetic imagination and visionary intuition saw and described in captivating language, enchanting young and old alike, was unintentionally and unconsciously confirmed by science. We have made the master indicate the time of origin for each article and the expert will be surprised to find that Guido von List has priority over Carus Sterne, Karl Penka, Rudolf Much and of course all later researchers of Ario-Germanic antiquity. He was the first to clearly recognize the Ario-Germanic origin of all culture, he was the first to prove that the original culture and Ario-Germanic culture were one, that the culture of our ancestors was not a gift or an offshoot of other cultures, but one that we created ourselves, and it was original work. When List proclaimed this doctrine for the first time, he was reviled and ridiculed. Today, however, he is a winner on all lines, and the truth that all other cultures are only descendants of the Ario-Germanic primitive culture has become scientific common knowledge.

While the magic of the language and the mysticism of the "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" captivated and inspired us so much as youngsters, today we, as mature men, stand in amazement and astonishment under the spell of the grandiose spiritual depth of this work. It is a book that you can read not once, but several times in life, yes, as a devotional and spiritual book over and over again, because it teaches the wonderful art of reading the German landscape runes and in general the art of appreciating hiking in nature. It also reads differently at different ages, and the more mature the reader's life experience becomes, the deeper he will penetrate the beauties of this book.

Just as our ancestors did not worship the deity in temples and statues,

so they did not transmit their wisdom to us in books and libraries. Many have wanted to conclude from this that our ancestors had no wisdom at all to pass on to us. This view is now dismissed as a fatal and shameful error. On the contrary, the unprejudiced reader will recognize with astonishment from this book that the ancient Ario-Germanic people were by no means lacking in culture and wisdom, but that they possessed a different kind of tradition. They did not record their history and their wisdom on ephemeral wood-paper or in printer's ink, but engraved them in immortal monumental letters on the face of the earth and immortalized them in the field, mountain, river and place names of the German landscape. These names are not mindless and chosen arbitrarily, but reveal a special system and are in a logical connection with each other and their real environment. This fact is Guido List's great and momentous discovery and the basis of his further research and discoveries.

Isn't this way of distinguishing wisdom more poetic, artistic and, above all, more moral than the purely mechanical recording and piling up of our modern sciences in books and libraries? Aren't unprejudiced and farsighted judges already shaking their heads about what will happen in the future when our last forests have been transformed into avenues of paper mountains and library books? How much more beautifully and vividly does the tradition of the ancients speak to those who know. Doesn't the spruce forest tell us more than the pale paper made from the torn corpses of trees? And above all, isn't the wisdom that the forest, the spring air, the breezes whispers to us and that the whole German landscape calls out loud, more invigorating and touching? All wisdom that only satisfies the intellect is dead, more or less worthless. Knowledge alone is not enough, but knowledge and will. Not only the mind, but also the heart and mind need food and refreshment. Well then, kind reader, here you have what you desire. Here the master hands you the refreshing source of secret ancestral wisdom in a crystal cup.

It is called "secret" wisdom, not because it needs to shy away from the light, but because it is only revealed to those who seek it with a pure

heart, who struggle and fight for it. This wisdom should not only form the mind, but even more the heart, it should not only make wise, but - what is often overlooked nowadays - also form good and noble people. Only he who seeks shall find, only he who knocks shall have this wisdom opened. It is not knowledge alone that makes one happy, but knowledge and will.

This true wisdom does not lie within the reach of all on an easy, broad road by which the rabble make pilgrimage to their temples of earthly goods, but it lies in a sanctuary on high at the end of a rough, narrow, and arduous path which only they can tread who have the head for heights of inner moral purification. To make this great, sublime wisdom readily available to all would, as the christian gospels say, be like casting pearls before the swine.

Montserrat and the Grail Castle remain invisible to the impious and impure, and they only become visible and accessible to the purified Grail seeker and fighter Parsival! This is how List understands the terms esoteric and exoteric in his works and that is exactly how the terms are understood by the gospels, church fathers, and our ancestors. Exoteric intellectual knowledge merely instructs, but esoteric knowledge educates and purifies morally. The teachings of this wisdom not only need to be understood, but also followed and experienced. In this sense, Guido List's German-Mythological Landscapes are not only scenic, but even moreso function as moral guideposts for the Aryan youth and the Aryan people. And that they will be so more and more, we wish and hope confidently for our salvation and that of our children and grandchildren!

The Board of Trustees of the Guido von List Society.

CHAPTER 1

German Mythological Landscape Pictures

“It does not correspond to the Germanic view of the sovereignty of the heavenly beings to enclose them between walls, or to make pictures of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the names of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which is revealed to them only in worship.”

This is what Cornelius Tacitus wrote nearly eighteen hundred years ago - Cornelius Tacitus, the first praiser of the Germans. And these powerful words of his should become the leitmotif of our book, *German-Mythological Landscape Pictures*.¹

The surface of our planet, with the firmament enveloping it in a blue cloak embroidered with stars, is what the word “Nature” generally conveys. Within the narrow frame of the human field of vision, however, only a tiny part of nature can be surveyed, and it is precisely this tiny part that is understood by the term “Landscape”.

But not only the eye conveys the enjoyment of nature to the thinking and feeling observer of a landscape, the other senses also take part in this mediating role.

(1) This section is based on several works of mine, the most important of which are: Lower Austrian sagas, folk customs and German mythology. Vienna, Heimat magazine. Nos. 45 and 46. 1881; Lower Austrian place names and German mythology. Vienna, Heimat, 1881 etc.

Even if the eye allows us to see the tangle of lines, the seemingly random jumble of color tones, the movements of the individual beings in the overall picture, only the ear can let us hear the singing of the birds, the roaring of the storm and the rolling of thunder. Likewise, the other senses give us the feeling of warmth or cold, the scent of pine in the forest and the taste of strawberries from the cool forest floor. All of these individual impressions and individual perceptions combine to create an overall sensation which forms the actual enjoyment of nature.

But just as a score of a symphony with the individual orchestral parts appears like a painting made up of thousands of lines running in the most diverse bends and breaks, made up of the colorfully jumbled tones, yet is only perceived by the layman as an overall impression, the naïve observer of a landscape overlooks the multitude of individual factors and therefore only sees the overall picture of the landscape, affecting him in only in its total impression. Only someone with an understanding of art will be able to grasp the intertwined harmony in a symphonic tone painting from the individual voices, only he will be able to grasp the drawing and color shading in the individual effects of a painter's masterpiece. But only such a person can soar through this recognition to the highest enjoyment of art by recognizing the connection of the multiplicity to the unity and allowing the overall impression of the work of art to have an effect on him.

Just like the art aesthetician in the true enjoyment of art, the nature aesthetician will indulge in the true enjoyment of nature, because he too is granted what so many are denied, namely to take a deeper look into the multifaceted design of the wonderful unity in the life and weaving of nature.

But what mankind forebodingly recognized in the youth of the peoples, when they attached themselves to the sanctuary of nature with childlike timidity in devout feeling of the beautiful, the sublime, even arousing a longing for divinity, only the nature aesthetician can comprehend. The childlike, naïve sense of the primitive people has been

lost to the civilized people, they hardly know how to stammer the language of nature, and only on the path of science and especially art can modern man laboriously regain the lost understanding of nature .

Thousands and thousands follow the enjoyment of nature every year, but they are new — tourists! This word alone testifies how few out of the thousands are really nature aestheticians.

With the childishly naïve mind, however, the civilized people also lost the original, immediate consciousness of their own divinity, that incomparably sublime tribal characteristic of the Germans. Inwardness means being with oneself, and being with oneself is actually being with divinity. So as long as a people as a primitive people possesses all its original inwardness, it also has no reason for external worship of divinity, for external ceremonial worship, which only begins to take shape when inwardness is about to give way to outwardness.

Any external service of worship, therefore, always refers to something assumed outside of the worshiper. The more inward a person is, the less outward is his whole life, and vice versa. This is most evident in the course of cultural history. The most and the greatest monuments of religious art—among all peoples—were only created when man was least aware of his divinity. With the construction of temples, the ceremonial service in the cult also developed more and more. In such periods, therefore, the monuments of religious architecture were at their very best, they were the ones that determined the architectural style in question, for the end that was to be striven for with them as a means had been achieved.

Thus, among the Greeks, the art of sculpture reached its peak at a very early stage, because this art is less material, because in it the spirit still dwells undisturbed in the matter. Later, among the Romans, the spirit made its appearance, asserted itself externally, but did not overcome, did not even make it to art. This was only reserved for the Middle Ages and primarily for the Germans. With the completion of the Gothic style, the only thing left for the spirit, after having become master of matter, was to be reconciled with nature and to return to it. The German became the creator of painting, the third sister art of sculpture and architecture.

Finally, after the spirit had used all the artistic means of glorifying the highest things outside of itself for the purpose of representation, intuition, and knowledge of itself, it again became free in matter and in nature with consciousness, as it once was at the beginning of time.

As long as man is directly aware of the divinity of his own spirit, love for his fellow men is his prayer, joy over the beauty of the nature surrounding him his hymn; but the vast great earth with the huge blue vault of the sky is just big enough for him to be the temple of his faith in divinity, because he feels himself one with the divine. As long as man is conscious of his own divinity, then he knows his own divinity and nothing higher in himself, in the other people, in the whole universe around him. He recognizes nothing else above himself than this spiritually invisible formless - but nevertheless whole - nature surrounding him as being the form-having Godhead in himself and therefore he does not create an imitation of a god-figure to any man. And if he does not model his God after a man, whom else should he model him after? Are there not also traces of idolatrous men among all peoples who had idolatry?

That there really was such a time of inwardness is vouched for by the traditions of all peoples, it is the same of which all poets know to sing of as the golden age. And this time was really and truly the golden age, for it was the happiest in comparison with the following times, the most unclouded and happy, for human life was in it most at one with the divine. The golden time in the life of nations is just like the golden time in the life of man, the unclouded, sunlit days of the earliest childhood.

All nations had such a life of gods at the beginning of their emergence, and were more similar to each other than - like children among themselves - in the later course of development, where only their special characteristics - not differently than with the developing man - could develop. In such a course of development the peoples lost their inwardness, the outside world, which was different everywhere, appeared as the image-maker of the peoples and thus caused the formation of races

and nationalities. That is why the mythologies of all peoples can be traced back to quite the same beginnings, and that is also why it is possible to measure how long the golden age lasted for one or another people, which ceased at the moment when the myth system of the respective people, branching off from the common trunk, allowed its special shoots to take root and blossom. Therefore, the diversity of peoples and religions with all that belongs to them, as well as the very different duration of the golden age of the individual peoples, must always be explicable from the diversity of external circumstances and conditions. The more paradisiacal the outer world was, the sooner man seems to have lost his paradise of the inner world; he let himself be seduced to exchange it with the other. The harsher the climate, the more inhospitable the land, the more he cherished the paradise of his inner world.

In this, as in many other respects, the Germanic people have been the happiest, and only the Indians and Persians, who are related to the Germans, are approximately equal to them in this respect. What Herodotus² reports of the Persians, Tacitus says of the Teutons: of both, however, this was said at a time when all other peoples around them already had a developed idolatrous temple service.

But also with the Teutons the worship of God did not remain completely free of externals and could not and was not allowed to remain so, just as little as the people could have remained with their direct consciousness of their God-inside. This had to take place, because the external is the means, the matter is the mirror, in which the Godhead has to look at itself. But this transformation was reserved for the Germanic people only in the time of Christianity, for which, however, still in Odinism the signs of the beginning are to be found. Furthermore, the inwardness, because it lasted the longest among the Germanic peoples, can be recognized as a basic feature of the Germanic character of the

(2) They (the Persians) do not have such a habit of erecting images of gods, temples and altars, and rather they accuse those who do these things of foolishness, it seems to me, because they do not agree with the Hellenes that the gods are human-like." (Herodotus I. 131.)

people, of the German belief in gods.

Consequently, the worship of divinity had to develop from the simplest forms without priesthood. Undoubtedly, the oldest form was the sacrifice, combined with prayer. At first, each family sacrificed for itself, on the altar of the house, the hearth. The father of the house, as the head of the family, as the unrestricted lord and master, was recognized from the beginning as the model of the highest being, as the representative of the Godhead, so to speak. The housewife, as the model of the priestess of future times, sacrificed to him at "the hearth's holy flame".

But if now the development had progressed up to the sacrifice, then soon other conceptions were added, in order to lead over to the veneration of external Gods.

In those times man knew of the forces of nature only their sensually perceptible expressions and had finally to be urged to the assumption that these expressions must be the living conditions of an invisible being of an immeasurably higher kind than he himself was, a being to whom he must bow in fear and trembling in order to moderate its anger, and to increase and enhance its mildness.

Once man had reached this stage of knowledge, his circle of vision of higher knowledge soon widened. The God-inside began to pale, he looked for the Godhead outside of himself. Like the mists, which move around the mountain tops, the first gigantic uncouth primeval being of future gods formed and created itself in his world of senses. This split into an evil and a good being and thus formed itself to the shaping of the darkness or the evil and the light or the good. These two hostile brothers were naturally thought of as being in continuous fight, with always undecided victory. Only to a much later, more perfected stage of cognition is to be ascribed the extension of this dichotomy, which contains the consolation that at the end of all days the divine light will gain the victory over the evil being of darkness and that after the complete destruction of all evil a new spiritualized world order will come.

Since our ancestors in their childhood dreams as a growing people were in much more direct contact with nature than we, their descendants

cooped up in cities, it is not difficult to understand that we have lost a good part of that keen power of observation for the processes in natural life today, on which not only all myths, folk customs and peasant rules are based, but even the old healing methods, the so-called "sympathy cures", and the belief in magic and miracles. Only the new sciences, namely the corresponding subjects of natural history, partially replace that lost sense of nature and often surprisingly confirm old mystical and mythical rules of folk tradition.

But even the "aesthetics of nature", which is particularly cultivated as a science in recent times, leads us back on the path of feeling to recognizing nature in its beauty, sublimity and arousal of longing, which properties as a sense of nature have also been lost to us civilized people.

But the man of primeval times, who was himself educated by the greatest teacher, nature, soon learned certain processes from the development of natural phenomena - without knowing their rules and laws - and also learned to accelerate them through supportive intervention. Yes, in the course of time man himself learned to force such results which nature would never have produced without his supportive intervention. Man has become the master of creation without even knowing it himself, without even suspecting it.

An example should make this clear.

Everyone knows our lovely wild carnation whose glowing stars nod so gracefully out of the lush green of the mountains; but also they know our domesticated double carnation, whose glowing red contrasts so harmoniously with the blue-green of its foliage. And no one is unaware that the latter arose from the former through refinement. Over the course of thousands of years, our tame breeds of domestic animals, our field crops and other products of agriculture and forestry achieved similar supportive help in all development processes via animal husbandry and plant cultivation, whereby the wild archetypes of the animal and plant world, some of which have not yet been lost, gave us the surprising gaps between these and the "enhanced" forms of today.

But precisely these unbelievably large differences also bear witness to

man's many thousands of years of ennobling activity as the "lord of creation", because he only ennobled the animals and plants that were useful to him by stimulating their natural development, while he treated those species that were useless or even harmful by inhibiting their further development or even destroying whole species.

The very beginnings of these "encouragements" or "inhibitions", which we now know simply as "ennoblement" or "extermination", were known to man very early on, but only in terms of the effects, but by no means also in terms of the nature of the cause, which remained a mystery for a long time.

As already mentioned, the oldest form of worship was prayer accompanied by sacrifices, which the head of the family or his wife, and later that of the tribe or state, offered for himself and his relatives in a self-priesthood, with the assistance of the female healers or priestesses. What was more natural than that the assistance of a deity was implored with prayer and sacrifice for processes of such natural "promotions" or "inhibitions", namely that of the deity of light in the case of "promotions" and that of the demon of darkness in the case of "inhibitions".

In the development of this system of ever more external worship, the choice of time, the choice of place, and the type of sacrifice became decisive. Morning hours, ascending moon, springtime were favorable for "promotions", while night hours, waning moon, autumn and winter were favorable for "inhibitions". Consequently, the color of the sacrificial animal had to be white or black, and later even the animal species were taken into account as the myths developed. The sacrificial animals were called "Ziefer", while the non-sacrificable were called "Ungeziefer", which latter word is still in use today with a different meaning (vermin).

If the deity in question had, as it was believed, been made favorable to the planned "promoting" or "inhibiting" work with the "Ziefer", one proceeded with prayer to the promoting or inhibiting action itself, which action was called "magic".

Thus "Ziefern and Zauber" (sacrifice and magic) had become



Illus. 1: Wuotan's Hunt. In the background the black tower near Mödling. (From a sketch by Ernst Kutzer).

inseparable terms. But as the successes of such magic became more and more certain and lasting in the further course of development, it was believed that magic and spells could make a compelling impression on the gods. By then man had already completely lost his inwardness, indeed even the external worship of God was already beginning to fade, for man was beginning to become aware of his dominion over creation. In his arrogance, man now imagined he could use magic to force the gods to do what he had previously asked them to do in prayer (Faust's infernal compulsion).

Arriving at this stage of development, the natural religion of every people began to split into two doctrines, namely the esoteric and exoteric or, to put it more comprehensibly, the secret priestly doctrine and the religion preached to the people bound to external forms, or consecration (wihinei or weihinei). Understandably, at this stage of development, the self-priesthood had to give way to the priesthood, to the hierarchy.

As long as the self-priesthood still ruled, which was still the case in Caesar's time, as long as the associations of the individual families (tribes) remained with the freedom-loving Germans without closer state ties, the cult remained simple, and only through tradition and customs was it regulated. This was probably still the case in the years that followed, when powerful people from the original families rose up to become the original kings and attempted to form states. Of course, in the collective sacrifices of these small states, not only did the number of participants increase, but also the size of the sacrifices or the number of victims. But only initially was the elder of the district considered the "sacrificer", soon the king, as descendant of the most distinguished family, claimed the priesthood for himself, that of the healing counselor for female members of his house, which soon developed the "root sagas" which tell about the divine descent of the ancient royal families.

Only a few such families flourished on that soil of Germania, of which the following landscape pictures are intended to give a description.³

(3) See: "Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand". In the "Carnuntum" section - such a primal race descended from Wuotan himself and is still flourishing today.

Only later, when kingship had already become more established, when the ever more ceremonial service gained more and more splendor, if only to increase the splendor of the royal court, only at this time did self-priesthood begin to die out. The king was still a high priest, but the women counselors lived almost in the confinement of a monastery, and the male priests, the “God-rejoicing”, began to form their own class. This priesthood, which required celibacy and monastic devotion for women, was by no means comparable to the modern priesthood for men. Each of the deities had their specific priesthood, which was tied to a specific trade, as such folk reminiscences and guild sayings still clearly show. However, this very peculiar hierarchy also had to take care of the instruction of the youth, namely the youth of the nobility, who were instructed in all courtly arts at the “Halgadomen”.

As long as the old Wuotan belief, which had already developed from the old natural religion, was able to develop undisturbed, practical activated magic also developed like a structured science, which it actually was as “priestly secret teaching”. To the people, however, magic was regarded as a sacred-mystical act connected with the priesthood, as an act of consecration only granted to them by the gods. But when Christianity triumphed against the Wuotan cult in Germany, the church was unable to suppress the belief in magic and miracles. It was therefore initially forced to tolerate the ancient pagan belief in miracles as a side belief, although it fought belief in miracles with all means possible. In the end, the Church emerged victorious by destroying the nurseries of the belief in magic and miracles, the old schools for priests, and thereby wiping out the teachers. Only the exoteric part of the Wuotan cult remained in popular memory and was secretly cultivated by the people without a priesthood and misunderstood and passed on from generation to generation. But that was informal ceremonial stuff, misunderstood formulae, because the no longer scientifically guided customs got lost on the wrong paths of misunderstood mysticism. Through ban and persecution, all ground was removed from the belief in magic, it froze in the empty, meaningless

magic ritual, which now formed the shell around a grain of old-mystical truth, but which had long been misunderstood and slumbered in the shell, like the germ in the seed.

From the secondary belief, however, there arose, indirectly via the counter-belief, what we today call superstition.

But it wasn't just magic alone that was taught by the healing counselors at the priest schools of the Germanic sanatoriums, but also poetry (Northern art of the skalds) with all the subsidiary subjects attached to it, which were also kept secret from the people. Among them were runic lore and the art of hiding deep meanings in ambiguous language that could only be understood by the knowledgeable, while what was told or sung seemed like fairy tales to the layman. It is undoubted that this art of writing poetry, which was aimed at putting a second hidden meaning into any story which only the initiate could understand, gave the next impulse for alliteration and that it was precisely the staffs, namely the staffs emphasized by the initial sounds, which were the bearers of the "Kala", the second, hidden meaning of the narration, as so-called passwords.

This is how the myths came about, which physically symbolized natural processes, portrayed them as deeds of the gods, and later even as heroic deeds. This ambiguous artificial language may later also have been used to clothe political messages that laypeople passed on orally without them knowing their meaning. How much this way of keeping secrets still survives in the German people today may be demonstrated by the ritual with which the various craft guilds introduced those who were "accepted and admitted" according to old customs and made them known with ambiguous words, handles and symbols. So, for example, with the bricklayers, stonemasons, carpenters, blacksmiths etc.

However, it may still be emphasized that in the earliest primeval days the German had risen from the division of nature into a division of three; a mediator arose between light and darkness. Thus in German faith, as in German life, there are innumerable trinities, all of which point to birth or origin, to life or activity, and finally to death or passing away with the



*Illus. 2. Costume and equipment from the Stone and Bronze Ages.
(From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)*

thought of rebirth.

This age-old tripartite division permeates the whole of Germanism and is the key to its mythology, but therefore also the key to deciphering the sacred runes which the Germans indelibly engraved on their heritage.

A mountain peak from which one saw the rising sun first, a rock pinnacle, which was first irradiated by the sun's fire, a friendly valley with a refreshing spring or a wildly craggy skeleton of rock, in which the snow clings to the gullies long after spring has come, these were the type of peculiarities that predetermined such spots as places of worship. In the deep forest, surrounded by ash, oak, or beech trees that had grown together and had not been desecrated by an axe, along with other trees, a clearing was created, the place of sacrifice. In the middle was the sacrificial stone, along with an artificially raised hill with a round tower, which offered the concealed entrance to the underground dwellings of the "Heilrätinnen" (holy female priestesses). A particularly large tree stood in the clearing, as a representative of the great world tree, the world ash Yggdrasil. A lake, a creek or a river, at least one underground well could not be missing.

There were many such Halgadomes in Germania and you can still see them today, although more than a thousand years have passed since the last sacrificial blaze burned up on them.

Here now those who belonged to the district of the sacrificial place gathered at certain times, on the new and full moon, on the birth festivals of the sun and the year (Weihnacht), on Perchten Day, for the spring festivals, at the summer solstice and the harvest festivals. From these festivals, however, three main festivals stand out, which are still known today as the three holy times, namely a Spring Festival, Midsummer, and a Harvest Festival or "Mihilading".

Each brought his sacrifice according to his livelihood. The sacrificial animals were male and, depending on the sacrificial ceremony, either pure white or pure black. However, the sacrificial animals were not completely burned, but only certain parts, such as the heart, the entrails, and the like, which parts are still separated today by the "butcher" (Selcher) out of old

habit. Depending on the dialect and the animal species, these types of meat are called the "Gebütt" (of offering, sacrificing), also "Bruckfleisch", the "boy", "little goose" etc.

These pieces of flesh were burned after the future had been proclaimed in obscure words out of the twitching of the heart and the twisting of the bowels. The holy tree was watered with the blood, but the sacrificial head was either put on a pole (Neidstange), placed in a sacrificial bowl or otherwise kept in the sanctuary. The rest was boiled, not roasted, and eaten together by the participants in the sacrifice. Here, too, the tripartite division is noticeable.

The watering of the sacrificial tree with sacrificial blood was intended to create new life through fertilization; the common meal, combined with the part of the sacrifice consumed by the fire as food for the deity, was regarded as the continuation of life as rulers, and the sacrificial head, which decayed, was consecrated to the passage of time.

Like later Wuotan, Donar, Loki (Kaspar, Melchior, Balthasar) or Freya, Frouwa, Helia, correspond to this tripartite division as birth, life, death, but form an indivisible whole, so these three sacrificial divisions correspond in a single sacrificial ceremony according to the basic Germanic idea of the unified trinity.

Of course, not only very specific animals were sacrificed to the various divine personifications, but very specific professional classes (guilds, crafts) were the sacrificers. Only the Holy Women, the "Heilrätinnen" exercised their noble office in place of the ceremonies of the sacrificial priests.

To name but a few, the smiths sacrificed white sacrificial horses to Wuotan as well as to Frey, but the miller sacrificed flour. The human sacrifices, namely the executions, insofar as it was a matter of criminals who had transgressed against these two deities, were carried out jointly by the blacksmith and the miller. So it happened that even in the Middle Ages, the custom prevailed here and there that the miller had to hold the ladder to the gallows for the poor sinner.

Butchers sacrificed bulls or oxen to the Thunderer Donar, but the

“Pfister” (bakers) sacrificed their bread.

Goats and flax were sacrificed to the mother of the gods Frouwa by the honorable guild of “weavers and garment tailors”, from which ancient priesthood the mocking call “Master Meck-Meck” referencing the sacrificial animal still today.

It only needs to be pointed out that these sacrificial meals, namely those of the three great Things, were also associated with a mighty drink offering, the so-called “Minnetrunk”. It is also not surprising that festival songs and other amusements were connected with it, because the service of the Germans was cheerful, as the Germans themselves were always cheerful. They became gloomy fools several centuries later.

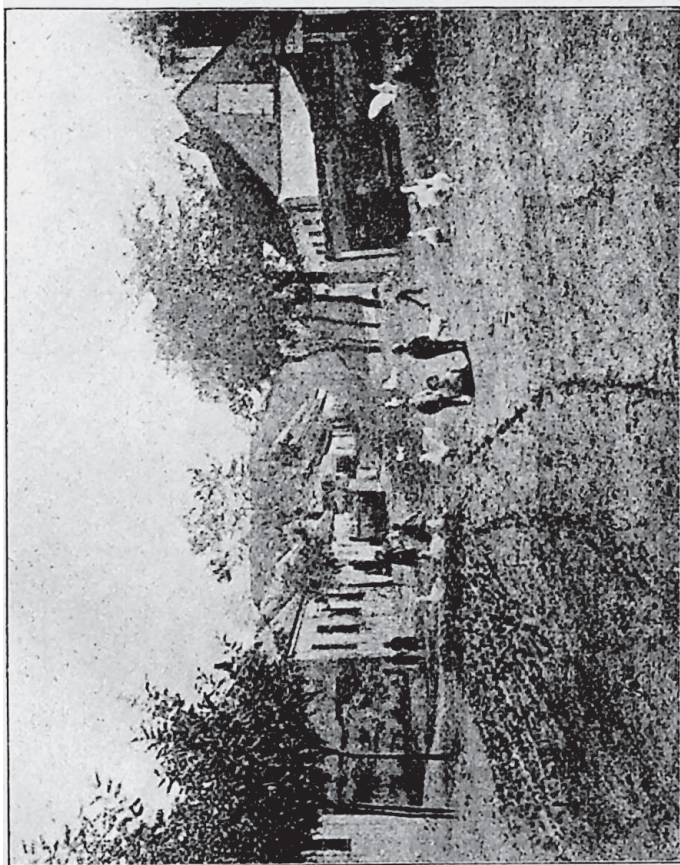
It is understandable that on these days of sacrifice there were also courts and popular consultations, which of course the kings presided over as “sons of the sun”. If matters were difficult or dangerous, the gods themselves were consulted in the form of oracles. One threw runesticks, drew lots, explored the flight of birds, the movement of clouds, paid attention to the neighing of horses or other activities of the “pointing” animals.

However, if one does not want to accept this peculiar classification of the male sacrificers as the actual priesthood, which also gains in probability through the designation of the “God-rejoicing ones” (“Gottesfrohnenden”), since it can be assumed that they only stood by the side of the actual priesthood serving only as “sacrificers”, so only the king remains as supreme judge, who ruled as the actual priest. Here again lies the division into three: Priest (as teacher), Walter (as champion) and Judge (as decision-maker).

So there was only one priest in each Germanic state, and this one priest was king (Walter) and judge. [ed. note: List uses “Walter” as a noun throughout his works; the proper name has the same meaning, derived from *wald-power + *hari-army, powerful ruler.]

But there was another class of priests in German lands, and this is the great group of priestesses.

In no other people in the world did women enjoy the same reverence



Illus. 3. See page 46. The "Halterberg" in Unter-Gänserndorf (Halterberg = keeper mountain = but mountain). (Photograph and reproduction of the Imperial and Royal Graphic Teaching and Research Institute).

as the Germans. It is a mistake to claim that Christianity first liberated women through its cult of women. Let us look at the woman among the peoples who boast of being the oldest Christians, and we find her reduced to the beast of burden, to the slave of the mostly lazy and rude man. "Women keep silent in the assembly!" is a well-known adage, and in the early centuries the christians were hostile to women. Even today, this negative attitude can still be seen in celibacy and many other church statutes. It was only in the German Middle Ages that German women's service triumphed and drove the glorious flowering of the Mary/Marian cult, with which German women regained the glory of their former divinity.

There were women among the Germans who distinguished themselves through higher wisdom; but this is easily explained.

The pure, infallible feeling for nature was lost among men in the wild hustle and bustle of field battles, in the struggle for a job, but was preserved far longer by women, who ruled their purpose more inside the house, in narrower, but not smaller, circles. Of the lost inwardness of the consciousness of God, the only jewel left to the men was the recognition and appreciation of that feeling of inwardness that the women had retained. Just as truth always wins the victory of recognition in the end, so that feeling of respect led men to that high reverence for women that the Germanic knew and which Tacitus so gloriously commemorates.

The later in time, the more likely it was, however, that only a few women in whom such originality of spirit was preserved in all its purity, those who attained the fame of an Aurinia or a Weleda. The ancients were quite right in attributing something divine to these women; it was nothing other than the original divine that shone forth from them, which we still love about our women today when we find it, above all else. Even today, this divine quality of woman is best described as inwardness.

The Trinity can also be demonstrated in the priestesses; numerous folk tales have them walking in threes, giving their three names and explicitly reporting that the third is black in color, just as the third of the

Three Kings is also reported to be. Today the people still know three generic names of unkind women, which also reflect their three-unit. It knows witches, it knows Truden, just as it knows Walen; these three distinctions correspond exactly to the trinity of gods "Wuotan, Donar, Loki", "Freya, Frouwa, Helia", and the Norn trinity "Urda, Werdandi and Schuld".

And just as the "three as unity" is the basis here, in the sense of coming into being, of further development or ruling, and of passing away to new becoming, so the very same three penetrated the entire structure of the people from the smallest germ to the completed state as "Law and religion", as "military strength" and as "labor strength", or classified according to status as "teaching status", "military status" and "nourishing status". The state-founding power of the Germans, unanimously recognized by all ages, now rests on these mighty three pillars as if on a cast iron foundation.

Only with Charlemagne - Saxon butcher (Slactenaere) - was the system of the highly developed constitutional state of the Germans shaken to its foundations and destroyed. He destroyed the mighty German empires of Saxony, Bavaria and the Lombards and made Germany happy with serfdom, the propertyless "Hörstand" as the fourth estate. With this came all the following calamity over Germany, which has only recently begun to be fought vigorously. May the fateful rulers ensure that after the final abolition of the fourth estate, the "Hörstate", the old three pillars of Germanness may attain renewed strength.

All of this is now hidden in sacred runes on our native soil. Even if here and there the pavement has taken the place of the old primeval forests, in most cases the native forest still rustles over the old Halgadomes, albeit as a modern cultural forest.

How blissful it is to dream at such a pristine sanctuary deep inside the beech forest! Light green, the beautifully curved bullock fronds nod around the bluish-grey rock, from which the rich brown moss cushions invite you to rest and relax. The miracle flower "Forget-me-not" shines out there at the edge of the murmuring brook, whose moving, anemone-

colored water whispers so mysteriously, from the early times when the gods still passed through this grove.

Delicate fog floats between the cathedral pillars of the beeches, and the song of the nightingale resounds in three-toned beats.

Then, swollen from the invigorating fall of the leaves, our chest arches more powerfully, all our senses have become sharper, more sensitive and our soul hears the language of God again, which speaks to us: "If the Sun Law of the Germans also went behind the clouds of Roman law, so is it still only an eclipse; the sad time of the twilight of their gods has not yet come for the people, the Germans—because: "Eternal cycle! — Eternal Rebirth!"-----

Chapter 2

German Mythological Monuments of Vienna ¹

*Covered in snow, misted in rain,
Drenched in dew, I was long dead.
Edda, Vegtamskvidha.*

People have become accustomed to assuming that our beautiful Lower Austria, especially the wider area around Vienna, is inhabited by a mishmash of people of all possible races and tribes, based on the erroneous opinion that the storms of mass migration had turned this part of the country into a deserted wasteland, which was only created by the Frankish conquests at the beginning of the ninth century. The German in Austria has forgotten too much how to regard his land and soil as an ancient and sacred ancestral property; he has forgotten how to look for traces on this soil of his fathers, as if he were not born here but only settled, like a German in America; he looks across to the banks of the Rhine, or up to the homeland of the Edda as well as to the distant ancestral earth and overlooks the most holy runes, which his own

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 4, 6 and 7, 1884. Stilifrieda, Vienna, Heimat, January 15, 1884. Geologische Stammbuchblätter, January 22, 1883, Bremen, Weserzeitung. Artificial mounds and caves in Lower Austria, with illustrations Vienna, Neue Illustrierte Zeitung, June 15, 1885.

ancestors in many thousand years of possession as lords of the country have indelibly engraved on this ground and soil - the memory of their tremendous ancestral work preserved more faithfully than the ungrateful descendants themselves.

It was not always like this; It was different when the proud double castle "Hohenstaufen-Babenberg" towered boldly into the air. Back then, in the beautiful heyday of the minnesinger, that glorious literary epoch, the noblest and best of minnesingers in Austria boasted that they had learned to sing and speak at the "minnigliche court zu Vienna", and this "minnigliche court" had taken over the leadership role, and it is only half forgotten that it outshined that of the Wartburg. The Nibelungenlied connects the Danube and the Rhine with an unbreakable bond, and the Amelung sagas, like those of the Nibelungs, have monuments in the country that are powerful in their original language.

How this could have been forgotten is left unexplored here; for today suffice it to state the fact that such recognition is an awakening, as experience teaches.

The assumption regarding the prehistory of Lower Austria, which was previously considered irrefutable and almost solidified into a historical dictum of compulsion, can be briefly outlined in the following sentences: "The migration of peoples and the Avar storms completely depopulated today's Lower Austria. After the Avars were expelled from these areas by the Frankish conqueror Charles, the country was left unowned. Charles populated it and introduced Christianity here. Charles won it to the German lands."

Dear reader, do not believe a word of any of this. The latest research has brought new witnesses before the forum of world history, and they tell us that it is all error and untruth.

It is certainly true that those pages of our local chronicle which commemorate those distant days were badly soiled by bubbling, steaming blood and smoldering genocide and have become almost illegible, and the few written and chiseled documents which have been saved to our day, seem to confirm the above dogmatizing sentences; but - even then, the art

of whitewashing in war reporting was already understood.

The historical sources of those days flow from Roman or Frankish pens, and the historical researcher who is solely dependent on these finds himself in the same uncertainty as his professional colleague of a future millennium who wanted to write alone about the German war of 1870/71 according to the "Moniteur"; he too would be able to tell gracefully about "deserted wastelands" and the like.

But now the youngest children of historical science, anthropology and ethnology and their close relative geology, have found and set up the witnesses already mentioned, which I would like to call "anthropological family albums" and which correct those dogmatic tenets of history quite powerfully.

These "anthropological family albums" now consist of prehistoric monuments from Germanic-mythological prehistory and are divided into three main groups, namely:

- A. In physical monuments of stone and earth, or other remains;
- B. in Monuments of Language (linguistics);
- C. in Myths, Legends and Folk Customs.

However, before these mythological monuments are to be selected in the landscape, the result of the correction of Austrian prehistory may be laid down here in hasty outlines.

The first corrected error concerns the southern border of Germania, which is considered to be the Danube. The peoples who lived on the right (southern) bank of the Danube in Roman times are wrongly believed to be Celts.² These areas, called Noricum and Upper Pannonia by the Romans, were inhabited by the Boyern, a branch of the Bavarian-Swabian, i.e. Germanic, family of peoples. This shifted the southern border of

(2) The so-called Celts, who lived south of the Danube in pre-Roman times, but are actually Mediterranean mixed races, had been pushed far south by the Germans long before the Romans appeared on the Danube. Only remnants of them remained in the corners of the Alps.

Germania far down into southern Styria, where today German, Roman and Slavic tribes are still fighting each other more bitterly than ever. [ed. note: modern day Balkans]

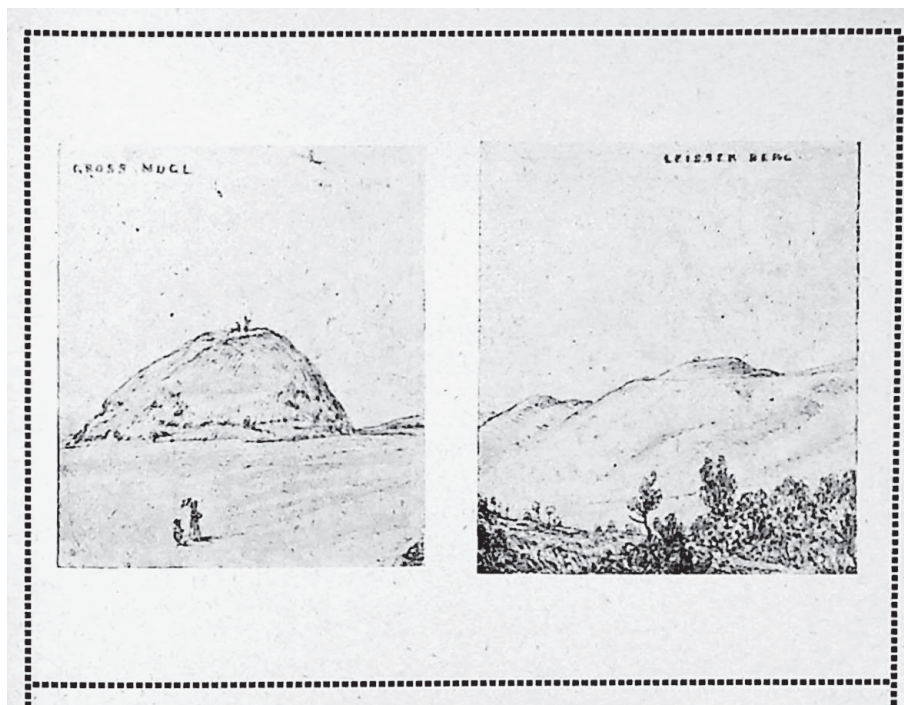
Nevertheless, the Danube became the northern border of Rome, which ruled the world. For half a millennium the world empire struggled here with Ario-Germanic, or let's call the child by its real name, with German freedom. Here, on that wide plain through which the Danube flows, the Vienna Basin, the Romans gathered their power center in Carnuntum³ which, like two thunderclouds rubbing against each other, had the result that the Germans on the left (northern) bank of the Danube, in view of Carnuntum, possessed their pole of power in a mighty fortress and royal city (we would like to call it "Stilifrieda⁴"), where both places stood in mutual menace for almost five hundred years, until finally in the year 375 Carnuntum fell - in this year the Germans there broke Rome's belt of strength and through this breach, which had become the gate of the nations, their armies poured out of Aquileia to Italy in an unstoppable flood of people stiffened by swords; until finally Odovacer (Odoacer) moved away from this soil⁵ to Rome, overthrew the Western Roman Empire and became the first German king of Rome.

Here on this ancient soil of peoples' history, on which for more than two thousand years all the peoples of the old world measured themselves against German courage in order to be defeated, where in more than seventy battles the iron dice of the history of people were rolled, of world history pointing out other paths, here a second Teutoburg battle was fought, more successful than the first, though less well known than this one; here the Germans broke the throne of the Caesars forever, and

(3) Carnuntum's rubble field lies between Petronell and Deutsch-Altenburg on the Danube. — The author's historical novel "Carnuntum" describes Germany's struggles against Rome on the basis of years of topographical studies on both sides of the Danube. The results of this research, in the form of the historical novel, bring a vastly different picture of those events than has been accustomed to being imagined up to now based on the accepted scholastic view.

(4) Today Stillfried an der March.

(5) From Fabiana, today's Mautern in Lower Austria.



Illus. 4. See page 45-46. The tumulus of Groß-Mughal and the Leiser Berge in Lower Austria (From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

conquered the old world in order to build a new one on its ruins. On June 24, 375, antiquity collapsed here on this prehistoric, consecrated ground of the God-given land of the East, and a new era in world history was opened by the sacred Tyr-sword of the Germans and was called the Middle Ages.

The descendants of the conquerors of Rome still live on this holy inheritance, the descendants of those still till the soil that they fertilized with Roman blood and freed with their own, from whose midst the first and second German kings of Rome emerged. This people should honor themselves and their ancestors by erecting an Odovakar monument.

Now came the migration of peoples, that epoch of history which is one of the most misunderstood in all of world history. Again we see the old reports retold uncritically and verbatim, we see the map becoming a chessboard and the peoples becoming chess pieces and changing places with monkey-like speed or disappearing altogether. Even the word "people" in its double meaning, which is still used today, could have clarified this misunderstanding if one had remembered the expression "war people" (*kriegsvölker*), which, although outdated, is still used here and there. The times when the peoples really migrated, as is erroneously believed about the time of the migration of peoples, go back to far earlier, prehistoric days, if these migrations ever happened at all.

Only a nomadic tribe can migrate, but not a people, and in the days of the "Migration of Nations" there were no more nomads in our country. The Germanic peoples practiced agriculture, animal husbandry, mining, and even trades. They were sedentary and had long been led by the Kings (Walters) in the union of states according to uniform German law and for these reasons were inseparably bound to the soil that they still inhabit today.

But exactly for the same reasons, only in a different form of manifestation, just like the exodus of those "Weary of Europe" still takes place today, can explain those migrations of peoples⁶.

(6) See Guido-List-Bücherei Nos. 1,2,2 A, 3 and 4, about "Istfoonen".

The "laws of succession" which, as feudal laws and in the indivisibility of the peasant estates, still clearly show their effects to this day, those laws of succession which only recognized the first-born, but declared the later-born propertyless, created a proletariat according to modern concepts, and this, after seeing Rome weak, rallied around a second-born king's son as followers and set out to acquire loot and land (an attacking force called the *Kriegsvölker*). It sailed under the name of its tribe, but independently of them. The possessing part of the people, however, remained immovable in the traditionally inherited Marches and districts.

If such a *Kriegsvölker* was victorious, it took a third of the cultivated land from the conquered, while the two-thirds remained with the farmers; the invaders formed the nobility of the conquered country and gave it its name, while the conquered were distributed among the victors as subjects, which together with the two-thirds remaining as *property*, the one-third had to be cultivated as "*Herrenäcker*" (the bosses' acres) in the new state. If the attack failed, and the *Kriegsvölker* was defeated by the defenders, then they became the servants and the name of the *Kriegsvölker* perished. This explains the often long-distance migration of peoples, the appearance and disappearance of names of peoples, and the emergence of the nobility and the *land owning* peasantry. But mind you, all this took place without the bulk of the people themselves changing their seats, which remained rooted to the soil; *and because this was justified and explained in international law, which was held sacred by all Germanic warring peoples at the time and which awarded the victor only one third of the cultivated land as the "victor's lot". —*

It was only the Avars who changed this system, for they weren't an agricultural people; they therefore exacted tribute in materials. But since they also stayed and lived in the country for more than a century - in this time the viticulture (winemaking) was not lost - which proves that, out of prudence and obeying the instinct of self-preservation, they by no means devastated the country, but rather spared agriculture. The *Nibelungenlied*, which preserved the memory of the Avar rule from folk traditions,

certainly does not confirm the proverb: "Where Avar horses stamp, there no more grass grows".

But now the Franks came with their greedy Karl (roughly 780 to 800 a.d.). He was the first to disregard international law; he took all possessions from the vanquished, and reduced them even worse than servants, making them now *propertyless serfs*. But in order to give himself a semblance of entitlement to rule the vanquished not only physically but also psychologically, he introduced Christianity as a state institution. But that was an unfounded pretext, because Christianity had existed in the country for centuries before him, as can be seen from numerous church foundations and legends of saints. He wasn't concerned at all with the church as such, but only with having a good police force, and the church seemed to him to be the most suitable for this - because of the auricular confession.

Only those who were baptized received their previous property as a "fiefdom" again as a *serf*, they had become "*servitors without property*". Those who did not accept baptism had to flee or fell to the executioner - their property, which had become ownerless anyway, became "king's property" and fell to the "Fiscus regius". But Charles—although he is called the Great—had not been able to raise himself to the modern idea of the state, which was already well known to the Germans at that time. He felt and presented himself only as a large landowner, he knew no state treasury, but treated every crown estate as his immediate private property. His vassals were therefore really nothing more than his estate managers.

This was followed by the founding of parishes and monasteries, which were supposed to count as settlements, but in reality only included the members of the monasteries and parishes or the family of the new lord or the new nobility, since the old lost his rights as a vanquished. The people, however, remained attached to the bulkhead and continued to be the same as it is today, which was and is settled here for countless thousands of years; the overwhelming majority, having become leaderless, bowed their necks to the yoke and endured their fate with a sigh. But in Lower Austria

we still have noble families that go back to pre-Carolingian or, the same thing, to Germanic-pagan days, and these too are among the "monuments".⁷

The image of that distant, vigorous section of patriotic prehistory appears to have been corrected, drawn up in broad strokes, and it hardly needs any special reference to the enormous difference between what has been assumed up to now and what has been explained here.

If we now turn our gaze to our "anthropological family albums", namely to the first group: "*physical monuments, piled up of earth and stone*," let us first answer the question of where they are located.

Opposite the Romans' main military base, Carnuntum, on the left bank of the Danube, lay the South German stronghold "*Stilifrieda*", towards which center of power the people strove like the sun's rays for many centuries, and when Carnuntum was successfully overthrown and the fatal wound to Rome inflicted there, it spread a flood of German weapons out again from this breach, radiating across the country, in an unstoppable wave coursing its way to Rome.

Therefore, where the March flows into the Danube, we find the largest number of such monuments, which become less and less dense to the north and west, which is why we find on the right bank, where Carnuntum stood, i.e. on liberated German soil, the most numerous monuments, which spread to the south and west, as it were, in a radiating weakening over the two Vienna Woods districts.

These monuments, of which Lower Austria alone counts over a hundred, consist of temple sites, burial mounds and fortifications. The first two consist of heaps of earth, more rarely of stone formations, because stones are too rare and valuable a material in the wide plains and in the lower hill country, since, as is well known, there are no erratic blocks in the Marchfeld.

To begin with the most outstanding structure of this type, one might think of the large "local mountain" of Stronegg. It covers an area of

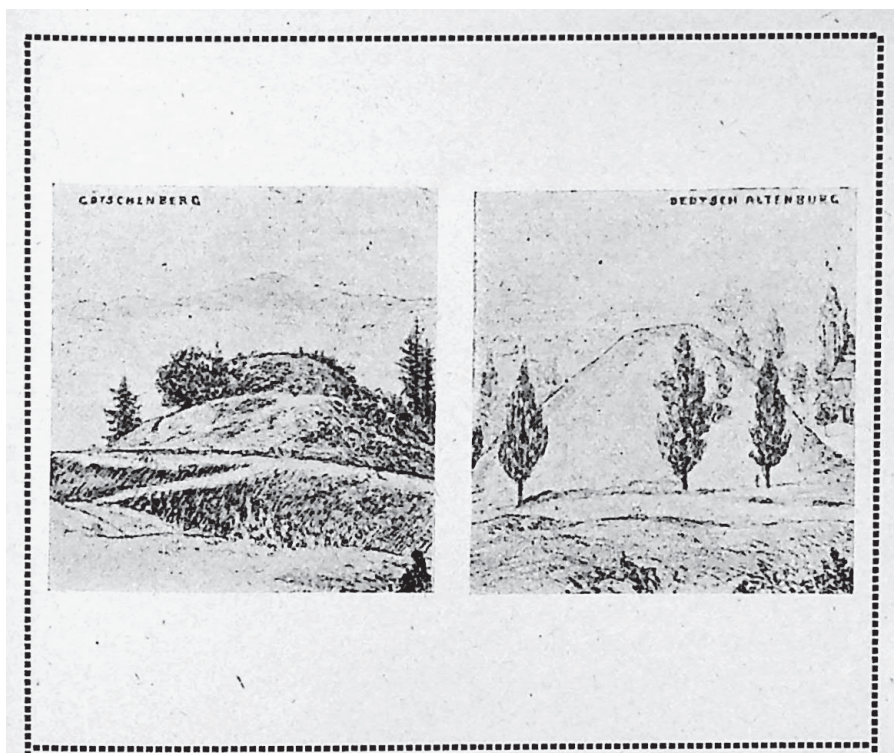
(7) See: "Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand" of this book as well as the section "Carnuntum".

12,000 square meters, has a radius of 340 steps and, with a labyrinthine wall, includes an oval support cone that rises 12 meters high, covers an area of approximately 5,000 square meters, and a square-based pyramid rising at a height of 4.75 meters and a covered area of 240 square meters. This mighty structure—actually a Trojan castle! — which is completely preserved is the largest in the world! Surpassing the known three tombs of the gods at Old Uppsala in Sweden by 1 meter, while the largest "Mons" in the United States of America covers only about 6,000 square meters in area. *[Ed. note: The base of Stronegg, a man made hill, is about 3 acres, or 120,000 square feet, with a 35 foot high cone with a 50,000 square foot plateau, topped by a 50x50 foot base pyramid rising another 15 feet high. This is slightly larger than the tombs in Uppsala, and twice as large as similar tombs in North America.]*

These are not small, inconspicuous, difficult to recognize hills that have fallen to the plow, no, these are real works, earthen constructions, which required the uniformly directed force of hundreds of hands to be thrown up with the shovel, to tower mountain-like over the houses of the village. As if that were not enough; the "tumulus" of Ober-Gänserndorf, which rises in the shape of a circle and terrace, bears the local cemetery on its plateau, proof of its size and unforgotten sanctification. Other similar structures support or surround Christian churches, a circumstance to which we shall refer again later, in connection with the linguistic monuments.

If we now consider the forms of these buildings, we find the most diverse types, each of which is represented in several parallel appearances. Such as the simple conical or hill-shaped tumulus, then those with a surrounding ditch or with enclosing single and double wall and ditch, also probably single, double and triple ring walls without tumuli. All the buildings mentioned are circular, but there are also truncated pyramids on a square basis, with or without a ditch; also such as that colossal work by Stronegg, which combine both forms, albeit on a smaller scale, as well as

(8) See Illus. 3 for Upper Gänserndorf and Illus. 17 for Lower Gänserndorf.



Illus. 5. See page 46. The Götschenberg and the tumulus in Deutsch-Altenburg. (After drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

coupled tumuli.

Far more puzzling and therefore far more interesting than these above-ground structures are the subterranean ones, which Lower Austria and the nearest Moravian and Hungarian border areas have in a very large number and extent, while similar earthen structures can only be found in Bavaria in terms of structure and technology which completely agree with each other.

On average, such artificial caves consist of chambers that are 2 to 4 meters long, 0.5 to 2 meters wide and 0.5 to 3 meters high. Larger dimensions can rarely be observed. Designed on a mostly regular, rectangular floor plan, the walls run upwards in a pointed arch, rarely in a round arch; this final form of the ceiling was due to the reduced risk of collapse, whereby of course no architectural style should be thought of.

The chambers are connected and accessible by numerous tangled passages, which passages often—presumably to confuse unwary intruders—form true mazes, often interrupted by vertical shafts. These shafts formed traps for the uninitiated, in the manner of wolf pits.

Incidentally, excellent care is taken to ensure good ventilation: air shafts lead vertically outwards from chambers and corridors, often several from one hall; the air is quite pure, easy to breathe, and the chest never feels cramped. But other shafts also lead from this artificial underworld to the upper world. These lead to the outside in an oblique direction from funnel-shaped niches, which quickly narrow like a sound tube. These are undoubtedly mouthpieces, perhaps intended for oracular purposes, to let the voice of God or the Spirit sound out of the earth.

The finishing is the same for all, only the smoothing of the walls is different. While one can still clearly follow the traces of the digging tools in one cave, others have been carefully smoothed, one might almost say polished, and they seem to have been coated with a fine clay plaster, which here and there also comes loose in fine flakes. Masonry is nowhere to be found.

After this general characteristic description, a few special descriptions

may well be in place here.

Of particular interest is one of the two "bedrooms" in the Ruppersthal cave system, or as the locals call it, the "Erdstalles". It is an irregular trapezoid with truncated corners; two corridors open into it, one on the front side opposite the bedroom, the other on the left of those who entered through the first corridor. On the narrower front side of the chamber there is a platform-like inclined surface, from the foot of which a narrow, stepped approach - the "solbank" - stretches along the right wall, only ending at the mouth of the corridor, next to which it begins again and up to the second, left passage mouth. Between the bed and the end of the corridor there are two niches in the wall, the smaller of which held a lamp, but the other, since it is significantly larger, may have served as a cupboard. A kind of gallery stretches across the top of the camp, certainly serving the same purpose as the large niche, namely as a place to store equipment, weapons or the like.

A no less remarkable hall appears in the "columned hall" of the endlessly branched Erdstall of Erdberg. This chamber has a length of 3.4 meters with a height of 2 meters and appears to be supported on the left by three columns carved out of the loess (sandy loam soil), behind which a kind of gallery of very modest dimensions (only 80 centimeters high and 40 centimeters wide) appears.

Erdberg also has two other highly noteworthy chambers. One forms an ellipse with two straight ends, each containing a niche for seating, while benches run along the curved longitudinal walls, as in Ruppersthal's bedroom. However, these benches are not made of wood, but cut out of the living ground by the digging worker. What is special about this hall, however, is that instead of the light niches, in the sharp angles of the four corners, light consoles cut out of the loess are noticeable, a unique feature that is never repeated. This room was a "Council Hall", or today one might say drawing room or parlor. Every larger Erdstall has one, such as that of Röschitz with eight seating niches, one of which serves as a step in the entrance corridor. These halls always form the end of the whole

system and are always kept in a form that differs from the other chambers and is particularly characteristic of them; often even semicircular, like half a beehive seen from the inside.

Undoubtedly the most striking of all these final chambers can be found in the Erdberg stables. In plan, it forms an area bounded by a circular segment of around two thirds of circumference and a straight line, and rises in a dome-shaped curve over two meters, while the straight, flat wall above the entrance drops vertically and shows only a light niche. The circumference of the curve is 5 meters and again contains eight seating niches, over which the vault is bulged like a shell and in this way runs in even ridges converging towards the center, where a horizontal pane measuring about 40 centimeters shows up, from which an air shaft extends vertically to the outside leads.

These subterranean earthworks mostly correspond to the legends of "sunken" castles; the people knew of the structures which above ground belonged to those below, and which long since, because made of wood, have disappeared. I enlivened these buildings with figures in my novel "Carnuntum"; reference is made to this poetry in this regard.

The question as to whether these puzzle labyrinths were dwellings, places of worship or columbaria (coffin storage chamber) can be answered by the fact that they were primarily winter living quarters and storerooms, and in special cases served cult purposes. Given the conservative character of every cult, they continued to serve cultural customs long after the winter dwellings had become generally above-ground, and continued to serve the Wuotan cult even after it had given way to Christianity and sunk into superstition, and even perhaps they might still serve that purpose today. Perhaps even as a hiding place for the sun-shy rabble or as a shelter for the unfortunate. The notorious robber Grasl, who made Lower Austria unsafe at the beginning of the 19th century, defied all investigations by hiding in these earth stables for many years. "He was as if sunk into the earth," say the accounts of his pursuers; yes, he had actually just slipped behind the bushes into the hiding places of the earth stables, which only he knew. On the occasion of the visit that

we will pay to the Hermannskogel, we find a similar earth stable inhabited by a modern hermit for eight years without anyone suspecting it beforehand. The series of those predominantly religious buildings are completed by some stone settlements; such as the stone alley on the Stolzenberg and the hanging stone on the Anninger near Medling.

A very special type of healing stones (halistoni), which cannot be classified into any of the usual classifications of megalithic monuments and which are among the very rarest because they are the oldest in human history, namely pre-Ice Age, i.e. *antediluvian monuments* including the "Wagsteine", also called "*Schwung- or Wiegenstein*", of which our so wonderfully preferred Austria has four magnificent and well-preserved pieces, which we now want to examine and identify more closely.

But it is also a very strange piece of Europe, this beautiful Waldviertel, this unique, north-western corner of our God-blessed Austria! Once you have reached the high-altitude market town of "*Traunstein*"⁹ and climbed the steep lane to the parish church with its weather-beaten *granite* Gothic tower, you have reached the Gscheid - the watershed between Krems and Kamp at an altitude of 911 meters - and has climbed the only 20 meters higher summit of the "*Wachtberg*" or "*Spielberg*" in a few minutes. This Wachtberg or Spielberg offers a magnificent sight with its mighty granite blocks that have been tangled up and thrown one on top of the other. Above the hundreds of enormous granite fragments, whose picturesque tangle bears eloquent witness to the terrible geological throes and tremors of passing and origin that accompanied the birth of our continent, four mighty towering rock masses rise, one of which, split and fissured, is called the actual peak¹⁰ and towers over the debris chaos by about twelve meters. Bushes, grasses and mosses have taken root in the crevices and fissures of this jumble of rubble and only here and there did a dwarfish,

(9) The easiest way to get to Traunstein from Vienna is to take the Kaiser Franz-Josefs-Bahn to "Schwarzenau" (139 km.), from there take the branch line to the passenger station "Biberschlag" (50 km) and walk from "Biberschlag" to "Traunstein"; walking time about 3-4 hours. - If you are afraid of the walk, please order a car from Traunstein to Biberschlag beforehand.

stunted pine or spruce find barren soil for their miserable existence.

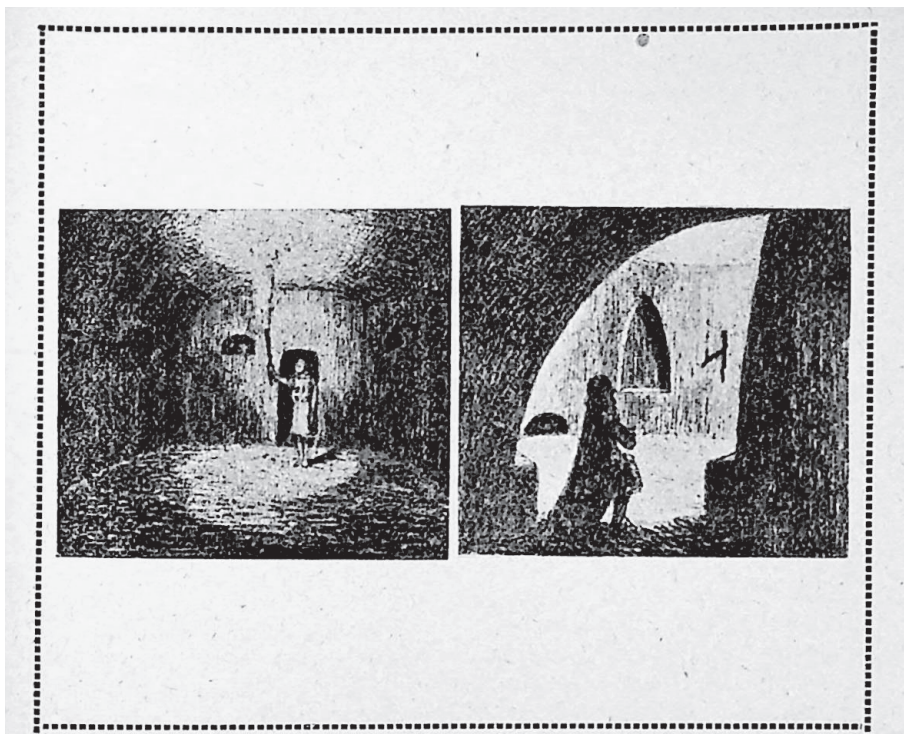
Many of the huge granite blocks in the near and far vicinity of Traunstein are characterized by a particularly obvious position and shape, no less also by the fact that several of them have trough-shaped depressions, so-called "stone walls" (stone troughs), which are by no means natural cavities, but are artificially chiseled. The folk tradition of the local area describes these hollow stones on the one hand as "sacrificial altars" and on the other hand as "burning pits for signal fires"¹¹ of the native population and is right with both interpretations, since they were dedicated to both purposes. They prove to be "sacrificial hollows" due to the particularly characteristic fact that the "blood channel" appears without exception to be directed northwards, so that the sacrificial blood flowed northwards, namely in the direction where the seat of the gods was assumed, because the Aryans are from the high north - Apollo's favorite country - where the sun did not set (in one half of the year) and they knew there was their own country of origin, their actual home and there also, based on ancient tradition, the castle of the gods, their lost paradise. They also prove to be chalk fire troughs due to their high position and the large area of their field of vision, whereby the beacons (fire signals) given at sacred sanctuaries were visible all around the country and could be recognized and forwarded by distant Krajan posts.

But these hollowed stones, as venerable as they are, do not seem half as important, although they are distributed in hundreds all over the Waldviertel and testify to its strong settlement in primeval days, as those enigmatic Wagsteine, to which we now want to turn our attention.

Barely a quarter of an hour from Traunstein (white trail mark), a

(10) The "Wachtstein-Verschönerungs-Verein" has built a comfortable ascent and bridged the rock gap, so that the highest peak, which used to be difficult to climb, is now easily accessible to enjoy the magnificent panorama of this viewpoint. This association owns an excellent telescope, which is also available to non-members for a small rental fee.

(11) Chalk fires or Krajan fires, namely "shouting" or "announcing" fires, were - if one may say so - the optical telegraphs of antiquity as well as of the Middle Ages, in order to quickly spread news of hostile invasions or otherwise important messages about the country.



Illus. 6. see pages 48-50. Typical scenes from the lower Austrian earthworks. (From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

piece of rock, similar to a loaf of bread laid upside down, rests on a broad granite base in such a way that it seems as if it would be easy to roll the stone away, but so far even the most prodigious efforts have not succeeded in doing so, although it can easily be set in swaying motion, and is called the "heidelnde Wiag'n" (rocking cradle) by the people. It is about five meters long, four meters high, and four meters wide, and has such days on the smallest conceivable basis that, in spite of its apparently very considerable weight, it gets into a rocking swaying motion at only a slight lateral pressure, and remains rocking for a long time. Another swinging stone is called the "French stone" because during the French invasion in 1809, a whole company of French infantry stationed here tried in vain to bring it down from its base. Far away from it, hidden in the forest, there is a third, somewhat smaller wagstone, the "small rocking cradle".

For comparison, we offer here the image of the "*moving stone of Tandil*"¹² (La piedra movediza), which in the Argentine province of Buenos Aires so often aroused the astonishment of world travelers as the greatest natural attraction in South America. However, no one knows the three Austrian Wagsteine, although they are in no way inferior to Tandil's, because they are in — Austria.

(12) The "Münchener Zeitung" of May 8, brings a note about the "Weighing Stone of Tandil" which we will reproduce here in excerpt; it reads:

C. K. (The swinging rock.) Among the so-called wonders of nature the swinging stones occupy a special position. They are huge monoliths that seem to balance on a rocky peak without any support. The most famous of these swinging rocks, and probably the largest, was that of Tandil in Argentina which recently fell by itself. This huge piece of rock weighed 450 tons and floated on the edge of a 150 meter high pointed cliff. The slightest wind, even a simple push with the hand, was enough to make this enormous mass of stone vibrate; the engineers' investigations had shown that in ordinary weather conditions the stone made 60 vibrations in the course of one minute. In Argentina, this strange natural phenomenon was considered a special sight, and tourists came from far and wide to see this famous vibrating stone. A few weeks ago, on February 27, the famous rock now suddenly rolled into the depths with a roar of thunder. It was already known that the monolith had been struck by lightning a few years ago and it was assumed that thus its equilibrium must have suffered a shock. The investigation that has now been carried out has shown that the sudden crash was not due to external influences, but to the corrosion of the base. The engineers declare it possible to put the stone back in its original place, but this work would be very cumbersome and would consume a quarter of a million marks. In Argentina, however, a national collection has already been started to raise the necessary funds, so that sooner or later the engineer's art may attempt to restore the natural wonder of Tandil by human power.

Wind or a slight pressure with the hand puts the stone into swaying motion, and the natives believe they saw the devil sitting on top as if on a rocking chair. The stone is 24 English feet (7.3 meters) high, 18 English feet (5.48 meters) long and its weight is estimated at 650 tons (1.3 million pounds, or 589,500 kg). In spite of the fact that the stone seems to hover over the abyss ready to fall, a thousand horses, which in the middle of the 19th century the cruel dictator Rosas, who tyrannized Argentina through more than twenty years with incomparable cynicism, had harnessed in front of the stone colossus entwined with ropes were unable to move it from the spot and this most bizarre of all the whims of the tyrant failed as miserably as he himself.

If we now point out the characteristic features of these balanced stones that immediately strike the eye, these are:

1. the peculiarity of the balance of the masses, so that they balance freely on the smallest support and cannot be upset by anything;
2. their immovability, despite the appropriate force applied; furthermore
3. the fact that they are all made of primary rock, namely granite.

Keeping in mind these three general characteristics, which are common to all vault stones, we will try to find other overall characteristics of them, which are less outstanding, in order to grasp them immediately at first sight, and then, after this determination, to be able to clarify the age and purpose of these enigmatic stones.

In order to be able to provide our evidence about the origin and purpose of these holy-stones, *as well as about their artificial erection in far antediluvian primeval times, long before the formation of our continent*, we must go far, very far. Pausanias declared the Greeks in his "Achaëa" as "enormously simple-minded people, because of the veneration which they gave to the stones", however, he recants this judgment later, by confessing that "he had changed his way of thinking, after he had reached Arcadia". Already in the Orphic poem "On Stones", attributed to Orpheus, such stones are divided into "Ophites" and "Siderites", i.e.

"serpent stones" and "star stones". The Ophites were rough, hard, heavy, black and have the gift of speech. If you want to throw it away, it screams like a child. Sanchuniathon and Philo of Byblos, call these stones "animate stones". Eusebius never parted with his Ophites, which he "carried on his breast and from which he received oracles given in a thin, whistling voice. Saint Arnobius - a luminary of the Church - reports that he could never pass such a stone without asking it a question about destiny, "which was answered in a clear, sharp but thin voice." Helen predicted the downfall of Troy with the help of an Ophite. The Vilkina saga also knows "serpent stones" and "victory stones" as animated stones and mentions them more often. Such a speaking or ensouled stone is also the famous "*liafail*" enclosed in the coronation throne of the kings of England at Westminster, which is said to have formerly raised its voice to name the king who was to be elected and crowned. Soudas mentions that Heraeskus (also Heraiklus, (Hercules?)) was able to distinguish with a glance the animate from the inanimate stones¹³, and Herr Kgl. Amtsgerichtsassessor a. D. Heinrich Christian Meyer in Munich also feels the "soul" of the stones, and put down this feeling in his splendid gemstone songs (partly published in the "Unverfälscht deutschen Worte", Vienna, year 1911), to which I will come back in detail in G.-L.-B. No. 7 "Kabbalah and Armanism". As the stones mentioned here, to which also the precious stones belong (see also G.-L.-B. No. 5, Bilderschrift, Tafel 1 and G.-L.-B. No. 7, Kabbala und Armanism), are mostly only small and portable, but some also up to enormous size¹⁴, which are known as healing stones or "halistani".

If already the old traditional name "halistani" emphasizes clearly enough the dedication of such stones as sanctuaries, their still today usual names are significant enough to be able to build conclusions on it. Thus the Wag-stones (Irish: logan) have very different names; thus the "chacha-

(13) Pliny also mentions such stones, which run away when a hand approaches, and such, which always return to their old location, the German legend knows in quantity.

(14) For example, the Memnon Colossi at Memphis, the Sphinx at Thebes in Egypt, and more.

brath" of the Celts; the "stone of destiny or judgment"; the stone of "truth or of God's judgment"; the "ordal stone" or "oracle stone"; the moving and animated stone of the Phoenicians," or the "booming stone" of the Irish. In Brittany they are called "pierres branlantes" (next to Huelgoat = healing place, i.e. enclosed salvation, thus temple place or halgadome). In France they are called: "roches brantairs", "Pierre qui croule", "pierre qui danse", also "pierre Martin"; Spain: "lo perro Martino"; England: "Rockingstone", also "great upon little"; in Denmark: "Rokkestene"¹⁵. - Thus the stones to Stonehenge were called formerly "chior-gaur" or the "giant dance". It was calculated that the Stonehenge must have been built in the year 1660 b.c., because for this time the direction of the sunstone is exactly correct, but the construction must go back by one or more sidereal years (each of which comprises 25,868 earth years; see also G.-L.-B. No. 4: Names of Tribes), as will be shown later, because for the time distance of only 4500 years the construction conditions cannot apply. If one looks at the enormous stone constructions of Stonehenge, Carnac and West-Hoadley, of which some monoliths were calculated to a weight of more than 500,000 kilograms, then one understands the name giant dance completely, just as one must agree with the legend that *giants created these works*, because even in our machine-powerful age the bringing of such mighty loads from far away should present insurmountable difficulties. These stone buildings are therefore not considered to be the work of historical men, i.e. of men who would roughly correspond to us in size and strength, since it would be impossible for our human race of today to produce such enormous stone colossi, to bring them into such marvelous equilibrium that they hardly seem to touch their base and yet - although the wind or a light pressure with the hand makes them vibrate - they prove to be too resistant, defying even a thousand horsepower when it was attempted to bring them out of their position! The science refuses persistently to consider those actual

(15) Pliny mentions such vault stones in Asia (Natural History I. 96) and Apollonius Rhodius says that they stood on burial mounds and were so sensitive that they could be moved by mere thought from a great distance.

giant constructions - in spite of this correct designation - for the work of primeval giants, since it denies exactly the existence of giants in the primeval world, for this reason cannot attribute these giant works to a human race similar to us, and therefore genuinely scientifically exactly, those stone settlements tries to lead back to natural origins. They explain the thing simply by weathering of the rock; scale by scale, flake by flake under the destroying influence of wetness and cold weather came loose, until only the small pebble remained, on which the block will balance so long, until progressive weathering disturbs its equilibrium and makes it fall. This precisely scientific explanation resembles, stroke by stroke, that Bret Harte satire in which ants geologically describe a brick wall, discovering that plutonic formations (the bricks) detach themselves with neptunian formations (mortar) in regular horizontal layers, the vertical neptunian steep layers (the butt joints of the brick masonry) being due to periodic volcanic influences. - Even more intricate to geologists, however, is the curious fact that many of these enormous boulders belong to types of rock unknown in those countries where they are now found, and come from distant, mostly overseas regions, making the claim of natural weathering invalid. Such a piece of rock is found in Ireland, which geologically examined offered the result that it was of foreign, perhaps even "*African* origin". And there, however, where there were no erratic boulders at all! It remains strange, however, that the Irish legend *ascribes the origin of its stones to a magician, who brought these giant stones from Africa!* - In spite of all this, or rather just because of it, it was a giant power in the most original meaning of the word, which accomplished those stone settlements, nevertheless an English scholar (Cambrey) maintained: "Humans have nothing to do with it" -- namely with those giant works - "because never human strength and diligence could undertake anything of the kind. Nature alone has accomplished it (!!)" and science will one day prove it." (!!!) But the same Cambrey later recanted, writing: "I believed in nature for a long time, but I recant, because chance is not able to create such marvelous combinations," and those who



Illus. 7. See page 52. the Wachtstein near Traunstein in Lower Austria by S. W. (From a photograph by A. Rerych).

equilibrated the aforementioned stones are the same ones who had erected the moving masses of the pond of Huelgoat near Concarneau." Regarding the Stonehenge, it is reported that they are erected from the stones of that area, namely from the reddish sandstone locally called "gray ram". However, the main healing stones, which served astronomical purposes, came from far away, probably from North Iceland. In 1850, the "Revue Archeologique" published a paper on this subject, from which the following sentences are taken: "Each of these stones is a block, the weight of which would put the most powerful machines to the test. They are scattered all over the globe, masses to which the word "materials" seems to remain inexplicable, at the sight of which the imagination is put to shame, and which had to be given a name as colossal as the things themselves. Apart from this, these *immense rocking stones*, which are sometimes called "routers", placed upright on one of their sides as if on a spike, their equilibrium being so perfect that the slightest touch is enough to set them in motion, betray *the most accurate knowledge of statics. Alternate counter-movement, alternating plane, convex and concave surfaces, all this ranks them with the Cyclopean monuments*, of which it can be said with good reason that - "demons seem to have worked on them more than men." And Creuzer writes in his "Symbolism": It is difficult not to suspect planetary forces in the buildings of Tyrins and Mycenae, supposedly moved by celestial powers, analogous to the famous dactyls.

Much could be said about it, but the space forbids. Nevertheless, the rocking, the immovability of all these stones is witnessed. To the question, why they rock, it must be answered that this ability to move was a means, of a whole chain of such means, for consecration and prophecy, as appears from their names; also they seem to have caused fright and to have put the people to flight (rout, therefore "routers"), with which also the designation "mad stones" is consistent. All this and much more is historically proven. The "Dracontia", which were consecrated to the moon and the serpent, were the older "fate rocks" of older peoples, and their movements and rocking were completely clear and readable to

the initiated priests, who possessed the key to this old way of solving and reading; they were just not only mechanically moving, but actually living and speaking stones, and still are today. - Olaus Magnus reports that the kings of Scandinavia were elected on the basis of the oracle whose voice spoke through "these immense rocks erected by the extraordinary powers of the (prehistoric) giants". Therefore, one can only agree with De Merville when he says: "We advise science to reflect and, above all, to no longer count Titans and Giants" among the original legends; because their works are there, before our eyes, and these rocking masses will sway on their basis until the end of the world, to help it once and for all to understand that one is not quite a madhouse candidate if he believes in miracles confirmed by the totality of antiquity" -.

But for evidence, let us go a step further and consider the tallest and most gigantic statues in the world, those of Bamiyan. The largest of these is 180 feet (55 meters) high¹⁶; the next tallest of these statues is 125 feet (38 meters) high; the third is only 60 feet (18.30 meters) high; the other two are still smaller, so that the last of these five stone images is only slightly taller than a tall man of our modern race. These five statues are mistaken for Buddha statues, but were already found by the Buddhist arhats and ascetics and "restored" for their purposes by later chiselling the robes in pieces over the original statues carved out of the outcropping rock and modeling them over their shape. These gigantic niche sculptures do not owe their origin to the Buddhists, but to a much, much older time. They are works of art of the initiates of the fourth race, who, after the fall of their continent, sought refuge in the strongholds and on the peaks of the Central Asian mountain ranges. Thus these five statues are an imperishable testimony to the esoteric teaching relating to the gradual development of the races.

The largest is presented by that human race (G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Pictures" Plate 1), whose ethereal body is represented here in solid stone, since otherwise the memory of the same would never have survived the

(16) The "Statue of Liberty" located in the port of New-York has a height of only 46 meters and is thus 6 m lower.

Atlantean flood. The second, 125 foot high stone image symbolizes the second primeval race, the "Sweatborn" (Ymir); the third stone image, only 60 feet high, reminds of the race that had fallen and thereby founded the first physical race brought forth by father and mother (Trudgelmir), whose last descendants are shown in the statues of Easter Island. At the time when Lemuria sank, these only reached a body height of 18 to 22 feet. — The fourth statue immortalizes the fourth race (Bergelmir), which was even smaller, but still huge compared to our fifth race, which appears in the fifth statue. So these are the "giants" of antiquity, about whom the Edda, all prehistoric sagas, the Bible (Gibborim, Gog and Magog) report, who lived, flourished and worked more than a million years ago, and who probably have such powers, but must also have had such knowledge and ability to build such works and leave us such works as those of which these pages speak.

With those terrible upheavals which swallowed up Atlantis and gave rise to the Eurasian continent, the fourth race, the Atlantean race, also went to its grave, and the fifth — the Aryan race — entered the world stage. But in the flight of the events of natural life there are no sudden leaps, only progressive development. And in this way we have no reason at all to doubt the former existence of gigantic ancestors and to deny a gradual decrease in human stature, for why should man be the only inhabitant of earth who should not have decreased in stature since primeval days, while the animal world as well as the plant world can be traced back to the largest representatives of their genus in antediluvian periods?

As can now be seen from the attached map¹⁷ of the transition from the secondary to the present time, precisely that part of our Waldviertel which has the three Wagsteine appears as an island of Atlantis that has remained standing and has not been overrun by the tide. Only the collapsed coral reefs (our limestone mountains) and the sand deposits

(17) I owe this card and many other pictorial decorations of the present book to the kind willingness of Dr. Jorg Lanz v. Liebenfels, who in the most disinterested courtesy supported and promoted me in publishing this new edition, for which I hereby publicly express my heartfelt, deepest thanks to the highly esteemed doctor.

(sandstone formations) are left of the sea that surrounded them in primeval days, surrounding this granite island, which so faithfully preserved for us that primal holy memorial to the gigantic world of the fourth human race. These upheavals took place around 850,000 Earth years ago, towards the end of the Miocene Era, but lasted many millennia, since those natural events took place gradually but not in leaps and bounds, although it does not appear impossible that catastrophic events also occur suddenly from time to time, such as around 11,000 years ago¹⁸ with the sinking of the last remains of Atlantis within a few hours.

It is particularly noteworthy that the "adepts" or the "wise men", the "masters" of the people of the third, fourth and fifth race lived in subterranean dwellings (Koken, Armans-koke = Hermannskogel), under a pyramidal building (e.g. the Stronegg earthworks in Lower Austria). Such pyramids existed in the "four corners of the world, i. e. everywhere, and not just in Egypt alone. Many of these are still preserved works of the first settlers on the mainland of newborn Europe, namely those races - "some yellow, some brown and black, and some red" (according to ancient tradition) - which after the sinking of the last Atlantean continents (not islands! the last of which sank only 11,000 years ago) 80,000 years ago, and had populated Euroasia before the arrival of the great Aryan races and their divine leaders¹⁹. Now the giant struggles of Hari-Wuotan's son, Donar, also become clear. They are the battles of the divine leaders of the Aryan race with the last descendants of the pre-world giants of the fourth race who actually lived. Therefore, the many giant legends are real historical memories of the people in legendary form, to which only in far, far later courses of time, when the memory of the corporeality of the giants had faded, natural-historical myths nestled, like the age-green patina to old ore casts or the stucco robes of the giant statues of Bamiyan.

(18) Apart from Hari-Wuotan, one of these leaders was "Starkadr" (Edda, Simrock) of whom the Scandinavian sagas record miraculous deeds. He was a student of the mage Hrosshargranis and is depicted in the *Tomes of John the Mage* as a giant carrying a runed rock under each of his arms.

(19) Exactly calculated 9564 b.c.

The giants are extinct, but their gigantic structures still tell of their existence, and four of their truth stones still live on our sacred Ostara heritage to give us information from the deepest, grayest, pre-Wuotanistic primeval times.

Now, according to the legend, not only the "giants" - whose actual existence is to be taken care of - but also the "adepts" and "wise men", namely the "masters" of the people of the third, fourth and fifth race, according to the legend, appear as the builders of these works, and the legend calls them "magicians". This designation alone is enough for our scientists to dismiss and reject these magicians with a superior smile without further thought. But they, too, existed just as effectively as the giants, and their magic was nothing more than a more thorough theoretical knowledge of the primal laws of nature and a more thorough, more practical ability in their application than that of our scholars and technicians of today. Let us take, as just one example from the large number of demonstrable possibilities, the one clear case that they were able to break the laws of gravity with these monstrous stone works, and with that the question of the possibility of building those gigantic works would be solved. The fact that our contemporary scholars still lack this knowledge and our contemporary technicians this skill is surely no reason to deny the possibility of the development of knowledge and skill up to a point where they could abolish gravity? And if this possibility of development is accepted, then the possibility must also be granted and admitted that that knowledge and ability was the property of the prehistoric adepts and wise men and that it was buried with them when they were violently exterminated, whereby not only their schools but also their teaching and their knowledge had been destroyed. We are far from omniscient and all-knowing, and so it is more than presumptuous to present what we are not yet able to understand as non-existent impossibilities. With this assumption, however, much becomes clearer. The gigantic buildings suddenly rise from the plane of rudimentary, brute force to the works of sages of high intellect, who created these works for purposes which we know no more than we are able to grasp the forces



Illus. 8. See page 52. The Wachtstein as seen from the southeast, near Traunstein in Lower Austria. (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein in Lower Austria.)

which created such works with means which we are as little able to guess. The fact that by assuming the possibility of abolishing gravity for a shorter or longer period of time, the fact of transporting such enormous weight masses from a great distance can also be explained immediately, and the erection of the Wagsteins according to static laws can be made comprehensible, needs no word of justification. One does not have to assume miracles according to the popular concept of magic, but only concede the possibility that the ancient sages had knowledge and skills that our scholars and technicians have lost, but which they will be able to regain in the foreseeable future and will, if—yes, if they can transform the material monism that is common today into a spiritual monism.

Now still another short compilation of the place names and their interpretation: In "Traunstein" the "Tronjestein", namely a Troy Town, a holy place of sun mysteries is to be recognized. The name "Wachtberg" comes from "waighsberg", namely: "giant-saved". The other name, "Spielberg", will be discussed later in this book and for the sake of brevity is only referred to now.

Not far from it is the "Höllthal" - the valley of Helia, of death! - and where it ends lies "Würnsdorf", the old "Wurmgarten", names which are also often interpreted in this book and therefore need only be mentioned here. - But strange! Half an hour away from Traunstein lies a castle ruin overgrown by the forest, decayed masonry, which is hardly perceptible and of which also the name has been forgotten, but the mountain which carries the ruin is called "Hausberg" by the people. It is very significant that the people say that in this castle on the Hausberg in ancient times a poet and minstrel lived and wrote in solitude far from the world, but neither his name nor the time of his work is known, although it is believed that the castle was burned by the Swedes. - This poet was undoubtedly the last "Armanen" of that Halgadam (similar to the Einsiedel of Hohenberg; detailed later) and the time of the decay of the castle on the Hausberg is centuries before the Swedes.-----

Attached to the religious buildings are fortifications, several of which

can be found on both banks of the Danube, the most imposing of which are those of the old Qadian royal town of "Stilifrieda". With a total length of 1900 meters (over a mile in length), huge fire walls, rising to a height of 39 feet, enclose an area of 67 acres, this fortification would still require a significant army force to hold or take it, discounting long-range weapons. But the people who erected such mighty buildings were, as we will prove in what follows, proto-Germanic, German. The classic ground of world history on which we stand is proto-Germanic ground; here our fathers fought for German freedom from the Romans, the Avars, Huns and Magyars, the Mongols and Slavs, here the Habsburgs defeated the Premyslids and founded Austria.

If we are surprised by the unusual quantity of monuments piled up of stone and earth of our ancestors devoted to the cult of Wuotan in the Viennese basin, if the enormous earth constructions also demand amazement from us, these monuments are nevertheless mute and would speak just as well for any other people, because such constructions are spread pretty much over the whole world - one finds them in Asia as in North America, on Troy's old-historical location as well as in Scandinavia. But they gain soul and life only when we connect them with the linguistic "monuments" and the "legends, myths and customs", and secure these results again by comparative compilations with similar researches in other German lands. These "linguistic monuments" not only give us the most significant information about the German mythology in its local conception, grant us cultural-historical fingerprints of undreamt-of importance, let us trace the individual peoples on the map, but - and this is decidedly the decisive main thing - they prove with compelling force that Lower Austria was continuously, without interruption since the death of the Atlantic giant race, by the appearance of the Aryan race under its divine leaders, and was indeed German populated. The names of the peoples changed; Heruls, Quades, Marcomanni, Turkicilings, Boyians, Noricans, Rugians and others appeared and disappeared. But here we need only recall what has already been said to understand at once that the

"settled" people remained uninterrupted and the same, they were "permanent" through the changes, as were their customs and ways, while name and nobility alone were the "transient", the "changing" in itself. The most terrible epoch for the "settled people" were the birth pangs of "Carolingian" Christianity and the Frankish raids; but that even these neither encountered a deserted land, nor depopulated the land - despite all atrocities, despite the violation of international law of that time - is proven all the more by these linguistic monuments.

Before we turn to these, however, one circumstance may be mentioned, which helps to prove the above, even if it actually seems to lie outside the scope of our consideration. There were no maps in those days and how else than by oral tradition of a "settled" people could those "linguistic monuments" have been saved over the period of depopulation? How could the so-called "Roman heritage": viticulture, have been preserved other than by continuous cultivation, which again requires a sedentary and cultivated people? How does this agree with the insult still today unfortunately done by German academic-educated writers to their own ancestors, to call these peoples "barbarians"?

If we now take a closer look at the "linguistic monuments", we see them as "place names" in the broadest sense, namely as names that mean forest and meadow, mountain and deed, field and meadow, stream and river, town and castle, and here the highly remarkable result is shown that more than half of the place names still in use today go back to pre-Carolingian days, even if not documented, but linguistically proven.

It follows from this that Lower Austria was not only populated, but even densely populated, and that's what it must have been; how else could it have covered the enormous human consumption of the Roman wars, how otherwise such works as that of the large city "Stilifrieda" have been built. It also shows that three thousand years ago most of our thriving

towns and villages existed, which refutes the often cited passage from Tacitus' "Germania"²⁰, which, by the way, can also be corrected by "Julius Caesar's Gallic Wars"²¹. If we now pick out the "mythological place names", these are again divided into two series; the first series forms that group which, in addition to the name, preserves the ancient sanctuary itself, which is either a structure made by human hands or some other sacred place; for example a mountain, a boulder or more, a grove, a tree, a spring or a cave, while in the second series only the name remained. Thus we find the name of Wuotan, which was mentioned in our areas of Woldan, Wult and Hruoperaht (Rupprecht), represented in Wutterwald, Wulzendorf, Waltendorf, Wullendorf, Wilfersdorf, Wilfungsmauer and others. His wife Frigga, called Frouwa, Peratha (Berta, the Magnificent) and Holla (Hulda) in our region, appears in countless names such as: Hollenburg, Hollabrunn, Hollentann, Hollarn, Frauendorf, Frauenburg and others. Their places of worship, called "Fountains of Youth", are still unforgotten sacred springs and have become places of pilgrimage for Christianity or superstition. The former included Hollabrunn, Mariabrunn, and others, the "Jungfernbründl" near Sievering bei Vienna, the "Fountain of Youth" in the Pass valley, which forms the border between the two districts above and below the Vienna Woods. The other male and female Aesir are also represented and, mind you, each name is represented repeatedly. So Donar is found in many thunder pulpits, Peterskirchen, etc.; Loki, the prince of the devil (deep, today Christianized in the devil) in all those places that are linked to the devil in name and legend. His daughter and female reflection Helia also appears

(20) Cornelius Tacitus "The Germania. Ch. XVI. "That the Germanic peoples do not inhabit cities, indeed that they do not even love coherent dwellings, is well known. They settle lonely and isolated, where just a spring, a floodplain, a grove invites."

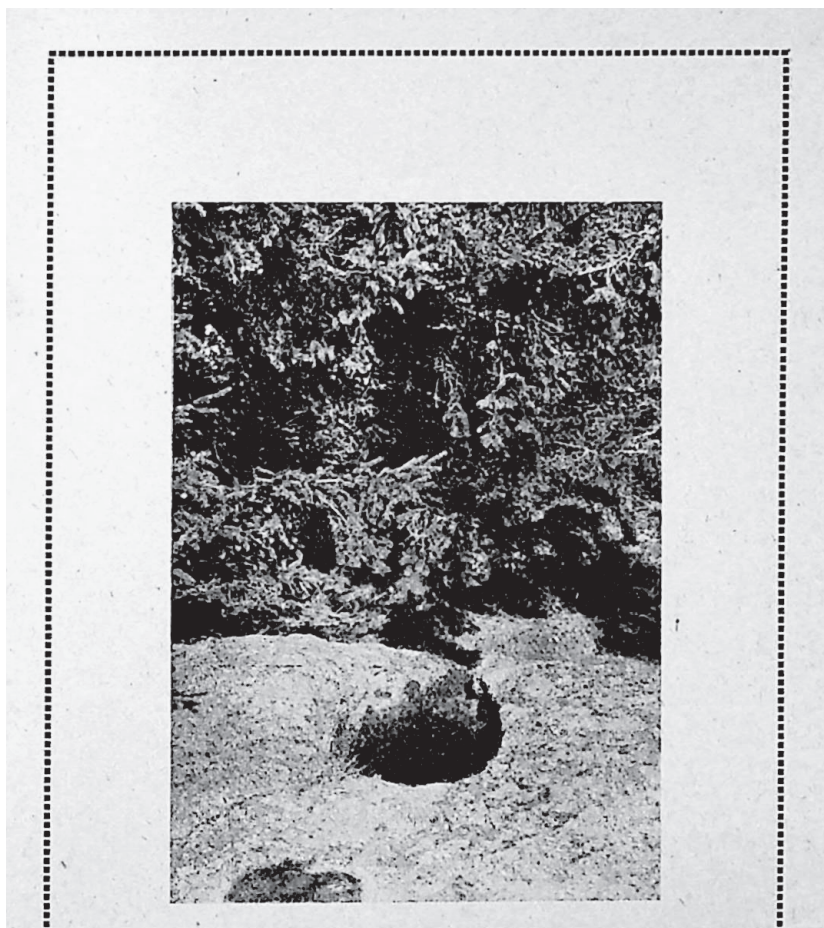
(21) Julius Caesar: "Commentarii de bello gallico et de bello civili Tom II, ch. XXIX." The city of the Aduatuci; and elsewhere, the description of this town in western Germany is typical of all surviving Quaden towns in Lower Austria in eastern Germany; also for "Stilifrieda", "The old castle at the stone" (Deutsch-Altenburg) and others.

very frequently; for example still in the Wuotanistic sense in Höllental, but Christianized in Helenental.

And just like these, they are all represented in hundreds of place and field names, which, and this must be taken into account, are never found individually, but always in connected groups, whereby the elucidation of the ancient special consecration of the holy temples in question becomes an open book.

If these place names are now recognizable by the undeniable old mythological interpretations, then those of another group are to be mentioned still particularly, which carry today Christian names, nevertheless growing from unmistakably from Wuotanistic-German cult places. We have already mentioned some of them. The dragon slayer Wuotan appears as St. Michael, the lindworm slayer Balder (Siegfried) as St. George, Wuotan, the glorious king of the gods, as Rupprecht, just as "St. Martin, who comes riding on a white horse", is also his Christian reflection. Frouwa, Hulda, Perahta and Ise we see Christianized by the Queen of Heaven Mary, as in Mariabrunn, Maria-Taferl, Maria-Drei-Eichen and many, many other place names. Freya appears Christianized and historicized in Saint Agnes as in Saint Frein, with which further coincides an independent group of place names, which preserve the memory of the Norn cult and the Valkyries.

But still one word may be thought, which appears in the most different mutilations in numerous place names, where regularly then also a prehistoric building is found, and indeed always a tumulus; this word is: "Lee". Breitenlee, Schotterlee, Langenleebarn, Langenlois, Lewern and many others are connected with this word "Lee", from which it is explained that such mound graves were called "Lee or Leeberge" and are to be placed outside the groups of the actual temple buildings. Now these lee mountains are the mound graves of the north, our "power (Macht-)" and "hut mountains (Hüttelberge)", which were piled up over the burned corpse fire of a mighty man in a large area, as the mythology and the heroic songs (Beowulf, Alphart's death and others) confirm in many



Illus. 9. See page 52. One of the four 'stone troughs' or 'blood pits' on the Wachtstein. — (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein, Lower Austria.)

examples.

So this small sample of historical-word reading from the place names of our beautiful Lower Austria shows that this country was and is an original German one, its "settled" people remained uninterruptedly the same until today, which already cultivated the earth clod for uncounted millennia and protected it with its heart blood against foreign domination. The emphasis of the proof, however, lies in the "mythological place names"; for no one will want to claim that those names can originate from the days of the great "colonizer" of Lower Austria.

Just as old and genuine monuments of our German nationality as the "built" and "linguistic" ones are the native "legends, myths and customs". Our beautiful Lower Austria is also enclosed in the highly sacred Harug of the German mythical forest, whose enchanting chiaroscuro perfumes us, who indulge in it, with its invigorating resinous smell and enchants us with the colorful glowing miracle flowers that grow from its soil. We know these little flowers, we see them already blooming at the Harz, in the Thuringian and Odenwald, and are astonished that what we admired from far away, blooms so close to us here, so - unknown.

Innumerable paths lead through the enchanting thicket of the fairy-tale forest, here its magnificent domes arch into proud halls of ancient gods' castles, there the rejuvenating fountain of youth splashes, there three female figures flit spinning past and here between the slender leaf pillars, under the heavy hanging garlands the wild army marches with loud "Hu Sa, Hal Loh!"²² But we walk, unperturbed by the ghostly hustle and bustle, along the one path that leads to Asgard, and avoid the side paths that branch off in many directions, leading to many other destinations, and which we want to walk along in the future when the opportunity presents itself.

The figures of Wuotan and his wife stood out most clearly and here it should be emphasized right away that these, like the gods or goddesses to

(22) Origin of the hunter's call: Hussa Hello! = Holy sun salvation (Heilige Sonnenheilslohe)

be mentioned later, often appear Christianized, although it is enough to simply change the name to immediately see the very transparently veiled Aesir shimmering through behind the Christian overdress.

As already mentioned, the king of the gods appears with us mostly under the name Wulz, Wult, Woldan, Wut (Wuotan), from which the children's scary-rhyme, the "Rauwurz", "Rauchal"²³, Wutzel" and the "Wauwau" developed. He shows himself as a cloak bearer, wild hunter, wish granter, white horse rider, leader of the wild army²⁴, the army of ghosts and the army of the dead. His one eye and his slouch hat - as wish hat - is known by the people. Faded, stripped of his divine character, he appears as a rat catcher in Korneuburg as in the suburb Magdalenengrund of Vienna, which has to thank this legend that an old folk-humor gave it the derisive name "Ratzenstadt". This legend repeats exactly and literally that of Hamelin. It contains the obscured conception of Wuotan as a god of the dead, as the leader of the army of the dead. From Christian saints we recognize him in the dragon slayer St. Michael and the numerous churches of this archangel (oldest foundation of course) appear built on such cult places which were consecrated to him in this capacity²⁵. Mention is made of a document by name which, dating from the middle of the 13th century, preserved Wuotan's name in writing. Among the duties which St. Pölten (Lower Austria) had to pay to the church in Passau, there is also a certain quantity of oats: "minoris mesure quod dictur Wutfuter" - called "Wutfuter". But this word "Wutfuter" means "Wutfuotar", "Wutvater", thus Wuotan. Now, however, it is known that all Wuotan offerings subsequently constituted the income of the church, and therefore this "certain quantum of oats, called Wutfuter", was formerly intended for the horses kept for sacrificial rites. In several places we

(23) Children's rhyme: "Do not look around, because the "black Rauschal goes around". Rauchal: "Rauch" (Rau) = right; „al" (all) sun fire = God" therefore: The right God, right God in the universe = Allfather.

(24) This is where the Steinallee on the Stolzenberge near Stolzendorf belongs, as the path of the Wuotes Heeres (wild, angry army).

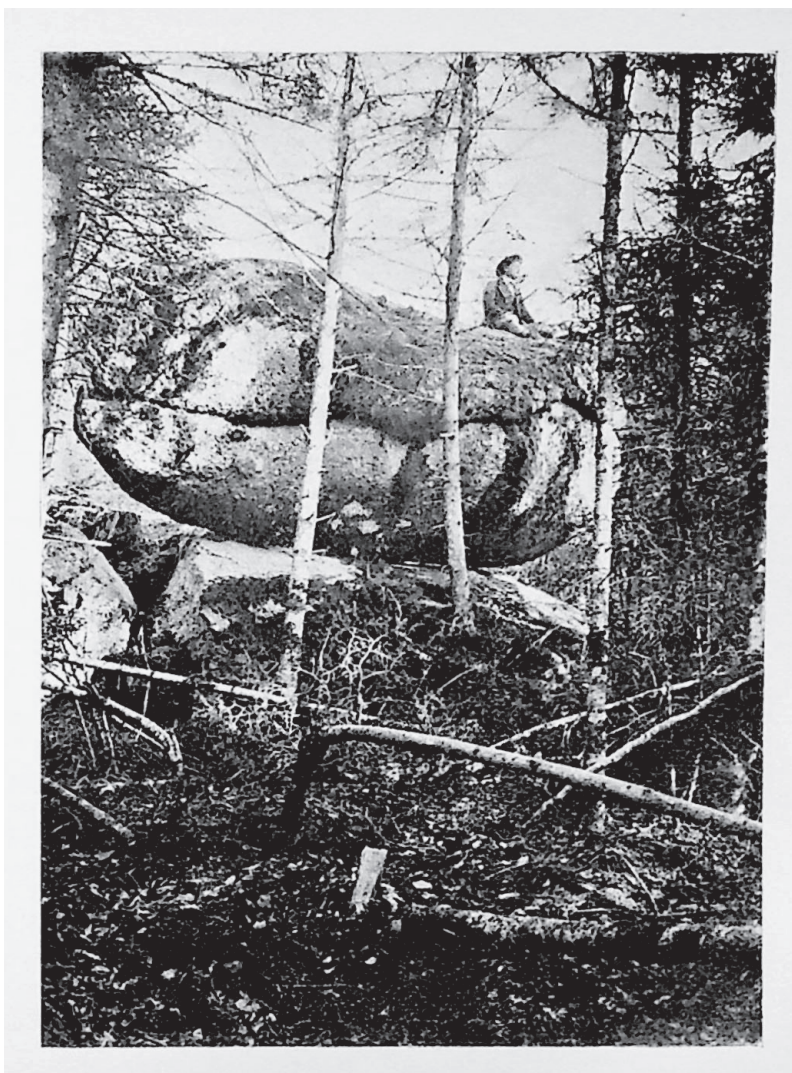
(25) Especially "favoured by the similarity of Michael with mihila = big; the "German Michel" also belongs here.

encounter the well-known Kyffhäuser legend. As the "enchanted king Otter" in the "Otter", a mountain at Semmering, and likewise in the "sunken old emperor" near Göpfritz, Wuotan appears as a winter god sleeping in the mountain with his Einheriarn, and that the "old emperor" is historicized as "Rotbart", needs probably no further mention. The name "Otter", however, perhaps requires a deeper justification; I am allowed a detour to Upper Austria, namely to "Ottensheim"²⁶. There the house No. 107 shows an old relief, representing a child in the cradle, and under it the inscription: "Year 1208, since Ottensheim was not yet named, Emperor Otto is chosen, born allhie in this house". Since Otto was born in 1174, this inscription seems to be a mistake like many others. It is to be assumed, especially according to the style, that it originates from the 16th century at the earliest and only preserves an old tradition misunderstood. Now "O-dovakar" was the first German king of Rome, who had just left our Danubian regions, his birthplace is unknown, but his great successes certainly ensured him an exceptional memory in the country of his birth. He went out as Istfo-one and became king, but like Friedrich Rotbart (Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the First) he did not return home. Therefore it is not too daring to assume Ottensheim as his birthplace and to regard him as the "enchanted king Otter", which Wuotan historicized himself as in this special case.

The Mother of the gods and Queen of the gods Frouwa, Hulda or Perahta we see in two forms either as Mary, Queen of Heaven, christianized and left in her old noble dignity, or wandering as a ghost of alternating good-natured or malicious character (probably provable as a punishing deity) and also straight degraded to the scary rhymes of the children. As a Christian queen of heaven we saw her in Mariabrunn, Maria Taferl, which the latter Christian church only in the middle of the seventeenth century finally overcame a pagan sacrificial site.

The "Taferl", over which the church now vaults, was a Wuotan sacrificial altar which the people would not let go.

(26) The town and castle of Ottensheim were first mentioned in a document in 777.



Illus. 10. Wagstein ("Heidelnde Wiege") near Traunstein in Lower Austria. (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein Lower Austria.) See p. 51.

- Likewise in Maria-Drei-Eichen, Maria-Bründl, Maria-Brunn and many other places. As a ghost we know her as Prechtel and Perchtel, as a white woman, as an ancestral ghost (e.g. Berta von Liechtenstein), even as the scary songs of the little ones. She cuts open the belly of naughty children who do not want to eat what their parents put in front of them, fills it with straw and then sews the belly shut again. Instead of a needle she uses a plowshare, instead of thread she uses a chain. But if she is in a particularly bad mood, she also sets fire to the straw before sewing it up.

Donar and his wife Siebia (Sippia, Sif) are also unforgotten. In the legend of Greifenstein Donar touches himself with Wuotan. The "grasp into the stone" reminds of his lightning, "which cuts into the stones (giants) as if they were made of butter", but the freed virgin may indicate the freed Gerda, whom the wintry Wuotan guarded. The subterranean passages, which are said to have run below the Danube to Kreuzenstein, give evidence of the Norn rituals practiced here. Donar appears repeatedly as treasure-lifter and -grantee, as does Siebia, his female mirror image; he as "St. Christophorus", she as "St. Corona". - Both the "Christophorus prayer" and the "Corona prayer" are prayers strictly frowned upon by the church, which are nothing more than old Wuotanistic incantations covered with thin Christian whitewash. In the course of this book they will be treated in detail. Siebia appears, however, not only as St. Corona, but still wuotanistically used with her symbol of the sieve in many spells. Yes, we see the sieve even today as an ornament of a stately wagon, colorfully painted and decorated with a pious saying dangling from the wagon. It is considered a means of protection against the bewitchment of horses, because through it the wagoner sifts the oats for his team in foreign hostels while murmuring certain blessing formulas.

The evil Loki, also called Voland, weakened as "blacksmith Wieland", is found both as a legendary figure and as a prince of the depths in the Christian devil. Since however also now and then, as it is self-explanatory, also Wuotan and Donar appear as devils, the special signs may be mentioned here, after which these "three devils" distinguish themselves.

The horse's foot points after the sacrificed animal to Wuotan; goat's horns, goat's feet and goat's shape to Donar; the chain, however, to the bound Loki. - That is why therefore, the famous Krampus²⁷, who comes with Nicolo, is Donar and Loki in one person, because he is in the form of a goat and carries the chain. The gods always went through the country in threes, like the Three Wise Men (Wuotan-Melchior, Donar-Caspar, Loki-Balthasar; the latter the Moor); but since now, against the mythical rules, Nicolo and Krampus travel only in twos, but the Krampus here represents Donar and Loki in one person, thus the three-gods procession on St. Nicholas Eve is found again.

It is noteworthy that as Frouwa embodies the female side of Wuotan, and Sif likewise the female personification of Donar, both depicted as married, but Helia is the female mirror image of Loki. But here not a wife, but a daughter is pushed into the foreground and this with deep understanding. Helia is the end, the death, and there the procreation stops, she cannot be therefore procreator (wife), but only begotten or daughter. She is therefore, like all other descendants of Loki, only intent on destruction. Only Signe, Loki's wife, makes an exception here; she endures in faithful spousal love with the bound one, and therein lies the hope of rebirth after Loki's unleashing, after defeating death.

The idea of the rebirth after the defeat of death is based on the mythical conception that Loki is originally the spirit which appeared in the matter and entered the visible life; a deity to whom one attached the character of evil only because one felt it well that only in this physical connection of spirit and matter an evil is produced. Therefore he was also

(27) The word "Krampus" is formed from three original words, namely from "car", "amh" and "us", "car" = enclosed; "amb" = emergence [Emb-rio]; "us" - from. Thus says: Tar-amb-us the enclosure of the (new) emergence is out or finished. This wants to say that now at the time of the Hillingmanoth, in which the gods return again gifted and blessed to the upper world released from Helia's spell, now also the spell (car) is taken from life, the germ of it comes to new emergence, to the rebirth (amb, emb), because the enclosure of life is finished (us). - The Krampus was therefore in Wuotanistic time a blessing messenger of the gods, who announced the new awakening life of the coming year; to transform him only to a spectre with devil's face, that remained reserved to the Roman priest church.

married with an embodiment of the earth, with Signe. But it is Signe again who gives an excellent proof of the high, approaching idolatry, veneration of women of our ancestors, because just she, who had the most evil among the gods for a husband, she is the best woman. When Loki was bound - his myth is the archetype of the Prometheus myth, for he himself is Prometheus - when he was abandoned by all the gods, who nevertheless swore oaths of allegiance to him, then the faithful woman endures with the rescued one, so far as her strength reaches, to alleviate his suffering. This is a trait of true German female loyalty. That is why the myth of Signe knows the least to tell, for the best women are precisely those whom the gossip addictions of the rest cannot approach. But happy are the people who are able to reflect themselves in such godlike figures!

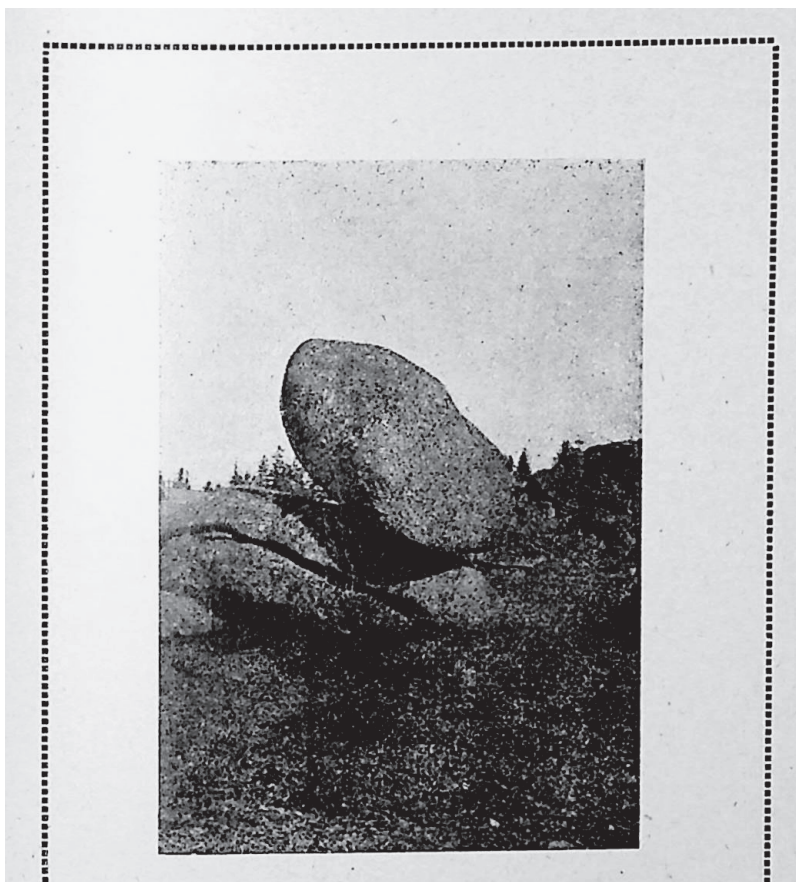
Loki therefore never appears in the company of his wife like the other gods, but in that of his daughter Helia. Like her, he appears black, but in the legends he does not accompany her as a devil, but in the form of the beast of death, the black dog.

With Helia the ring of the female three-deity closes as a unity, and thus justifies the prayer to Freya, which reads:

*"Thou who art the producer of children and fruits in abundance,
venerable goddess,
Thine is the right to give life, to take it away."*

This mighty, feminine Three is found even more super-divinized in the Norns as stewards of fate, for to fate - to self-created Garma - the gods themselves are subject. They are found again, though expanded to 3 X 3 in the nine Valkyries, in the nine mothers of Heimdall and other apparently lower female deities, as well as in the human replicas of this trinity, the three priestesses or councilors of salvation.

These are represented most numerous in the legends of the people; the people tell of the three sisters, three nuns (Norns), three virgins, three countesses, three princesses, etc., of which always two are blessed,



*Illus. 11. The Franzosenstein near Traunstein in Lower Austria.
From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein, Lower Austria).*

Christian, good, charitable, light and white, but the third is evil, cursed, half or completely black and of the devil.

Beside the cult places, which were consecrated to the three gods, also many legends preserve the memory of such, which were sanctified to the hostile forces of nature, the giants. Such a place of gloomy horror we find in Aggstein on the Danube (more later). But also the legend of Lorelei is found on the Danube, and just tied to that place of horror Aggstein, as well as not far from it a place of worship of the fair Danube woman, the Frau Ise, is found with all the charm of the German belief in mermaids.

If the wintry water giant Agez desires only human sacrifices, the friendly river god Nikuz is milder, he is content with animal sacrifices, although he does not disdain human sacrifice. He does not tolerate anything unclean on his sacred cataracts, the whirlpool and the eddy of the Danube. Criminals or guilty persons had to leave the ship beforehand, which sailed these rapids, and were allowed to come on board again only after overcoming them. The legend of the Schneiderschlösschen (Ruin Krempenstein in Upper Austria) reminds of the sacrifice that Frau Ise, our present Danube female, received. The goat gave no more milk, the tailor wanted to throw her into the Danube, but got caught with his clothes in its horns and fell to his death. This legend reminds of goat and ram sacrifices and that the "weaver and garment tailor" were the sacrificial priests of Ises (Frouwas), from which their present mocking names are explained, which are connected with these animals.

Our carnival also finds its origin here; Ise corresponds to the Tacitean Nerthus, whose attribute was a vehicle that could travel on land and water. When the ice broke, when the snow melted and ship and chariot could travel again, this chariot ship was led through the country under joyful celebrations and this "Car-Naval" establishes our carnival and no less our carnival doughnuts trace their ancestry to the ancient sacrificial pastries. The fact that the human sacrifices of the Agez, which always concerned the first people to reach the other side of the river or those who were the first to suffer an accident at the opening of navigation, have

not been completely forgotten, is proven by a custom of the ship's servants on the Danube, which, although nowadays only attributed to them in jest, was not too long ago still terribly serious.

However, these "anthropological family albums" are almost inexhaustible as our ancestors engraved the holy ground in highly sacred runes, which they had defended with their blood and had asserted it against all peoples of the old world.

Along the road of the armies of nations to Rome, along the other one to Byzantium and Palestine, which both roads cross here in the Viennese basin, in view of the ruins of Carnuntum, those runes offer themselves to the knower for unraveling.

The aforementioned only indicates the field of research in broad strokes; the following sheets, however, will try to present the main points of that field of research in its peculiarity in individual pictures.

And so, free, not bound to any boring-schematic system, in the painting of the word, a collection of paintings of "German-Mythological Landscapes" shall now arise before the mind's eye of the friendly reader.

Addendum: While printing, I learned from F. Kießling's excellent book, "Wanderungen im Poigreiche", that "between Schrems and Amaliendorf in Lower Austria, in the middle of the forest near the path, lies a huge boulder of granite weighing several thousand tons, which rests in "unstable" equilibrium on a smaller one, in such a way that the touch of a finger is enough to set it in noticeable swaying motion. This stone monster is called the "hanging" or "wobbling" stone. Some people crawl under the stone and then think they are immune from lumbago or back pain. Hopefully, the stone does not fall to destruction by processing into ashlar."

So this is the fourth Wagstone of our God-blessed Ostarland, also situated on that granite island like the three Wagstones near Traunstein, of which we have spoken in detail on pages 48-63.

Chapter Three

The Hermannskogel¹

Once again she makes her happy entrance, the lovely patron goddess of Austria, the blessing-giver, Ostara. Free from the power of the ice giants, she goes through the lands, followed by the merry springtime round-dances of lightly buoyant elves. - They sweep the fields clean of heaps of snow and frost, and a gentle singing and ringing blows through the groves, the resurrection music of Easter morning. Then Ostara's whole army comes with a joyful sound; the sap-fresh stalks shoot out like arrows, the grasses nod and sway like lances and swords, and in front of them snowdrops, cowslips and violets unfurl their banners in the fresh spring air. One can hear the joyful battle cry: "Hello, dear Frau Ostara!"

Admittedly, we poor human children, crammed into the artificial caves of the cities, have lost the genuine, warm understanding for the workings of nature; yes, no matter how cozy our caves may be, no matter how stylishly "furnished", they still remain prisons. After all, the "frost giants of conviviality" keep us firmly forged inside with invisible but all the more oppressive fetters. If this were true, why would we say so significantly: "We are going out into the open!" But once we follow the urgent call "into the open air!", there a glimmer of the lost understanding for the great mystery of nature dawns on us, then our heart also soon feels freed from the ice fetters of a foggy world. In the life-awakening spring

(1) First published: *Deutsche Zeitung* Vienna, 15 Feb. 1885. Titled as "Agnesbründl": Über Land und Meer, Stuttgart, January 15, 1884 (illustrated by Gustav Zafaurek). *Editor's Note: The Hermannskogel is a ridge of the Alps, containing the highest point above Vienna.

rays of the friendly, youthful sun, the swelling buds shine fuller and richer, and from the purple-grey of the forest, in a blissful urge, a tender breath of golden shining green escapes. All palimpsest wisdom and researcher thoughts shake off like the dry foliage of the greening oak again, and through fragrant mythical tendrils the view opens to the eye into distant days of the prehistoric times, through dividing misty veils of doubt into the eternally green holy groves of the Germanic gods' primeval world. The noble beech halls arch more proudly, they become domes, and a higher light than that of the sun flows through the world-wide space in the most golden green shine.

Thus, the poet feels himself removed from the world in the sewing of God; language is no longer able to follow him, it can only clothe in fairy tales what his inner eye hears from the workings of the Godhead.

Remnants of old myths and legends waft through one another like drifting mists, forming and shaping themselves into figures from a higher, more beautiful world. Softly it blows through the noble cathedral halls, a bell-bright splashing of silvery shining foam ripples the air; a clear spring jumps out of an anemone-colored rock crevice and pours its waters into a small pond, which is surrounded by a triple stone circle and overshadowed by an ancient beech.

A female figure seems to rest there. Is she youthfully charming, is she venerable with age? Who can tell? High seriousness rests on her being, and her eyes blaze like a pair of sun sisters. Now a song trembles from her lips, and rushes through the sacred grove, for it is the song of life, and every breath of life sounds in the song of the noble:

Her head supported in her tear-wet hand,
Perahta, the most beautiful of them all,
Lay dreaming at the edge of the well,
Saw times, saw water flowing away.

She saw the flowers blossom, fade,
The becoming and dying of suns,

She saw the waving blaze glow,
The swell of fate at the fountain.

She saw how she herself was enraptured by the change
Forever banished from the circle,
She saw how the worlds were blessed by love,
And then wept long and softly.

She looked with wet, swimming gaze
Up to the trembling stars,
As if she wanted to escape the hard fate
Into immeasurable distances.

Her bosom surged like a flowing sea
And feverish glow reddens her cheeks,
Figures flutter around her
Woven from sweet desire.

There rushes around her like the beat of wings.
An eagle with proud plumage
Powerfully descends like the growing day
To the sacred fountain lowers himself.

He nestles against her, with foreboding lust
She strokes his downy back,
And presses him tightly to her throbbing breast
And kisses him with silent delight.

Then the eagle stretches with the power of a God,
And feather and flight, and is gone,
A God holding in vigorous youthful form
The happiest goddess entwined.

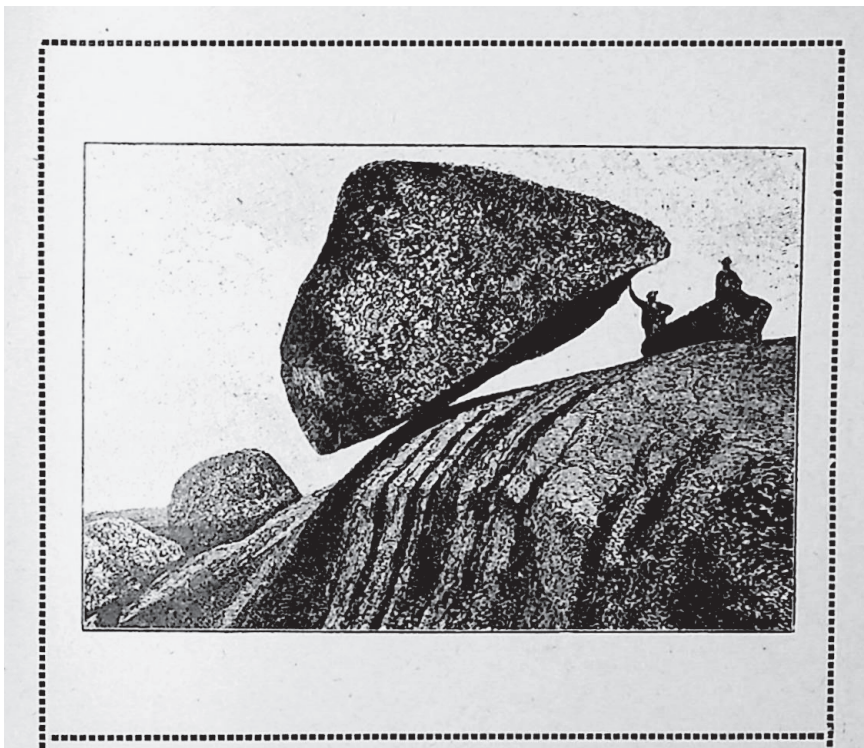
No longer lowers the head crying to the hand,
Perahta, the most beautiful of these,
Dreaming she rests at the well's edge,
Sees times, sees waters flow.

The enigmatic one had sung this song, but she lay there motionless, like a cloud of mist on windless autumn days above the restless rippling fountain of youth. But on and on it murmured between the young leaves of the beech grove.

But it moves through the forest more and more. Now shadowless figures approach, to be seen like hunting mists, there is a ghostly horseman, with a mighty coiled horn, followed by many, many others, also mysterious animals, and long-drawn roars resound through the forest, like the shouts of the deer hunt. Then a platoon of travelled warriors in armor and weapons approaches, with humped shields and the horns of the Urs and bison, probably also the elk's pole as Ziemir. Here under the branch clouds of the ancient sacred beech, flooded by the many thousand year old chorale of the primeval forest showers, the fountain of youth ripples, through whose triple stone circle the leader of the band of knights now steps.

The woman rises from the mountain, her sunny eyes shining mysteriously.

Silently and with averted eyes, she picks up a handful of beech sticks, into whose bark sacred runes are carved, and throws them over her head into the small pool of the spring. Like wanton children the wave spirits receive this donation, and like in a ball game the little ones throw the single sticks to each other. In a bouncing round they hurry over the stone blocks, and only a few of them are thrown to the land. These are silently picked up by the woman from the mountain, Albruna. The circle of warrior figures closes more tightly around her, from the midst of which a stately youth rises up in a shimmering man's armor. In reverent devotion he and his comrades listen to the announcement of the "lots of fate" by the wise Albruna.



Illus. 12. See Page 54. The "Wagstein" of Tandil in Argentina.

She arranges the sticks, and contemplating their runes, she begins to sing and to say:

"Odovaker² to you, King Eticho's child,
And to all you nobles I give devotion,
To you high and fair, of Heimdall's lineage,
Hear what the nobles are granted for prophecy.

Already I see crumbling castles bordering
The looming towers where your people have travelled,
Already the battlements of trembling Rome are toppling.
Already I see you adorned in the gleam of the crown
Odovaker you, as a battle-hardened king
Climbing the steps of the throne of the Caesars,
The first of the Germans in royal purple!

More beautiful purple still I see shimmering
Wrapping your heroic body, Odin's chosen one,
When the blood of death by the sword, the red of sword's drink,
The battle turmoil wraps around your temples,
When Valkyries kiss you for Valhalla,
To the most glorious ride to Herian's stronghold!

So the lots of life have fallen to you,
From runic riddles your fate unveiling -
Follow the instruction, the ruling conclusion!"

Through the sacred beech grove this songs roars from the resounding bard, the clear spring, which leaps through the cleft, weaves its silver blades into the harp notes, which now echo like anxious lamentation.

(2) The Odacher (Odovakar, Odaker), who overthrew the last Roman emperor Romulus Augustulus, is credited with the founding of the village of Ottakring near Vienna, and his memory is echoed in many other legends. In 495 he was murdered by order of Theoderic the Great (Dietrich of Bern).

A clearing opens above the fountain of youth in the sacred forest, in front of us a sap-green, flower-covered forest meadow spreads out; it is the hunter's meadow; elevated to the left by a proudly rising cone, - and that is Hermannskogel, cloud formations chase its venerable stone head in a swirling round dance, from which a rich forest valley rolls down with a roar, spreading its fringe along the meadow.

From the small "Frauengraben", (the women's well) in which the "Jungbrunnen" (Fountain of Youth) springs, and from which the Jägerwiese (Hunter's Meadow) rises steeply, the figures move up to the ridge of the Hermannskogel, up to where the spindle-like rocky peak, the Hermannssäule (Irminsul), stands, now glistening in the most brilliant ray of the midday sun. Up there, the rider on the white horse stops and blasts his horn with stormy force. In a chasing whirl, the misty figures move up and surge in ever denser rings around the noble mountain head.

There the misty figures fade away, they sink into gray cloud layers, which now cover the sun. The landscape sinks into the shadowy purple-gray.-----

The venerable beech tree has disappeared, the stone cliff has sunk, and the rock spring that was so lively just a short time ago now creeps along dimly and sadly under a wooden, half-modernized cistern. We leave the original holy fountain of youth, today called "Agnesbründl"- or "Jungfernbründl", and hurry back to the Jägerwiese, in order to climb the Hermannskogel itself, when our steps are hindered by a signboard, which sneers at us, with a "warning": "With arrest and fine, spending the night and playing the Mariandel song in this forest is forbidden. The "District Court Klosterneuburg."

Hurriedly we crossed the hunter's meadow and hurried up the steep forest slope, without a path to the top of the old "Hutberg", to let our hot foreheads be fanned by the cooling west, as if the ugly warning post was following us through the almost still leafless thicket, changing its shape like a goblin. At one point it appeared as a torture stake rising from smoldering funeral pyres, then again like a pillory stake.---

The forest was already thinning out, and only in parts did the tall

forest allow partial views of a delightful panorama, which the Austrian Tourist Club finally made completely accessible to us through its newly built Habsburg Observatory, a panorama which, as Schmiedl claimed fifty years ago, can only be surpassed by that of the Schneeberg.

Undoubtedly, the Hermannskogel is an ancient Germanic holy mountain of gods, a "Hutberg"³, as the still unforgotten sanctification of the Agnesbründl as a former fountain of youth on its slope towards the Weidlingerthal, in the small Frauengraben, irrefutably proves.⁴ The name of the mountain range, of which it forms the all-superior peak, the Kahlengebirge of today, in its pre-Roman name of the "Zeizzogebirge", which the Romans changed into "Mons Cetius", clearly indicates its nisthological peculiarity.

Hermann, also called Hirmon, Irmin, Iring, Heimdold and nordic Heimdallr, the lord of the military roads on earth as in the sky, the guardian of the gods and one of the sons of Wuotan, has next to Baldur the highest situated sky castle (the month July) to dwell in, because he has to look out as guardian of the gods from his high watch. His sharp eye and his sharp hearing are still known today by the people, by jokingly attributing the qualities of the god to hyper-smart people. They say of such people: "He sees the grass grow," or: "He hears the wool growing." And so, in the circle of ancient mythical mountains, such as Zeizzoberg

(3) Edda, *Fiolsvinnsmal*, says:

"Hutberg he is called and heals
The lame and suffering.
Each is rid from longstanding misery,
who sickly climbs it."

The name Hutberg has not been forgotten by the people; they call the numerous tumuli in the country "Wacht- und Hütelberge", even if they have forgotten the meaning of this designation. (In the Bray translation, "The Sayings of Much-Wise", Stanza 36: 'Tis the Hill of Healing; long hath it held, for the the sick and sorrowful, joy: each woman is healed who climbs its height, even of year-long ills." Also known as Lyfjaberg in the original Icelandic.)

(4) It is remarkable that in the small Frauengraben in the middle of the beech forest there is a tree-island of beautiful, tall oaks. They are probably descendants of an ash grove that once covered the mountain of the gods; after all, the ash is the primeval tree of Wuotan!

(Leopoldsberg), Reisenberg, Himmel, Vogelsang, Sauberg (Kahlenberg) and others, Hermannskogel is the one that towers above all others, and the local names of its area, such as Jägerwiese, Jägerkreuz, Jungfernbründl, Jungfernbuche (also called Agnesbaum), Himmel and others, as well as unusually numerous legends, give indisputable evidence of its ancient sanctity. It should be mentioned that the local name "Himmel" is not the same as the name of the neighboring mountain Himmel, but refers to a forest parcel in the small Frauengraben, not far from the Jungfernbründl.

Numerous variations of these legends are provided by Tschischka, Vernaleken, Bechstein, Schmiedl, Hormayr and others in the richest selection, and everything, especially the indestructible sanctification of the mountain and its source on the part of the people, gives proof that we are here on ancient holy ground of the native Wuotan cult.

Another witness to our assertion is probably the futile struggle that the police have been fighting for many years against the "cult of superstition" at this site.

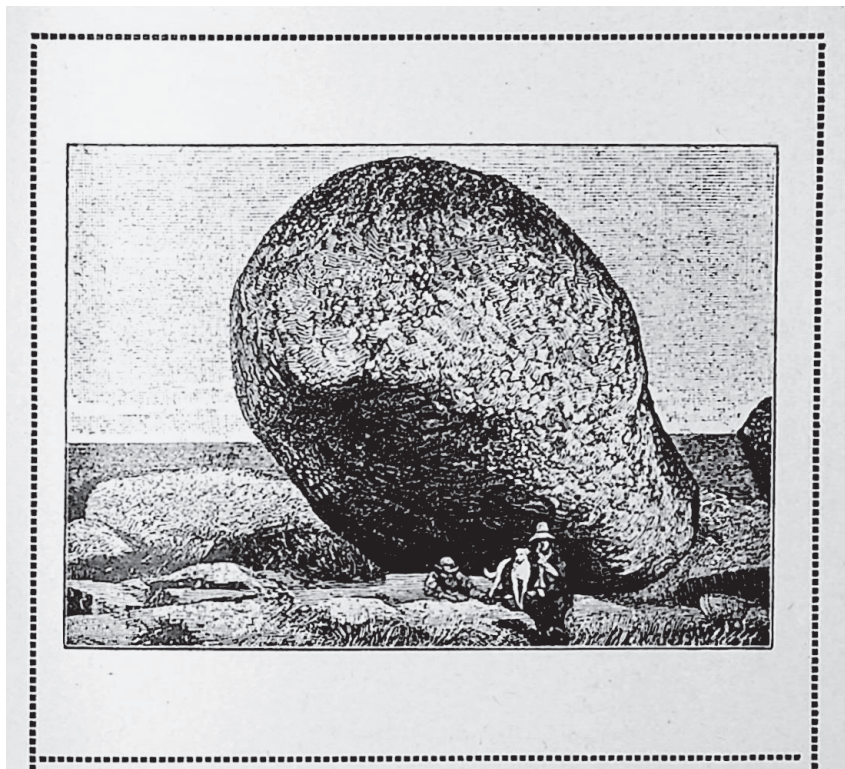
Schmiedl wrote the following about this spring in 1835: "About 15 years ago, a small, excellent spring gushed out of a group of rocks here, in which a beautiful, ancient beech tree was rooted, the trunk of which showed the shape of an image of the Virgin Mary in the coils of the wood. The matter had been known for a long time, a pious hand attached an image of the Virgin Mary to the trunk, and no inhabitant of the area passed by without offering his silent prayer. All at once in 1817 (according to others in 1811) the spring became famous for its miraculous healing power. Benches and prayer stools were erected, formal pilgrimages were organized, but there was so much mischief that the authorities had to intervene. "The beech tree was cut down, the spring was buried and the images of the saints were taken to the church in Meidling. One will easily recognize the place: a swamp marks the place of the disappeared romantic picture" - So far the old, honest Schmiedl. One can see the naivety in this report; neither Schmiedl, nor the authorities had any idea of the meaning of this, now unfortunately destroyed, "romantic picture" and the "mischief" connected with it, and the assurance that "all of a sudden in

1817 the spring should have become famous for its miraculous healing power" seems downright comical. We can only lament the fanaticism that destroyed that venerable place. For even the swamp did not in the least prevent the influx of the people, and now they tried to control the evil by completely enclosing the "well" and closing it with a door. But neither lock nor bolt could close the well for long, and unhindered the sun shines into the shaft, which they thought would keep them away forever, because the door is open again and the lock; gone. The people cannot part with their sanctuary.

If we compare similar places of worship in a country closely related to us with the one we have just visited, the correspondence with our place of worship may banish any doubts that may still exist.

St. Hirmon near Murnau in Upper Bavaria is the highest mountain in the area; it lies to the west a quarter of an hour from Murnau, on the Hirmonswiesen, above which it rises more than 200 feet. Several boulders protrude from its back, of which the middle, highest one has a conical shape and is said to have been the site of the Hirmonsburg. If one has to be content with the name and the excellent figure pointing to an old cult, then the holy Hirmon near Bischofsmais, also in Bavaria, already represents even more mythical material. Also this saint is nothing else than an Irmin column, where the "saint" takes the place of the old god Irmin.

Returning to our Hermannskogel, the above comparison with the Hirmon leads involuntarily to the question whether that cone-shaped piece of rock would also find a mirror image in the obelisk of the Hermannskogel? This obelisk carries the following inscription: "Astron.-Trigonom.-Landesvermessung des k. k. Generalquart. Staff. 1854." But the already above quoted Schmiedl says at a time when this today's obelisk was not yet erected that on the mountain top a cross had stood which was surrounded with a flower arrangement and a lattice. Should not this cross preserve the mental memory of ancient sanctification, of an Irminsul that once stood there and fell? Schmiedl's astonishment about the mysterious preservation of this complex in view of the peasants' destructive rage, to



Illus. 13. The Wagstein in Arizona.

which the then so modern hermitages, temples, etc. of the surrounding area had fallen defenselessly and irrecoverably, could speak in favor of the assumption. Be that as it may, we have in the Kahlengebirge, the old Zeizzogebirge, an ancient healing place of the Germanic cult of the gods, and in the Hermannskogel especially such a place of the Aesir Irmin, and that in the immediate vicinity of the cosmopolitan city of Vienna. This area was the ancient sanctuary of the good Vianiomina already in pre-Roman times, but we are so accustomed to search for the sacred groves and places of worship of our ancestors on Rügen and in Sweden that we have lost the view for these findings in the homeland and must first regain it. Jakob Grimm already says in his "Rechtsaltertümer": "Our age learns to explain the customs and works of foreign peoples, but hardly those of its nearest homelands."

But this does not explain the old folk tradition of the sanctification of Hermannskogel. What are the people still looking for today at the Jungfern- and Agnesbrünnl? How are the legends interpreted? And how do the people use them in their superstitions today?

First of all, it should be especially noted that the myths and legends, which are spread from the Hermannskogel, are shockingly rich, and include without interruption the perfect ring of German natural myths from birth to resurrection after death.

This circumstance, as well as the fact that even persecution and destruction were not able to erase the ancient sanctification of this site from the memory of the people, which memory today only sank misguidedly into the mud of the silliest superstition, like the ancient noble fronts of youth themselves, irrefutably testify that we are here on one of the holiest and most distinguished healing sites of the cult of Wuotan. It may be attempted to recreate a coherent annual myth from the countless legends that so wonderfully entwine this region, but unfortunately we must refrain from reproducing the many similar and divergent forms of tradition, since to consider them would far exceed our space.

The main myth, around which all the others gather, is the following:

"The king of Poland was hunting here many hundreds of years ago, got lost, and lay down near the spring exhausted, tied his white warhorse to the beech tree, and hung his armor, which he tiredly discarded, in the branches of the sacred tree that shaded the well. Then a lovely maiden approached him, whom he embraced lovingly, and who then showed him the right way to find his lost hunting party again. The mermaid of the well, however, won a girl from this royal embrace, and this she now placed in a basket at the edge of the well with a rich treasure of gold pieces, and told a charcoal burner and his wife nearby in a dream that they should raise the child they would find at the 'young (woman) well' together with their son Karl. It happened. The two children grew up, and in the course of the years the sibling love between them developed into that sacred flame which is able to lift people up to the gods, but also to plunge them into the deepest depths. The mermaid of the fountain did not disturb this happiness of love, but she demanded of Karl that he earn knightly merits and keep unbreakable loyalty to his Agnes, which Karl also vowed. She told him that a white, fenced steed was waiting for him at the sacred beech of the Fountain of Youth, and that armor and weapons were hanging in its branches; that this steed and armor had once been the property of the Polish king. That same night, a castle grew up at the edge of the forest, which she named "Heaven" and gave to her daughter Agnes as her own. Charles and Agnes were to rule here when the latter returned home true to his oath. Charles came home from the Turkish war, but was unfaithful to his bride, and when he moved into the castle, it sank with him, Agnes and all the occupants, and only the name "Himmel" testifies to the place where the castle stood. Both lovers, she blessed, he damned -, must wander until the end of days, and both seek by bestowal of happiness, wherewith they gifted men, to take the curse from Charles' head, to find again union and redemption."

Another - at least the older - group of legends calls her Bertha, and has her stolen by an old knight (or dragon), but freed again by her fiancé. Both daughters agreed to marry a young knight who was courting them, but blindly gave her heart away to a rich count and sent the unhappy

lover to Palestine. Betrayed by the count, she wanted to call back the banished man, but he had fallen, and the fright also brought her a sudden death. - As a ghost - a white woman (Freya) - she now wails through the mountains in search of her lover and can only find peace until both ashes are buried together in a grave. Another set of legends tells of a hunter boy who suddenly saw a church on the hunter's meadow at Christmas time that was completely foreign to him and had never been seen before, and curiously stepped into it. After hardly half an hour he started on his way home, but how astonished he was when nobody wanted to recognize him; then he pointed out the hare which he had shot before entering the church and which was still warm, but now turned out to be filled with gold pieces. Everyone was amazed, and it turned out that he had been raptured into the spirit church for 30 years.⁵ - The legend of the lintworm, which also takes place here, is mentioned here only in passing, and the lintworm, who was killed by fire, is said to have dwelt in that same cave, which today is vaulted over by the Sievering church.

The name Agnes merges with the historical Margravine Agnes, who held court on the Leopoldsberg at the beginning of the twelfth century, and whose legend of the veil, like the legend of the foundation of Klosterneuburg, belongs to our circle of myths. - The veil is Freya's swan's shirt, the loss of which robs her of her divinity. It is the rain cloud of spring, which the autumn storms carry away, and which is only found again after the seven winter months have passed. That is why the legend has the veil of the margravine found again after seven years, and precisely on an elder bush, the ancient symbol of fertility, because without the swan's shirt - without the rain cloud - no fertility.

The well-known violet festival at the Leopoldsberg castle of Duke Otto the Merry gains its peculiar mythical value in this framework; it is

(5) According to others 5, 7, 33 and also probably 100 years. Likewise, a similar legend tells the same incident, only there the hunter sleeps so long under the split tree, instead of that the ghost church is mentioned. Also other modifications and extensions of the same legend occur.

the wedding of the gods in spring, Zeizzo the Beautiful⁶, the youthful Wuotan, actually his younger embodiment Hermut, marries Frene (Freya) at the time of the first violets, after he frees her from the power of the frost giants (the lintworm) by the fire of the spring sun. However, he is sent out by the gods to teach the art of poetry to mankind, and on this journey is slain by the mischief-breeding dwarves. Freya (here called Frene), however, fills the world with her lamentation and wanders the lands in search of her beloved.

Thus, spring, summer and winter myths merge here in the area of the Zeizzo mountain and have left behind their everlasting monuments both in field names, customs and legends clinging to the soil.

In the midst of all these mythical places gushes the former highly sacred Jungbrunnen, today's Agnes- or Jungfernbründl, and the highest mountain of this mountain range, which rises above the Jungbrunnen, which towers over everything like a guardian, is the Hermannskogel, which still bears the name of the guardian of the gods, the lord of the military roads Irmin (Heimdold, Heimdallr).

It needs no further interpretation that the king of Poland is the wintry Wuotan, like all other persons of the myth, again he is himself in his different forms, as such correspond to the individual seasons. Agnes, however, is Freisa, Frouwa, and even Helia, for:

"Thou who art the creator of children and fruits in abundance, holy goddess,

Thine is the right to give life, to take it away."

This area was not only the most sacred sanctuary of the good old pre-Roman Vianiomina alone, but that of the whole Ostarland, to which Ostara gave the name, which is contained in the country name

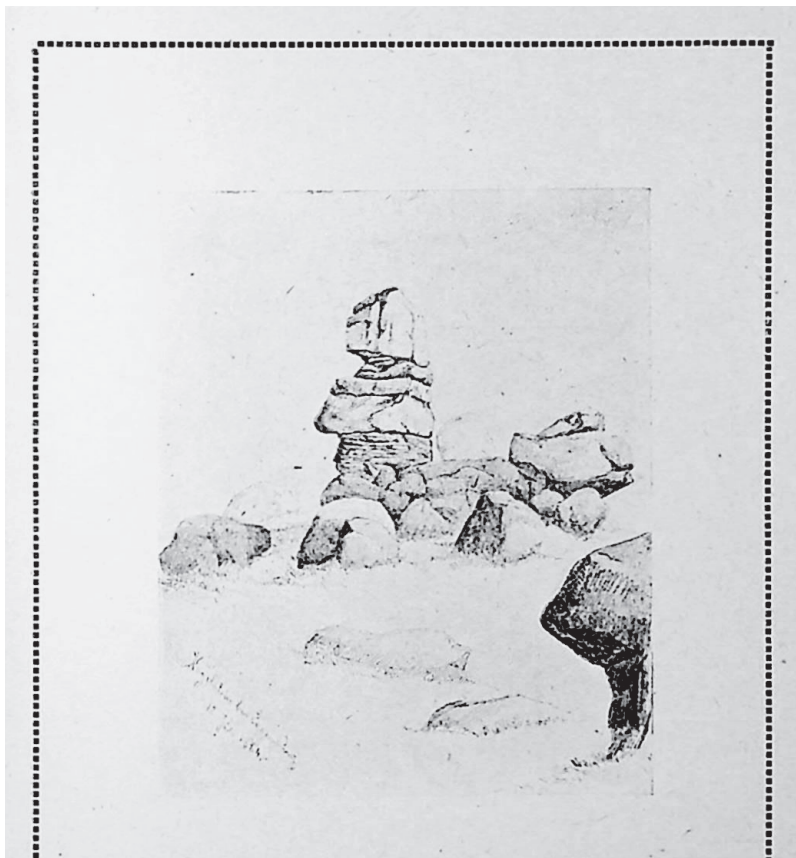
(6) Zeizzo the Beautiful, the "bride-man" of Ostara, is found in numerous place and field names of the wide Ostarian land and not only alone in the Mons Cetius. His name resonates in Zeiselmauer, the old Zezzinmurre, in Zeiselstraße and in many Zeiselberge, which are also called Zisch-, Zischerl- and Zischkerlberge in dialect. Yes, he still lives on in children's songs as Zischerl and Zischerlmann as an entity, proof of how he was once closely intertwined with the people and their ideas.

"Ostaricci" and still unmistakably resonates in the imperial name "Austria". Do not forget that in Valvasor's "The Honor of the Duchy of Carniola" that goddess is called "Eoster", to which the "Oster" in the imperial name of Austria almost corresponds.

Later - many centuries before the Roman invasion of the land of Ostara - a branch of the sanctuary on Hermannskogel was established down by the Danube, which later, because of its more favorable location on the river, surpassed the mother sanctuary and soon surpassed it in importance; this was "Austuris", today's Chorherrenstift Klosterneuburg.

This had transferred the Ostarakult into Christianity and maintains it still today. There are still preserved the old simulacrae of Ostara, the stalk of the juniper tree and the veil, there is the grave of the patron saint of Lower Austria, the holy (Margrave) Leopold and the (Margravine) Agnes, to both of whom just the cult of Zeizzo and Ostara was transferred Christianized and historicized, because actually Zeizzo himself "rests" here in the "Hutberg" waiting rebirth. That is why the Monastery of Klosterneuburg is the crown guardian of the Archduchy of Austria under the Enns, whose archducal hat is one of the oldest crowns in Europe and is faithfully guarded by the old Babenberg Monastery. In remembrance of these many thousands of years of memories, many ancient customs are faithfully preserved and lovingly cultivated in Klosterneuburg, among which the so-called "Fasselrutschen" on November 15 of each year (on the feast day of the country's patron saint, St. Leopold) holds first place.

This barrel slide consists of the visitors climbing up one side of the famous wine barrel, which holds a thousand buckets, in order to slide down the other side. Today this is only a popular amusement, but in former times it was a meaningful act of consecration, symbolizing the rising and sinking of the sun in the annual rings, and in the doctrinal application to the individual ego, the path from birth through the height of life to death and through death to rebirth. -- Every great halgadome had one barrel, at which this consecration custom - as still today in Klosterneuburg - was practiced. And it was always one of the first acts of an apostle who transformed a Wuotanistic halgadome into a Christian



Illus. 14: See page 56: Kogelstein near Eggenburg in Lower Austria. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

church to seek and destroy that barrel. In many such reports the smashing of those "heathen barrels" by the apostle is explicitly mentioned, as the symbolic destruction of idolatry. The fact that this custom is still practiced today in Klosterneuburg proves that the "barrel of idolatry" was not smashed here, that it still exists and, even if no longer in its original form and shape, has nevertheless been renewed in its essence and saved for our day.

But now again back to "our" Ostara.

As a ruler of the becoming she rules - Agnes, Freya, Ostara etc. - at the "Kindleins- or youth well", as a female champion of the life she makes happy with gifts of the wealth and good health, as a prophesying Norn of the future she unveils this by proclamation of the fate lots as by other oracles.

This circumstance now brings the "Jungfernbründl", as it is called instead of "Jungbrunnen", still today has its veneration, but no longer the fateless seek there the faithful experience of mankind, but now lottery numbers, namely those which are drawn in the next draw. On the day of St. John's beheading (August 29), the largest number of male and female lottery participants is gathered there, often numbering more than ten thousand believers, while the day of St. Agnes (January 21), despite the unfavorable time of year, brings together four to five thousand number seekers of both sexes.

On these two days Sievering and especially the inn "zur heiligen Agnes", whose owner was generally considered wiser and more reliable than the author of the "Egyptian Dream Book" himself, was the destination of a small migration of people, which understandably brought a mass consumption of Heuriger (young local wine) and all imaginable food. The "Terno-Wuchteln" (Austrian stuffed sweet rolls), are now filled with numbered slips instead of boiled fruit and costing quite respectable prices, are particularly popular.

The aforementioned cunning innkeeper then sat in the midst of a crowd of a hundred, almost exclusively old women, devoutly listening to his words, laid out the most intricate dreams, told the most hair-raising

stories of Agnes and her two lovers, the hunter Karl and the "even more pure coal farmer" - stories, These stories never lost their appeal, since they were renewed every year - he advertised an automatic machine made by a "hermit who took twenty years to make it", which produced numbers for the coins thrown into it, and did the most excellent business with it all.

Around midnight, carrying a flag and singing hymns, he led his simple-minded congregation to the "Brünndl" and to the Agnes, Karl and Johannes meadows.

Especially the last-mentioned place was then the place of the superstitious actions. The women sat down - even on Agnes night! - They listened to the mysterious whispering voices that were supposed to come out of the ground and pulled out the "St. John roots", which were supposed to exert a powerful magic against all kinds of diseases. Who does not think of the Germanic customs of the spring celebration and the summer solstice? And the magic-powered, luck-giving St. John's roots, which, taken at the midnight hour of a sacred night, bring power and luck to their owner? From the ridiculous to the sublime, from the modern "lottery sisters" to the sacred, mysterious myth of our Wuotanist ancestors is only a step. We see also by this example that even such folk customs, which appear to us at superficial view contentless, nonsensical and therefore also funny, are as a rule nothing else than culturally-historically highly significant remainders of defeated religions.

But it is not only those localities, their names and the customs of the people connected to them, which provide the proof to recognize here in the Hermannskogel an original place of the worship of God, also other phenomena occur, which provide the last link of the chain to close the ring.

The sunken castle in the sky has been discovered by a coincidence, and this is precisely the "earth stable".

The discovery of the Erdstall on the Hermannskogel, however, is not the result of a scientific exploration, but is only to be recorded as an accidental one.

Since in the course of this book there will be another opportunity to

say more about these "Erdställe", only a newspaper note may be included here, which reports in detail about this discovery of the Erdstall on the Hermannskogel, which can be called almost romantic.

The "Illustrierte Wiener Extrablatt" of April 15, 1888, morning edition No. 105, contains the following noteworthy essay.

The Cave Dweller from Hermannskogel.

(Original report of the "Ill. Wr. Extrablatt".)

The gentlemen Anton Rephahn, painter, Josef Schlesinger and Franz Christ made an excursion to the Hermannskogel a few days ago in order to inspect the construction work for the erection of a Habsburg observatory. Having arrived at the top, they had a midday meal, as the tourists had provided themselves with cold dishes, wine and other edibles. In a cheerful mood, the gentlemen then started their descent. They had been walking casually for a quarter of an hour when Mr. Rephahn noticed that he had forgotten his cute cutlery. He hurriedly turned back, the others followed him. When Rephahn stepped out of the forest into the clearing of the plateau, he stopped as if spellbound.

A human figure was crouching in the place where they had just eaten, greedily gathering the remains of the food. The strange creature turned its back to Rephahn and therefore could not see the tourist, while the latter could observe its every movement. The figure left the cutlery, but greedily threw the remains of ham and smoked meat into its mouth, wrapped other food in a paper that lay on the ground, and finally looked at the bottles to search for a drop. Meanwhile, Rephahn's companions had approached. The latter beckoned them to keep quiet, and they crept up quietly, now observing the doings of the strange figure together with their friend.

A few minutes passed, when Mr. Schlesinger jumped forward and straight towards the man. He was startled, jumped up and wanted to get lost in the thicket, but the other two tourists held him.

A degenerate creature, which must have lacked any human care for a

long, long time, stood before them.

A man of about 40 years, whose beard reached shaggy unkempt to the chest, whose hair fell over the shoulders in thin strands, while at the crown already showed wide bald patches. The cheeks, browned by weather and storm, were covered in places with crusts of clay, even in the tangled beard and hair were scrawny leaves, brushwood and straw, the eye was deep in the sockets and looked with a gentle, pleading gaze at the tourists.

"What do you want from me?" the man spoke in a trembling voice, spreading his skinny hands wide.

His rather tall figure, actually an emaciated skeleton, stood in a sack-like garment, in which two holes were cut on both sides, from which the arms, wrapped with green shreds of canvas, protruded. The feet were also in rags and a rope was wrapped around the loins. The man made a downright frightening impression; the tourists thought they were dealing with a maniac. On the rope that went around his hips hung a food bag in which he had stored the leftovers.

"Who are you?" asked the tourists, moved by deep pity.

"What do you care?" the man replied, shaking his uncovered head. "I am a man who speaks with the trees and who is not afraid of the animals of the forest, but of men. Let me go and go your ways!"

"No! We can't! We must bring you down and hand you over to the police. You'll perish there!"

The man laughed peculiarly.

"Do you think that you must perish if you are a lonely one, do you think that people are needed by man. More trouble than beasts of prey they are! So let me go!"

"No! You must go with me."

"All right, so I will go!"

Silently the man walked between the tourists. Then he suddenly made a leap, lifted the sack-like robe high up so that it would not hinder him while walking, and ran into the forest, where he soon disappeared. But the three Viennese did not want to leave the interesting hermit from

Hermannskogel so soon, so they followed him and his trail; the crackling of the dry wood, the rustling of the leaves told them the direction that the fleeing man had taken, and soon they saw the figure of the fleeing man again.

"There he is! There!" cried Rephahn, who had come within fifty paces of him.

The others hurried over and asked, "Where? Where?"

But Rephahn stood there transfixed. The fugitive seemed to have suddenly sunk into the ground. No trace of him was to be discovered. The hikers strode forward to the place where the hermit had last been seen, and after a long search one of the gentlemen discovered a hole, in front of which a board was leaning, but not quite covering the opening.

This circumstance was quite striking, the tourists took away the board and stood in front of a very deep and spacious cave, and when they turned on the light to inspect the interior of the same, they noticed the fugitive crouching on the floor, on a bed of straw, rags and paper, which must have served him often as a bed. The cave also contained all kinds of equipment that suggested that this was the fugitive's permanent home, such as a tea maker, a bottle that apparently contained alcohol, a book with notes, some pencils, a knife, a tin spoon and a wooden container filled with salt. This also proved that the man was consorting with other people.

The fugitive now had to come back to the light of day, whether he wanted to or not.

"I beg you, gentlemen, have mercy on the most fortunate and unfortunate person there is on God's earth. I'm not one of those the police are looking for, I'm not hurting anyone, let me live in peace and quiet and don't worry about me!"

The man was obviously very exhausted from running and his breath was whistling through his lungs. He took a sip of the cognac he was offered and seemed visibly invigorated.

"Wait a moment," he said after a while. "I'll bring you all my documents."



*Illus. 15. See page 56: The "Fehhaube" (Femhube) near Eggenburg.
(Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)*

He crawled nimbly back into the cave and soon appeared with several papers that he had hidden in the camp. He showed the papers to the gentlemen. They were in perfect order. They were a certificate of baptism in the name of Karl Odwurka, born in Vienna, living in Polrawitz, 46 years old, and a certificate of residence from the above-mentioned municipality for the merchant Karl Odwurka, and finally a certificate of morality from the police, in which Karl Odwurka was certified as never having had any judicial indecency for the purpose of entering into a marriage.

"So, that's who I am, and now I ask for silence!"

The man spoke now already a little more energetically and the wanderers allowed him. They now began a conversation with him and Odwurka told:

"Since you speak to me in such a polite and kind manner, I am ready to tell you everything, but you promise me that you will then go your way and not bother me any further. So listen! Until 1872 I had a store in the Kärntnerstraße, in the house "zum wilden Mann". I was 30 years old at that time and loved a girl very much. Only my father knew about my inclination and he absolutely did not want to admit me to marry the beloved, who was the daughter of a very poor servant.

I and my bride could only see each other on Sundays and that's when we went out to Hermannskogel. Here on this lonely mountain, so beautiful and so little visited, here we were happy, here we exchanged vows and kisses, here we drew strength and courage for the heavy sufferings and all the renunciations that the week imposed on us. Winter or summer, every Sunday we were here. That was when my father died. I had always been tormented by jealousy, because in order to separate myself from her, I had often written anonymous letters accusing the girl of infidelity. I had the idea of finally putting the mistress to the test, and wrote to her the day after my father's funeral that he had lost all his money in the crash and that I was poor, destitute, and needed to make a living. The test was terrible. The very next day I received a letter in which

my beloved assured me of her constant affection, but declared that she would have to give in to her parents' insistence and release me from my word.

I was close to madness. Alone, without any particularly close relatives, without a sympathetic soul, I fled to the Hermannskogel and entrusted my heavy suffering to the trees and the birds, to the shy deer that strayed to me on the Cobenzl and on the ridge of the Kahlenberg. The quiet nature exerted an extremely calming influence on me, and how that came about I don't know - I often stayed there at night and finally I made myself at home here. I sold my business, I gave all my securities to an old farmer's wife of the adjoining village and I also handed in my will to her and I stay here."

"And how long has it been since you have lived here on Hermannskogel?"

"It's been twelve years and I'm very comfortable with it. Every month the farmer's wife comes up, brings me matches, spirit, salt, bread and tea. That's all I need. In winter I have bacon and some rum. I live very happily. I expected the farmer's wife two days ago, but she didn't come and I was already hungry and it is only thanks to this circumstance that I went to the clearing where I always find something, because the workers always leave small scraps of food. I also keep a diary, which will probably be found when I die!"⁷

The tourists listened to the story of the Hermannskogel cave dweller in deep shock. They dug out their backpacks and bags and abundantly provided the man with food, wine, cognac and matches, which he was equally lacking.

"And don't you want to go back to the people?"

"Never again! If the farmer's wife dies or falls ill, a replacement has already been provided for; I am very happy. Gentlemen! I must lead you now, if you still want to get home in time, otherwise you will get lost."

The gentlemen followed the hermit, who led them to the small dirt road and then directed them.

(7) He died on January 4, 1895.

"Adieu, farewell, and don't mind me any further!"

The man stood still for a moment, then quickly turned and walked away.

The branches cracked, the scrawny leaves rustled, then it was quiet and still again on Hermannskogel, and silently the tourists descended the mountain to tell their strange adventure in Vienna.

Chapter Four

On the Geiselberg

A Weihnacht¹

In the rosy glowing ether the sun had sunk. In the west, the evening redness flamed up to the zenith like a billowing world fire, in whose glowing atmosphere individual purple-gray cloud balls floated, shining at the sharply torn edges like molten copper. Over in the east, in the dawning night sky, heavy leaden-grey clouds piled up, like floating mountain masses serving as a base for other cloud formations, which rose in brighter tones, Their curly, adventurous tangle miraculously formed into a proud castle with towers and battlements, with oriels and boldly curved bridges, enlivened by ghostly shapes of another higher world, of which one can neither say that it is, nor that it is not. These formations resemble the dream, resemble the shine of the sun on the sand of the desert, which the thirsty wanderer from afar takes for water, or for the longed-for oasis on the desert pilgrimage of life. -

Over the rolling hills north of the Marchfeld such a splendid evening sky glowed, flaming like fiery stars through the stately oak forest that crowned the hills and transfigured them with that rich golden green that lends the landscape such spring-fresh charm at the time of the summer solstice. There, at the edge of this oak forest, on a hill terrace, stands an enormous artificial earthen mound, a Stutzkegel (truncated cone), surrounded by three mighty ring ramparts in concentric circles. Many

(1) From the 1893 Scheffel Yearbook.

millennia ago this earthwork, more than fourteen meters high, was piled up by our ancestors' energy and consecrated to that inscrutable power which revealed itself to them only in worship, for it did not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to enclose them between temple walls or to make images of them with human features; therefore only forests and groves, mountain tops and islands surrounded by waves were the places of their worship.

No urging, no mocking, not even the opinion, expressed with the noblest frankness, that I was the most seven-sided mastodon of the highly praised pre-anthropological epoch, helped; all this and much more was of no use, and so they had to give in and let me go wherever I was drawn. But the landlady, too, distinguished me with that peculiar, head-shaking attention, which shows pitiful benevolence and might say something like: "It's not a pity for him forever, he wasn't so bad after all, but his brain mush must have been a bit scorched. Otherwise, how could it please anyone with common sense to spend the night out there on the local mountain today - in this weather - on Solstice Night!

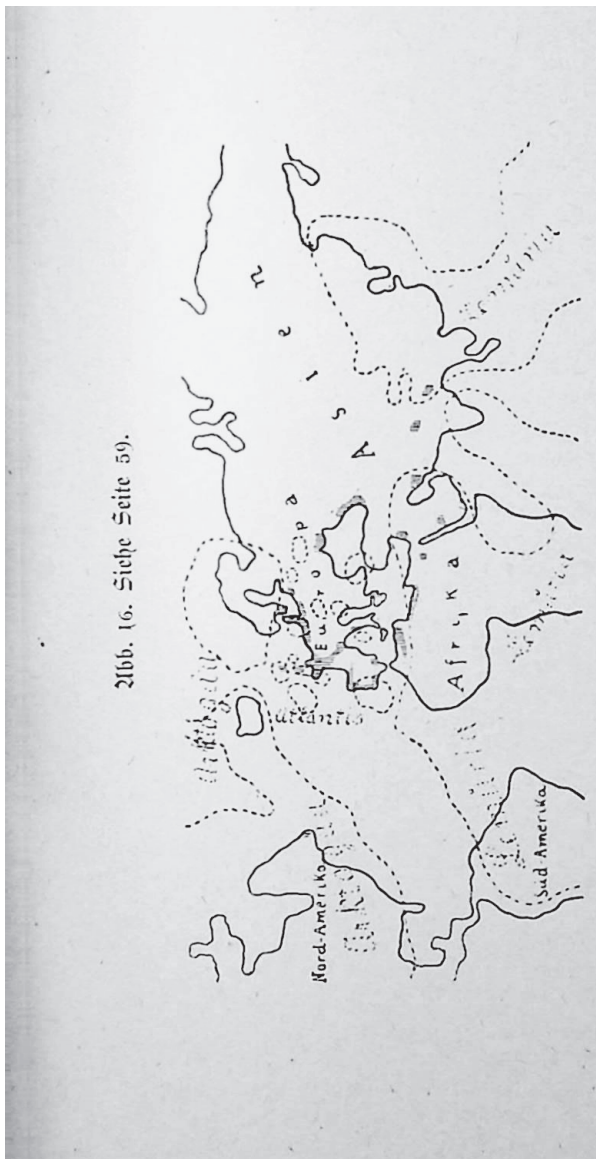
"He has his day again today," said one of my journey companions, while another kindly wished to be my escort, I would like to get to see the most beautiful moon calf, which my predecessors in ghost hunting out there still left for me. I laughed heartily and took leave with the promise to be back dead or alive tomorrow for breakfast.

My plaid thrown over the Sammetflaus (velvet coat), the broad slouch hat pressed pertly on the right ear, whistling a brisk tune on my "burschenpfeife"² down my long path, I strode cheerfully towards the Hausberg, while a servant trotted wordlessly and sullenly behind me, in his armpit a container of horse vomit, in his right arm a solid-handled jug full of wine, in the left hand a basket, filled with foodstuffs and other necessary and pleasant trail items.

They were not so wrong, my fellow students, I really had today - my day.

(2) A lad's pipe

216b. 16. Siehe Seite 59.



Illus. 16. See page 62. The continents in secondary and present time and the distribution of the giant stone structures. The dotted lines indicate the boundaries of the continents in the Jurassic period (according to Neumayr's Geography). The hatched areas indicate the giant stone buildings in: Southern Sweden, Denmark, North German Plain, England, Ireland, Normandy, Brittany, Atlantic coast of the Pyrenean Peninsula, Malaga, Etruria, Algiers, Tripoli, Egypt, Palestine, Attica, Crimea, Pontic Caucasus, Arabia, Persian Gulf, northern India. Note the island drawing in the map, which corresponds to the place mentioned on page 59. Compilation by Dr. Lanz-Liebenfels in issue No. 50 of the excellent journal "Ostara", "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischen Rasse." ("Ostara", published in Rodann near Vienna, 1911).

But whoever you may be, who reads this small memory sketch of my seeing or hearing, let it be assured to you that such nights, sleepless in a "forest place sanctified by ancestors' consecration and of awe-inspiring age"³, will count this as one of the most holy memories of your life, as a real and right "witching night". Alone with oneself, with a jar full of sparkling wine, with the system full of the bluish-vortex of sense excitement, about to give audience to passed millennia, anticipating coming times at such a highly sacred place of the runes - what a proud thought, what an incomparably sublime feeling! One knows, one feels so free, so detached from the gears of the not always beautiful life with all its petty, paralyzing worries and struggles, the world of thoughts, the world of sensations expands, the imagination awakens and lifts its wings, lifts us, as if we were bodiless in the most blissful high flight far beyond space and time, to see forebodingly worlds of which one can neither say that they are, nor that they are not.

Yes, they were quite right, these good gentleman: I really had today - my day.

Thus, after climbing over the three enormous ring walls, we had arrived at the flat circular area of the Gaiselberg mountain. Apparently, my companion was in a hurry to get out of the spell of the eerie place as quickly as possible. More nimbly than he might otherwise have been, he arranged what he had brought with him for my use during the night. After he had resourcefully dug a small dimple, into which he skillfully lowered the wine jug to prevent the same from tipping over, similarly arranged the rest and finally spread the horse vomit in the middle of the circular area, he excused himself and galloped away, as taciturn as he was hasty - almost in a hurry - away from there, to where he had come from.

I was alone! -

The twilight of dusk had already folded its magical purple-grey veils over the landscape, which had so recently dazzled the eye with its glowing

(3) Tacitus Germania II, chapter 39.

colors. A dull red streak of embers sank westward like a dying fire, the oak forest stood in sharply drawn shadows behind the local mountain, which rose like a mighty throne above the rolling hills. Like magical circles, the three ring walls swung around my point of view, while the reasons for the deed were dimming in the vague gray. The oak forest rushed at my back. It had already come very close to the circular ramparts, yes, its pioneers, the low oak bushes, even climbed over the outer ramparts and ditches in places, and it seemed as if the oak forest, like a besieger, intended to conquer the old Halgadam step by step, in order to win it back from the people who had desecrated and forgotten it.

"Or do you, venerable lineage of the oak, intend to offer me your greeting today, here in the old holy free place? Do you even suspect that I am from the clan of those, who once sanctified Wuotan and Frouwa in hymns, as the most preferred in the crowd of their sacrificers? Do you suspect that I am one of the bards and skalds who found his way home after a thousand years of wandering, out of a thousand years of madness to old father Wuotan, to consecrate sacrifices to him again in the most holy place of healing? And so, old Raunewald, you have guessed such things, so be welcome to me, be my comrade in this Weihnacht with forebodingly joyous and deep drink!"

Then I first filled my goblet with the wine jug, lifted it up, emptying it by two thirds; the rest I poured backwards over the head, thus consecrating the drink to Wuotan's love according to the old custom.

Thus it had become completely night.

The full moon struggled out of the clouds, pouring its pale lights over the valley. The castle of clouds stood out spookily from the dark starry sky; elf-like the three rings of ramparts flickered around me, which seemed to glow with the light of the fireflies and to turn in a whirling round dance, swaying and tilting, around their common center, which formed my location. The magic night began.

This is just the peculiarity of the moonlight, which one grasps only clearly when it immediately follows the sunset and enters with its full

energy into its office of illuminating the night. The magical brilliance of the moonlight, the changing abundance of it, has a magical effect on the mood of the mind, sometimes uplifting, sometimes depressing, sometimes confusing; the emotions change, fluctuating between enthusiasm and despair, and indeterminate like the moonlight itself, which flows on the surface of the earth and allows what is seen to emerge only half from its radiant veils of air, half to be covered by them. What is turned towards this magical source of light flickers in mild clarity, while what is turned away is half visibly veiled and practices goblin-like trickery, changing form. Add to this the wonderfully playing undulations of the water, as well as the charming play of the wind in the lightly moving foliage of the bushes, the often more imagined than seen mobility and changeability of solid forms in their positions and shapes under the influence of the elf light. Thus a magic world unfolds its wonders, whose earthly foundations veil themselves in the mists of light, transform adventurously, and confront man in ghostly figures of uncertain reputation and doubtful color like luminous shadows, disappearing just as easily as dressing themselves in a different garment. This hovering between secure limitation and easy melting into images and figures, this dreamlike chiaroscuro excites the mind of man who surrenders himself to the power of nature, in that it powerfully seizes his soul, exerts a magical force on it and grants the imagination, the fantasy, that unspeakably enchanting scope which, in the light and shadow images, sounds, scents and all the stirrings of a moonlit night, offers innumerable occasions for dreamlike stories.

Don't smile, great benefactor! From the balcony of your country house, from the bench in the city park or even from a cafe in the Ringstrasse, the chaste moonlight cannot be overheard, of course; but if you seriously want to lift its magic veils, then you must flee such places where life pulsates; seek out lonely places where nature alone rules, uninfluenced by the hand of man, withdraw to such contemplation to lonely hilltops, to untrodden islands (such as the Danube offers by the

hundreds) or to a crumbling ruin, and that alone, and you will be able to behold wonders, if otherwise your inner eye is not struck with blindness.

On the height of the Hausberg it was as if I was detached from the life of mankind. No sound of this life penetrated up to me, only a confused buzzing made itself noticeable, a mixture of nature voices in such peculiar tones and sounds, which, ambiguous as it was, was sometimes comparable to distant music, sometimes to the sound of songs, but then again to hunting sounds and hand axes.

I sat like this for a long time, far from people, lonely in the world, enraptured by dreams. Then I took the second deep drink.

The pale silver shining tangle of clouds came closer. Individual wisps of clouds tore themselves loose, as if they had come out of the ghostly cloud castle, to circle in wide rings like the Adel-Aarden Hausberg. Nocturnal animals with many-pointed wings and glittering lights fluttered around the hill with shrill cries, the young oaks seemed to be swaying and leaning to arrange themselves into a round dance and to accompany their actions with whispering song, into which the old oaks joined with roaring choral power.

Then I did the third deep drink.

Rejoicing, my soul joined in the deepest forest chorale of the oaks. Even if there were no words that struck my ear from this intoxicating song, this song spoke a language too clear not to feel the harmony that, despite all apparent disharmonies of being, dissolves in the fullest harmony of the universe.

When the storm rushes through the forest, uprooting the oaks, so that the trunks groan and the tops rustle, that the air whimpers and howls in the depths, then the giant sound of the primeval harp resounds through the gray night, and one hears the primeval song of the Norns, sung at the loom of fate by the weavers of the garment of time.

Such wondrous magic song sounded also now. From the oak-dark forest enclosure the nightingale answered, then from indeterminable

distances floated a roar and noisy song through the long-drawn-out sound and ringing of the winds from the hollow valleys, and again the old Rauschewald of the Gaiselberg with its eternally unsung murmuring song fell in, swelling like a gorge, so that it embraced me as with a thousand arms and I cheered out into the solstice night: "I am aproned and girded⁴, Father of the Worlds, receive me into thy host for everlasting, eternal, blissful deep drink of the blessed! Behold, this fourth cup be thine!" -

A ghostly flicker flitted through the chasing, circling mists that hurriedly encircled the ramparts in wide rings. In the flickering blue light the fog formations created themselves; they condensed into riding warriors with shining breasts, who chased the ramparts in a wide ring; to bright heaps of travelled people, to long rows of strong women. Soon the crowds formed a wide ring around the forgotten Halgadam.

Then I was seized with shuddering horror, but the transformation had taken place, and I had not escaped it. My hat had become a helmet, from which a mighty eagle's flight blew, a scaly shimmering armor enclosed my body, and bulky weapons, the proudest of men's ornaments, were my adornment. My amazement was boundless.

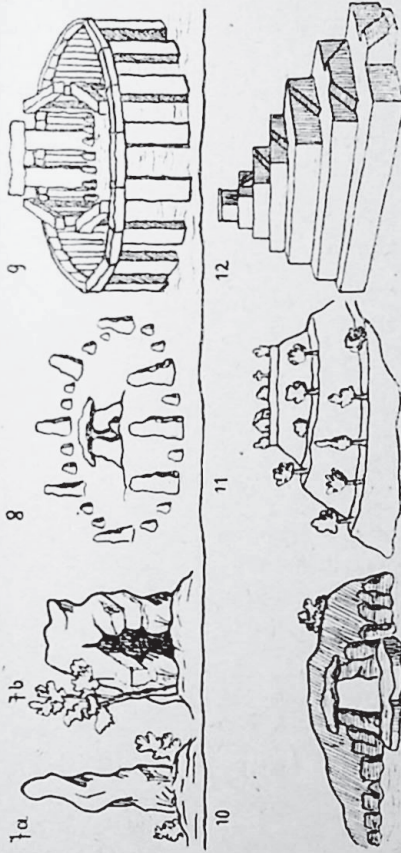
Now the mountain opened at my feet, a noble maiden rose from it and strode toward me. A shining linen robe flowed around her proud body like woven elf light, rose-scented white blossom branches nodded in the golden curls of her waving blond hair. There she stood before me, the Divine-Honor, her large forget-me-not eyes resting inquiringly on me, as if she wanted to ask a great question. I bent my knee, but she gently raised me and said:

"Give me a song, stranger, from far-off days! See there the host prepared for the southward march, to avenge the disgrace on predatory Rome! So sing and tell the song of the adverse she-wolf!"

She handed me the fiddle, which I took. But before I started to sing, I

(4) "Aproned and girded" mythically points to the man who is adorned. The apron of the blacksmith is, like sword and lance, the symbol of a man just as the belt, the spindle, or the shoe, are those of the woman. "Aproned and girded" is an old magic formula, long forgotten in the sense when it was still a proverb.

266b. 17. Siehe Seite 55—59, 42—65.



Illus. 17. Development of the giant stone buildings. 7a. Phallus stone, usually called "bearing stones (Peilsteine)" or "gate stones (Torsteine)". Symbols of the male principle. 7b. Vulven stone, usually called "penny stones (Pfennigsteine)" (=Fenessteine), the natural models of the "dolmens" and symbols of the female principle. 8. stone circle ("Kromlech") in the center of the dolmens. 9. the Germanic sun temple Stonehenge in England, a further development of Fig. 8, according to Lockyer already built in 1680 BC. 10. Passage grave with tumulus. 11. Germanic "Hausberg" (also "Walburg") with modern cemetery in Ober-Gänserndorf, Lower Austria. 12. Babylonian ramp tower from Simprun, (i.e., a Ziggurat) further development of Fig. 11. (Compilation by Dr. Lanz-Liebenfels in issue No. 50 of the excellent journal "Ostara": "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischen Rasse." ("Ostara" publishing house in Rodaun near Vienna, 1911).

raised my glass goblet; but it too was transformed: a delicious drinking horn I held in my right hand in amazement.

"The drink is for you, dear Hechsa, and for the Minne of Ostara, who are well yourselves!" Thus I spoke and added: "But let me know!"

And the divine seized the horn and drank. Thereupon I lifted it enthusiastically to the mouth, and there I put on the delightful drink, where her lips touched the edge of the runes. There I did the most delightful drink of life ever tasted by a mortal.

Like liquid rose embers the fire source of the wine flowed through my blood, rose clouds blew around me, through whose rosy fragrance I resounded, as the divine smiled blissfully at me.

Full of high enthusiasm I lifted the fiddle to my chin. The storm that raged in my breast sounded out in fiery tones such as I had never heard before, and rejoicing and despairing again, rejoicing and wistfully lamenting, a song sprang from my heart, a song that was my soul itself, which poured forth like a glowing stream of roses. I sang of Balder and Nana, of Frey and Gerda, of Zeizzo the Beautiful, and of Ostara the Homage; I sang of the blissful first kiss and of the pain of separation; I sang of the wild sorrow of the lonely, of the heart yearning for love, of all that burns my breast in the most blissful sorrow, in the most blissful longing. Then I sang of the hope of the one who conquers the pain of separation, who longs for a second springtime of love, and found soothing consolation in song, which I consecrated to the love of the aging Wuotan to the glorious Rinda, from which love a new spring had blossomed for him and the world in the promise of the eighteenth rune.

I concluded this chant with the stanza of the runic song, which is thus reads:

The eighteenth I will never eternally
Tell to a woman or a girl;
It forms the best resolution of the songs,
Which only one of all knows,
Except the woman that embraces me,
And is wife and sister to me.

The most blissful hope had filled my breast with superhuman delights, and transfigured, I, happy singer, saw how the travelled warriors became more serious, the gracious women shot more luminous glances, and the divine herself, powerfully seized by the song, looked upward with moist eyes. Her elfin arms crossed above her breast, her eye became ever more brilliant and spoke of pride and woe.

"Come, O come!" she breathed from her high throbbing bosom, and led me into the interior of the Hausberg.

Slowly and silently we descended many white steps to where a glittering hall arched. Framed by walls shining in magical blue light, a shining high seat rose on high steps; on it lay crown and sword, also the purple of a rich king. I looked around with astonished eyes.

There, the fair one had wrapped her arm around my neck, her hot kisses burned on my lips, which sought hers in a demanding way. -

Like a roll of thunder, a long-drawn horn call suddenly sounded through the hall, so that the floor trembled and the walls seemed to shake. With a startled pale the Hechsa pushed me rudely from her, but then she seized me again by the wrist and called out in a voice quivering with pain:

"Alas, you wretch! What have you done! Woe upon me, poor beguiled one, that I heard thee! Had you given me the song I desired, this throne would have been yours! Now I must sleep again a thousand years!"

Lamenting, she turned away and buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

"Divinity!" I cried in dismay, "explain this riddle!"

A heavy sigh escaped her bosom, then she lowered her arms, grave dignity poured out over her being, coupled with mild grief.

"So hear!" she said, and raised herself high, the forgetful stars of her eyes resting reproachfully on me. Then she began:

"The eternal Aesir, the wise wizards of the world's fate, rode to the council to consider how wisely to turn the adverse plight of the never-withering tree; for more of the worms than all of you know are gnawing at the root marrow of the world's ash tree. One of the worms was Roma,

the predatory she-wolf, so the victory-giving Aesir sent this whirring sword, the splendid purple, the powerful crown to Odacher once, to pay the choking enemy wrath-flaming revenge in the wafting champion's fire. But Odacher, lamentable, forgot the gods, the princely duty, then the blessing vanished from him, vanished crown and sword, together with high seat and purple. And all this sank in the salvaging shaft of the highly sacred Hausberg and will only rise when a champion-brave fighter rises again, who is powerful enough to eradicate the thread that enviously gnaws the marrow in the roots of the sublime family tree of the people of the Germans!"

"But you sang only of love, of sorrowful harm, and beguiled me foolishly with creeping flattery! Woe to you, who did not find "the right word in the right place at the right time!" Woe! and woe again! Missed is the hour by a thousand years!"

I stood devastated. "Missed! Missed by a thousand years!" resounded within me. The call of the army horn resounded anew with a terrible swell. Covering her head, the Hechsa strode up the white steps. Then I was seized by a terrible rumbling fury, wild sorrow was stirring in my harmless heart.

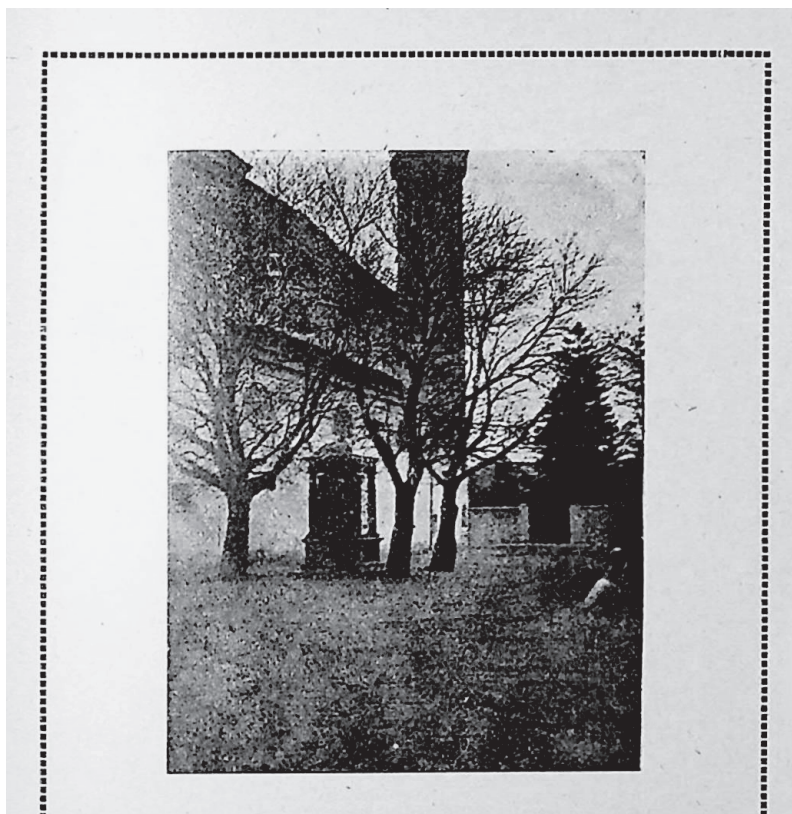
"Divinity!" I cried, "Now advised so well, do not let me go back! Clothed and armored thou seest me, fairest, let me follow the track of friendly Freya, let me sink in the bosom of this blissful mountain, thus avoiding the fate of Tannhäuser."

Then the blissful goddess turned to me with a shining smile with the words:

"The hour is missed by a thousand years, but know that your wish is granted. But the people of the Germans need the skald, therefore return home to the domestic hearth, where you will again find Fensal's⁵ joys; such promises the kind Goddess! Hope and wait, sing and say, as Bragi the Bard has done so well!"

Then for the third time the bugle call resounded so that it thundered

(5) The hall in Freya's castle "Folkvangr"; equivalent to the medieval Venusberg.



Illus. 18: See page 74: The Marienbründl near the pilgrimage church in Mariabrunn near Vienna. According to legend, the miraculous image of Mary was found in the well in 1042. Here Pope Pius VI took leave of Emperor Joseph II on April 22, 1782. (From a photograph by Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)

through the swaying hall. Still the honor beckoned and soared. Staggering, I rushed after the divine, up the white steps. Then thunder rolled over the house mountain and with a rumbling crash the gate, from which I just stepped, closed.

But the moon had half veiled itself. Howling, the furious storm raged around the lonely hill, while the long rows of the ghostly crowds took to the skies with a plaintive wailing sound, in order to reenter the cloud castle from which they had come. The noble Hechsa, too, dissolved into whitish fragrance and floated toward the darkening battlements of the ghostly castle in the sky.

I stood shaken, confused.

"Missed the hour by a thousand years!"

A deep sigh escaped my chest and already tormenting doubts seized me, but then suddenly the memory of the Hechsa promise dawned. Had I been granted Fensal's joys as a bard and a skald!

"Heilo, old boy, Hoiho!" This prophecy of the kind Goddess deserves a blissful malt drink!

With a joyful whoop, I reached for the drinking horn. But my hand now held the cut glass goblet again. Only then did I realize how my transformation back had already taken place.

The moon had become completely invisible and the long-awaited thunderstorm now began to unload in terrible magnificence.

Lightning flashed, thunder roared and dense darkness enveloped the local mountain. Without a lock, the thunderstorm rain threw immeasurable amounts of wet clouds from the sky, it rushed and surged as if the Flood was approaching. It was necessary to protect my wine jug from dilution, because I prefer to enjoy Sinnreger's flood of foam undiluted. In the absence of other aids, my slouch hat was intended to shield the wine jug. Over my ivory shining bald head, however, I pulled my plaid like a hood, in order to continue to defy the weather, since I had to hold out at my post until morning.

And so I drank many a cup until the jug was exhausted and no longer

knew how to answer repeated inquiries. The last and most consecrating deep drink, however, I had consecrated in joyful memory to "Her"⁶, "Her" who, according to the Goddess' promise, will grant me Fensal's joys.

"He is really and truly mad!" my friends had said when I had sat down with them at the breakfast table at the appointed hour. But I smiled silently to myself, for the fair, rosy enchantress Freya's promise had lulled me into waking dreams and made me thoroughly forget my surroundings as well as my wet clothes.

(6) Her! To my dear Anna, who became my beloved wife in 1899, just as the Divine announced to me.

Chapter 5

Eburodunum and Odin's Valley¹

Rarely does the mythological landscape picture correspond to the picture that the same landscape presents today, for the last two thousand years have not passed without leaving their mark even on those areas that are now still fanned by forest coolness. The modern overgrown forest has taken the place of the thinner primeval forest, or huge growths of vines hang where before the sacred virgin forest grew mightily; also the plow often fears the stones, where, in those days, the sun god's sacred boars grew strong. But in such cases it is still easy to conjure up the old forest splendor with the gaze of the inner eye and to see images from the youth of our people, which are not unlike those that surround us in mature manhood, when we think back to the nursery, and dreamed our own life's dawning.

But when from the formerly wooded sanctuary all greenery has given way, when rows of walls and buildings run over the hallowed ground and the pavement covers the same with an eternally rigid crust, then it is difficult to think of such places again decorated by the forest, especially since the design of the ground has become a different one and the overall ancient picture can hardly be reconsidered, let alone surveyed. And therefore it is good that the old names in the course of the broad language stream still use some seemingly incomprehensible word formations of our

(1) First published: Vienna, *Deutsche Zeitung*, 1890.

today's place names, just as possibly in a boulder of marble, which lies in a sand bank, where an unrecognizably ground off fragment of an old god-statue hides itself.

That is why today we speak of Ptolemy's Eburodunum and Odin's Valley, instead of Brno, and the lovely and charming Adam's Valley.

Brno - a mythological landscape?! Brno, the city of "Brno markets" and "trouser fabrics", would be able to fit into a poetic frame? Who in the world would have ever gone to Brno for pleasure, like to Salzburg or Innsbruck?

But it is not the purpose of this description to deal with that, although it may be casually asserted that the lovely Brno with its neat ring road is worth visiting by those who have nothing to do on the Brno market days.

This is only by the way; modern Brno is too remote for us today, with its Adamstal, which is full of railroad tracks.

At the time when the glittering Carnuntum on the Danubius was still unbroken - "reflected complacently in the river" - at the time when the Roman Limes still ran along the right bank of the river, at the time when Brno was still called Eburodunum, its circumference was still very small and roughly corresponding to today's Old Brno, of irregular shape with rounded corners; the original form of all old settlements. Firewalls may have girdled it, outside of them, to the south and east, grain fields waved, to the west and north, however, the mighty primeval forest folded its fir-green forest mantle around the fortified Eburodunum, which later sank down to the suburb, as mightier fortified buildings on its side grew out of the ground, in and around which the later Brno was grouped. This is a frequently repeated phenomenon. Above the beehive-like huts woven from willow, which were covered with clay inside and out and painted with a bright varnish-like coating, two healing or temple sites rose from the forest, one dedicated to Wuotan, the other to Donar. The former still bears the old name " (Spielberg) Spilberk Castle", but the latter is now called "Saint Peter's" and is the cathedral church of Brno.

It is a fact known to every mythologist that the old temple sites were mostly transformed into castles or churches, retaining their old warlike character. Where the sanctuary gave way to a church, a Christian saint was placed in opposition to the Germanic god worshipped there, who usually took over its attributes, even its mystique, transformed into a legend. Thus from Odin's sanctuaries mostly Michael's churches grew, from Thor's sanctuaries, however, Peter's churches. Therefore, even today, when it thunders, St. Peter is bowling in the sky, according to the opinion of ancient folk belief, hence the numerous folk tales of the wanderings of Christ with Peter and their adventures, which all applied to the journeys of Odin with his son Thor.

Similar "metamorphoses of the gods" shall occupy us still in further consequence, particularly since each old Germanic god was replaced according to his different qualities also by different Christian saints. This is not a coincidence, but well-founded by the letters of Pope Gregory the Great, which was written to the abbot Mellitus of Canterbury, in which it is expressly read: "Tell Augustine, to which conviction I have come after long contemplation about the conversion of the English, that one should not destroy the idolatrous churches of that people, but only destroy the idols inside, sprinkle the building with holy water, build altars and put relics in it. For if those churches are well built, they must be changed from idolatry to the true worship of God, so that the people, when they do not see their churches destroyed, may heartily put away their delusion, recognize the true God, and all the more gladly assemble in the places where they were accustomed. And because the people used to slaughter many oxen at their idol sacrifices, this custom must also be transformed into some Christian solemnity. So on the day of the consecration of the church or on the memorial day of the holy martyrs whose relics are laid down in their churches, they should make huts of tree branches around the former idol church, celebrate the feast day with religious banquets, no longer sacrifice animals to the devils (i.e. Wuotan, Donar, Loki), but slaughter them for food in praise of God, thereby thanking the Giver of all things for their satiety, so that, leaving them some outward pleasures,

they may become all the more inclined to inward pleasures. For to cut off everything at once from raw minds is no doubt impossible, because even he who wants to climb to the highest level reaches the heights by treading and stepping, but not by leaping." (Mone, Franz Josef. *Geschichte des Heidenthums*, Bd. II, 105.; probably originally quoted from Bede.)

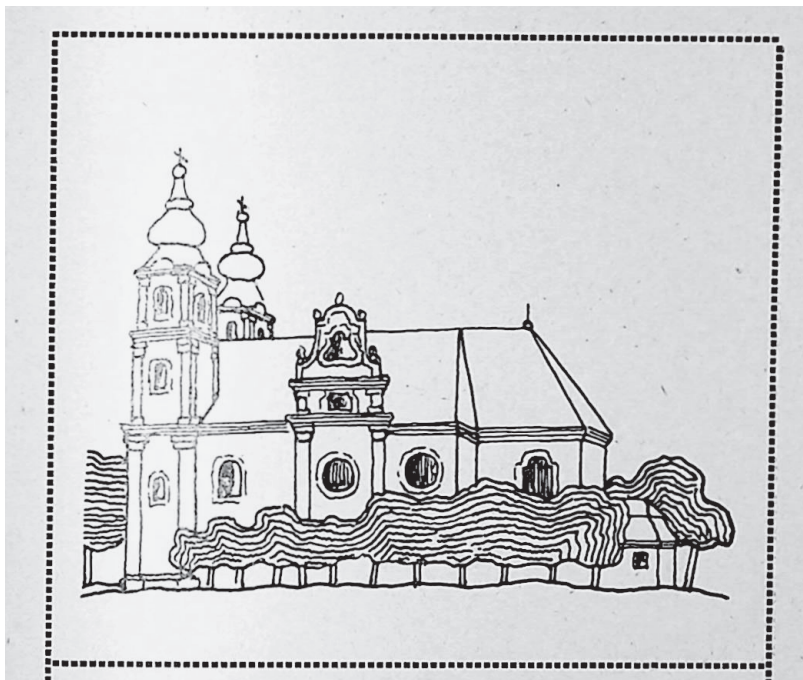
Thus in the smaller hill, which carries today the cathedral church of Brno, the place would be found, which was sanctified once to the red-bearded thunderer.

This assumption is opposed, as is quite natural, by another one, namely that of the Slavists. The latter claims: "In the distant past, when Christianity began to spread its mild wings over the Slavic people and the baptism of our fathers was taken from paganism, two pious, godly men, Cyril and Methodius, whom Moravia still venerates as its patron saints, came from the Far East (863), sent by Emperor Michael, to strengthen the faith of the people and to proclaim to them the doctrine of salvation. They were overthrown, the idols greedy for human sacrifices hideous structures; and from the remains of the temple of Krasopani (the Venus of the Slavs) rose at Cyril's behest a gloriously high house of God, from whose wide halls now floated up to the stars the hymn of praise of the only true." (Schmidt, Brünns Umgebung. 1855.)

As "beautifully" as this is said, it is untrue. The church dedicated to St. Peter already proves the falsity of this Slavic assertion, because no male saint replaced a female deity or vice versa.

But just as for reasons of mythology the hypothesis of the sanctuary of Krasopani here on the site of St. Peter's is untenable, so for historical reasons the Cyril-Methodian legend must be rejected.

With the Romans, the last remnants of early Christianity left the country around 470 (St. Severin), namely that Christianity which was friendly to the Romans and hostile to the Germans, and which was opposed to Arianism, to which most Germanic tribes paid homage. On the other hand, the Goths had been won over to Roman Christianity, Catholicism, very early by Bishop Wulfila, who had a preparatory effect on the Quades as a tribe related and neighboring to them. Still today the



Illus. 19. see page 74. pilgrimage church of Maria-Dreieichen in Lower Austria.

godfather of the German-Austrians is called Gothe (Godel, Göd); a very significant linguistic monument. However, the belief in Odin and Thor was still too firmly rooted in the people to be so easily shaken. When Ruppert had founded the Salzburg church, apostles came again to the old Quadensitze in today's Moravia. Emmeran, Erchanfried, Otgar, Virilo and many others were sent from Salzburg. But it was only under Salzburg's first bishop Arno that Christianization was systematically pursued. The chronicle of Lorch mentions the Passau bishop "Reginhar" as the apostle of the Moravians in 818. That was long before Cyril and Methodius, who were called by the faithless vassal Rastiz. And this not only in Brno alone, because also the churches of Olomouc, Iglau, Kathrein and others date back to pre-Cyril-Methodius times.

"And even if," said the author of the Quadenwerk, Professor Kirchmayr, on occasion of a lecture, "and even if our time wants to baptize the children on Cyrill and Methodius, instead of on Oswald or Leonhard, imposes Methodius as church patron on the congregations, forms Cyrille and Methude from Petrus and Paulus paintings, it is all of no use, German churches, names, books, patrons have left too many traces in the country for more than a thousand years that they could be covered up as easily as that!"

As far as the Spielberg is concerned, the word "Spiel", which can mean spindle², the badge of the Wuotan priestesses, the Norns, points to the mighty sanctuary of the king of the gods together with all his gods' retinue of male and female gender, based on the all-encompassing holiness, as we have often found such. Not only the holy fountain of youth at today's Franzensburg, but also the subterranean passages and dungeons of the Spielberg itself, which in the course of time expanded into those ghastly dungeons that gave the Spielberg such a ghastly reputation, are right for this. But also the river names Weißache (Zwitawa) and Schwarzache (Schwarzawa), so characteristic of such great sanatoriums, are found here again, as the mythical opposites of light and darkness, of

(2) Spindle stones are bearing stones; see Illus. 17 and pages 50-66.

life and death.

And from the Wuotan valley the white river of life, the Weissache, foams.

Let's start the hike towards these white foaming waters. There are not yet any bare railroad tracks winding through the gorge, nor is there a road blasted through the rocks; an artlessly trodden path, cleared only by the mule's hoof, leads into the forest. Dense forest rushes around us.

The stallions laboriously work their way through the undergrowth. The trunks press closer and closer together, growing in height and girth as if in gloomy glory. Long gray-green bearded moss rolls down from the spreading branches; a landmark of venerable age. In between, younger trunks become visible, entwined with climbing weeds, so that many a young forest sapling, bent by the weight of rampant vines, bows to the ground. Freely rising slender leaf pillars shine, transparently shone, in the golden-green light and blow like Iduna's veil in front of the fir-serried forest depths. Huge ferns, weeds and leafy plants, thistles and grasses crowd in with elemental force, entangling the ground with impenetrable networks and climbing over wildly fantastic wind breaks. To the side, glimpses open up to higher forest spaces, narrow clearings alternate with gloomy twilights. Only now and then a torn blue glances through the darkness, as if it were scraps of the firmament that the wind happened to let flutter in. The murmur of the white brook becomes more roaring, more roaring - it announces the proximity of the deity!

Blocks of stone rise from the bed of the forest stream, its white waters roar foamingly over it. Bluish-gray rocks stretch upward from the piney grounds, at the foot of which the roaring Weissache splashes in numerous cataracts, and the dark anemone-colored moss banks are seeded with glittering brilliant dew. Bold, multi-pronged rocky ridges rise from the gorges. Overhanging the forest floor, broadly articulated walls rise up, illuminated by flashing sunlight, interrupted by torn-apart crevices and fissures of violet twilight shadows or by night-dark mouths of eerie caves.

There arches the Odin's cave and up there the Frouwa's grotto; today, of course, the former is called the Becziskala or Byciskala, the latter the

Evagrotte. Here - in the sense of the Gregorian letter quoted above - Wuotan and Frouwa were replaced by Adam and Eve. The Slavs displacing the Teutons again changed the names; he called the Adam's Cave Becziskala after the gurgling (Slavic: ebcite) sound of its invisible waters. Later explorers named it Bycziskala, which means bull rock cave, after a small bronze figure found here, which represented a bull, and based a Slavic bull cult on it.

Rugged rock walls tower up. A portal-like entrance to Wuotan's rock palace opens up. Twilight shadows waft around us. Only gradually does our gaze penetrate the wide dome-like vault. Wedge-like fissured rock hovers menacingly at our heads, as if ready to fall; in between, yawning cavernous chasms below, above, on all sides. These are passages that led to other halls, but below, the waters gurgle in a frightening groan.

This Wuotan cave still holds important information from prehistoric times.

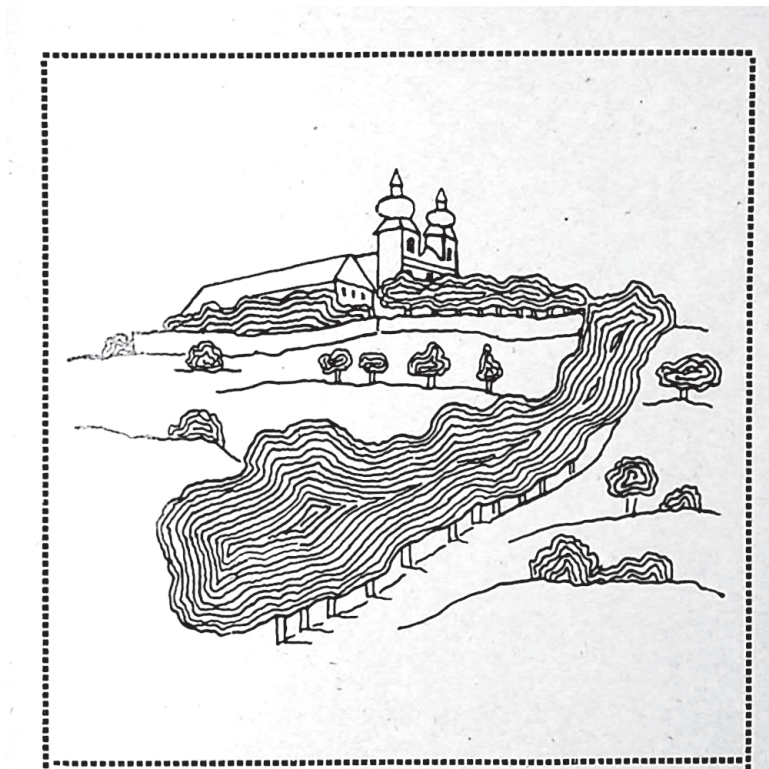
It served many purposes, both as a place of worship, as a burial place and then again as a forge. But we are immersed in the myths, and there we see Wuotan's stone seat, and we see him asleep in the hall thundering with weapons. His head has sunk down and his gray beard has grown through the tabletop; he has already wound himself six times around the foot of the table, he has reached the seventh rounding, then the time has come when the battle will be fought on the Walser heath.-----

To the right of the entrance to this cave, a few hundred steps up in the crevice, another room opens, called the "stone hall" or the "temple", in almost Gothic - shapes.

The name of the temple is also worth noting.

And there are many other caves in this valley area. But we move on, far through valley bottoms and rocky turmoil.

Again, wild crevasses pile up, surrounded by dark pine green. Through the "barren valley" and the "dry valley" we climb a rocky mountain. At the top, a horrible crater-like maw opens up; this is the Macocha Abyss. In spite of the Slavic name, the myth of Wuotan surrounds us here, because it is as closely connected with the magnificent



Illus. 20. See page 74. The pilgrimage church of Maria-Taferl in Lower Austria.

scenes of nature as it is with the soul of the Germanic people.

Once Wuotan's army may have left and entered here, and even today the people know how to show the way that the lightning takes down into the gorge during every thunderstorm. But this is forgotten, because the Slav calls the gorge Macocha, which means stepmother. It is said that once a stepmother, in order to steal her sons' inheritance, threw him into this ravine, which is more than 500 shoes deep. The boy was rescued, and out of remorse she jumped down herself.

Inaccessible from all sides, this terrible crater yawns upward; once the heights of this mountain valley had collapsed and left behind that maw.

Further we move through this hardly beautiful rock labyrinth. Once again, the forest wraps its green mantle around us as if to call out to us a cheerful "Weidmannsheil", but distant droning and flickering firelight distract our senses from the joyful hunt to other things.

A clearing opens before us and black is the ground, sooty the sad forest giants. Naked, sooty figures with tangled head and beard hair surround the clay crucible there to prepare iron. These are the iron smelters and iron forges, in the Lunae silva, of which already C. Ptolemy reports and expressly testifies that in the country of the Quades iron is won. And this is near Blansege, which the Slavs spoiled with the name Blansko, where the Moravian iron industry can look back on an age of many thousands of years.

This is beyond the scope of a mythological landscape picture and yet probably not really. "Man created his gods in his own image," and where we observe humanity, there soon enough we find the red thread that leads us to the myth.

The iron smelters here, who have filled the pit with charcoal and tirelessly kindle its embers with blowpipes, in order to bring the ore in the crucible to the melting point, these iron smelters, have they not bound Loki, the fire god, and force him, now to servitude?

Loki, the guileful, limping adviser of the gods, who was finally captured and bound for the sake of his mischief advice, is just the tamed fire, which "becomes terrible when it is unbound!" And that is why the

blacksmiths, the ancient fire god's sacrificers, are still today, through popular belief, considered to be versed in sorcery, and play those sinister roles in legend and myth. A noteworthy feature of all blacksmith sagas, however, is that the devil (Loki) is usually the bruised one whom the blacksmith outwits. And this is a fine trait of the myth. The devil (Loki) is subservient to him, that is, the tamed fire is the assistant of the blacksmith, without whom he would be powerless. But the fire is always lurking to break the fetters and to ruin the blacksmith, who, however, is well on his guard and clever enough to thwart all malicious attempts of his deceitful assistant.

We moved on again through the green of the forest. It became brighter and more golden, the sun gazed kindly down through the rustling branches; the scent of linden blossoms wafted flatteringly around us - around us? I sat alone on a bench of one of the many winding park paths between whispering poplar willows, blossoming linden trees and the trembling hanging leaves of slender, white-barked birches. In the park, on the slope of the Spielberg, whose interior holds such terrible secrets forever, the breeze of blackthorn and lilac fanned so mildly today, such friendly sunshine flickered on the bushes, that I, forgetting the present, had sunk dreamily into the tide of noisy millennia.

But the park path looked somewhat different since the moment when I felt the present disappear around me, lost in a dream. I felt almost anxious, because the legend of the ghost church came to my mind, where the enraptured only returns after a hundred years.

When I sat down on the bench here in the morning, elderly gentlemen and no less elderly ladies were enjoying themselves very gracefully in the friendly greenery of the park; but now - the sun was already on the other side about to say "good night" - I was delighted to see only young ladies and gentlemen walking around in cheerful conversation, and the birds were singing and luring each other so merrily that the bright moon, which hovered like a feathery cloud above the Spielberg, seemed to take the warmest pleasure in it.

And there I saw Brno's beautiful women.

Some of them were slender, tall, finely structured, with light blond hair and shining, flashing blue eyes; figures such as Eburodunum's women might once have shown. A faint suspicion arose in me that the gold-robed king's maiden Pipara might have looked like this, whom Caesar Gallienus raised to the Caesar's throne, for whose possession he gave away a good part of Pannonia. This was a hard blow for the vanity of the Roman women; a barbarian as Domina Augusta! Did Pipara, the golden-curved royal child, also once walk here?

How we see them coming and going, the beautiful Brno women! Most of them are lovely in face and in the expression of their eyes, beautiful hair and all of them have a stately step. They also seem to be of good disposition. Others, however, are full and richly endowed by nature, with dark eyes and dark hair. These are the Slavic women and the daughters of Zion. Both of them are dangerous, especially since at this very moment the noble Silvio Pellico, whose name is so closely connected with that of Spielberg, whispered to me: "I love my fatherland with passion, but I hate no other people!"

But since such cosmopolitan tendencies are ill-suited to a mythological landscape painter, I wrapped myself in my Germanic consciousness and left the seductive magic groves of Spielberg.

A nightingale just struck its fullest note, the thrushes fluted sweetly, and the sparrows hopped around in the bushes.

Chapter Six

The Hermit of Hohenstein and Rothenkreuz¹ (Jihlava, Czech Republic)

There, where the imperial road, leading from Vienna to Prague after crossing the border between Moravia and Bohemia, reaches the friendly village of "Rothenkreuz", which belongs to the German-speaking island of Iglau [today Jihlava, Czech Republic], stands an ancient gray stone column carved out of gneiss, which in its beautiful ancient form, like a reminder of long-lost times, towers over into our days as an apparently silent hieroglyph. It shows neither picture nor writing, but clear characteristics that it once carried such markings. But at what time this stone pillar was robbed of its markings is difficult to fathom, although it can be assumed that such mutilation was not accidental. But that is why it did not fall silent, because it bears the ancient, Aryan name "ruotkreuz", which has been preserved in the place name "Rothenkreuz" until today [as of 2023 there is no record of this town or monument; further research using pre-1919 maps is required], and therefore speaks a very eloquent language to those who know it, especially when this venerable admonisher is not only a reminder of the past, but also a reminder of the future, especially when this venerable admonisher of old-Aryan wisdom calls upon the highly significant place names as well as the mysterious

(1) First published: Deutscher Volkskalender des Bandes der Deutschen Nordmährens, Olmütz 1905.

architectural monuments of his surroundings and not least the much beloved Frau Saga to bear witness in order to corroborate events of the most distant prehistoric times, in the possibility of which farsighted men of the present time try to prevent the advancement of our German people with all means of sophistry and occasional falsification of documents.

And so, in spite of all German enemies and opposition, what this ancient "Ruotkreuz" (today Radkreuz, in English the Wheel-cross) announces to the knowing, may be recorded on the following sheets as tidings of the prehistoric times, as a testified wisdom of the faithful rule of the skalds of Wuotan on our primordial holy Aryan-Germanic Ruot-Art-Land (wheel-way-land).

One of the most terrible periods in the history of the German language island of Iglau was near its creation. In the battle of Lipau and Bohemian Brod, on May 30, 1434, the Hussites were defeated to the point of annihilation by Meinhart von Neuhaus; most of the army covered the Walfeld, and since the two Hussite commanders, the Prokopes, had also fallen, the Hussites split up and dissipated, although a remnant of them remained on Mount Tabor until 1455, from where they besieged the country. Their power was broken, however, and gradually peace returned to the hard-pressed German community in the country. The German area of Iglau with its eighty-one German-speaking communities emerged unbroken from this race war raging against Germanism, and that is why July 5, 1436 was a day of joy for all the inhabitants of this language island, when the Diet, meeting in Iglau, declared the Hussite war over.

A band of well-armed men had marched down the road from Iglau in the most joyful mood and had split off from a few of their comrades at every country road that led to the individual villages or farms, likewise in Pfauendorf, and had now arrived at the Radkreuz, where again a band separated to take the country road to Schrittenz, while the others followed the road to Stecken. Only two men, after saying goodbye to the other hikers, remained at the Wheelcross stone column.

These two, fundamentally different in their clothing, otherwise resembled each other like brothers; both were giant warrior figures, blue-

eyed with flowing blond hair and just as broad beards. But while the one wore the costume of the rich, free peasant, the broad hat and the leather knee breeches with the red gusset, the other seemed to be a monk, for he wore a capuchin habit, without the usual insignia of such a monk, for neither the rosary hung in front of his belt, nor was this belt a rope, rather, it was a dignified belt made of brown leather, on which, next to the pocket, a short broadsword - a so-called ox tongue - made itself known in a threatening manner, so that it must have been clear to everyone how this "seltzsame Münnich" man would certainly not voluntarily turn his right cheek to anyone who would strike him on the left.

The surroundings of the Wheelcross and the monument itself presented a very different picture than today. Dense forest stood on both sides of the narrow, unkempt road, but just next to the Wheelcross column stretched a considerable farmstead, in which diligently cultivated fields enclosed a spacious courtyard, the Ruotkreuzhof, or Wheelcross estate, while on its borders a few small cottages appeared almost built into the forest for the workers belonging to the farmstead. The wide courtyard was surrounded by a solid wall, made of quarry stones, in which a very peculiar symbol was walled in by eight bricks. Five bricks stood side by side in intervals of brick thickness, which were edged on two horizontally laid bricks, while the eighth brick stood vertically again at the bottom and seemed to carry the upper seven.²



This brick symbol was called the "Donnerbesen" or Thunder-Broom and it meant that the owner of the farm was a "throne lord" of the "Holy Feme", whose sign was the "Wheel Cross", which was therefore also called

(2) See G.-L.-B No. 5, "Pictorial Writing of the Ario-Germanic People," pp. 267 and 334, Fig. 798.

the "Wheel-Land- Column" (Ruotlands-Saule)³.

This stood therefore also at the border of the Wittek homestead, who sat as "proprietor" on the "Wheel Cross Estate" he was entitled to inherit and therefore was also the "inheritor" of the Castle on the Hohenstein,

(3) When the Saxon duke Widukind was defeated by the Frankish king Charles in the thirty-three-year struggle for German faith and German law, the followers of Odinism, among them primarily the Armanen as the Odinic priests, withdrew, and took the now outlawed German faith and law into the "secret eight" of the "fem" (five) fingers of the sword hand closed into a fist, which secret connection was therefore called the "holy feme". Their most sacred sign was the "guerel" (whorl), also called "ruot cross" or "wheel cross", which was not a Christian sign of the cross, but an Odinist sign of salvation. This Wheelcross was an isosceles cross, whose arms with rim-like bent hooks within a circle represented itself, symbolically designated the ancient tool for fire production, the whisk.



It was the symbol of religion and law, and in the Peasants' War it was the flag of the rebellious peasants. In order to protect themselves from persecution, they had secret signs and gave words a different meaning and spoke in such a way that only those who should and were allowed to understand it could understand it. One such sign was the "thunder broom", which in the secret language meant: "thunar besen" ("do right the wicked"), namely "judge the wicked". It consisted of two signs, namely the upper five (fem) bricks (tegel), and meant as 'Fem tegel' = "Fem secret". The lower sign from the three bricks symbolized a "hammer" and meant in the secret meaning: "ham ar", namely the "Heimatsrecht" or "Landrecht", which was called again "Ruotland" or "Roland" with secret meanings. Therefore, the old German "Irminsul" or "Irminsäulen" later became Ruotkreuzen or Ruotkreuzsäulen also Rolandsäulen, which were markers of the secretly cherished and maintained land rights, and have nothing in common with the legendary paladin Roland of the Frankish king Charles. They were the signs of rebellion against the forcibly introduced Roman law and were therefore furiously persecuted. Therefore, when a city or municipality lost its independence, the first thing to do was to overthrow the Roland pillar and deny the defeated their own jurisdiction. The Ruotkreuz pillars - since they were Roland pillars - were also overthrown or at least deprived of their markings. The people of the country, however, who clung tenaciously to Germanism and its rights, knew how to help themselves. They erected wooden crosses in Christian shape, even crucifixes, in place of the fallen old wheelcrosses, and painted them with "red color" to remind those in the know of the old "Ruot cross" through this color sense. The "red color" had already long since become the color of law, precisely as a result of that color sense (color symbolism), since "Ruot" (red) meant "law"; just think of the red coat of the executioner. Thus also the "Ruotkreuzsäule" to "Rotenkreuz" kept exactly in this way forcibly lost its old marks, which consisted just in that "Ruotkreuz" and possibly in still other Fem or signs. In the square panels above the capital of the Rotkreuz column, which, as said, do not show any writing and no picture, one can still clearly see the bracket holes in which those pictorial signs were once embedded.

which lay hidden deep in the forbidden forest, whose Fem- and Fraisszeichen meant just the "Wheel Cross".

So the two of them stood together, talking about the events of today, and hardly noticed how the shadows gradually lengthened and the sun's glow reddened, announcing the imminent onset of darkness.

"You shall never go home to the holy grove on Hohenstein⁴ today, Kalawiß, it will soon be night; you shall spend the night with me." Thus said the Ruothof farmer Wittek, pointing to the sinking sun and looking over to his yard, from which a female figure was coming towards the two men. Therefore he added: "There she is already, my Marget, she will forbid you to go home".

Then the hermit laughed brightly and said: "Is something done simply because your landlady Marget commands it?"

"You should know them better, the power of women, Kalawiss," said the Ruothof farmer laughing, "you know how the old mountain man himself ducks when Frau Holle lifts her woman's shoe."

"But I am Hagestalde!"⁵ returned the hermit, laughing again; but by then the Ruothof farmer's wife Marget had approached the two, embraced and kissed her husband heartily, then faithfully held out her hand to the hermit and, shaking his right hand vigorously, said to him: "Happy welcome, hermit! - Come to the mead hall and tell us about the Thing⁶ at Iglau."

But the hermit refused and said that he had to go home to the garden on the Hohenstein. But the Ruothof farmer's wife did not want to accept this. Therefore she took the hermit by the right hand and quickly pulled the short broadsword out of his scabbard, which she quickly hid in her clothes, laughing and saying: "This is woman's right, I have seized you; now come in and win back your fencing iron with 'etun jah drungkun'⁷

(4) "Sacred grove," which surrounded the "Halgadom (sanctuary, temple site) of Wuotan," and still today, next to Wheel-Cross-Hof, surrounds this well-preserved ancient healing site.

(5) or , Hagestolz (a holy man)

(6) Landgeding, Landtag, modern "parliament", or law-making meeting.

(7) "Essen und Trinken", simply "food and drink"

with good news and old tales. Come in!" And with that she dragged the laughing struggling man laughing into the courtyard, followed by the no less happily laughing hof owner.

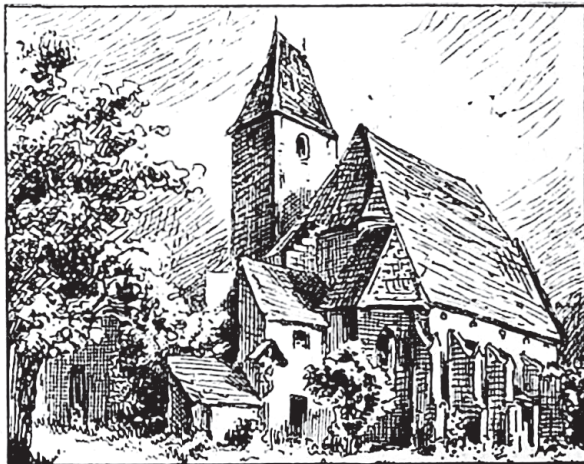
Inside the parlor, where the benches and chests and the large square table stood against the walls, the children, farmhands and maidens of the Ruotkreuzhof were already gathered, waiting for the returning farmer to take supper. The Ruothof farmer's wife led her guest to the place of honor next to Wittek's armchair, whereupon she thrust Einsiedel's impounded broadsword into the wainscoting above her seat, saying: "When the sun was setting, I captured you, Einsiedel; when the sun is rising, I will give you back your freedom with your sword; now be at ease as our dear guest." With that she handed him a kraussen⁸ full of mead to drink, and in honor of him she gave him the first drink of it, saying: "Wohl bekomm's trinkt Heil!"

The hermit raised the kraussen to his mouth and made a deep drink from it, after he had spoken to Marget that he wanted to consecrate this drink to her as his prison guard. Now Wittek broke off a large piece of bread from the loaf, which he also offered to his guest, who also enjoyed it under mutual greetings and blessings, after which everyone sat down at the table and eagerly ate the food that had been served.

After the meal was finished and the cups - in honor of the guest - were filled again, he began to tell about the Iglau Land-thing and soon everyone was full of joy that the Hussite war was over and peace had returned to the country. And when the back and forth talk about it had reached its end, Mrs. Marget reminded Einsiedel how he knew how to tell such beautiful fairy tales, and asked him to tell such a tale before the "Eheholden"⁹ went to their sleeping places, so that they could fill themselves with the story before going to bed. She herself and her dear landlord would then like to have another drink with their dear guest and

(8) A large jug with four to six mouthpieces for drinking; of which the rim had the appearance of "krause" (beer foam); hence the name.

(9) Servants and maids.



Illus. 21. See page 96. The church at Sievering.

probably even more, if it pleased him.

The hermit was happy to do so, and after he had taken a good sip, he began to tell this little tale:

"It was a time long ago. There lived in a beautiful country a rich, wise woman, who was as rich as a queen, had many cows and other livestock and so much flax and hemp that she was not able to spin and weave all of it, and also her storehouse could hardly hold all her riches. Once she went out into the forest to get some sweet berries, and when she had eaten enough of them and filled her basket, she got tired and lay down under a dogwood tree to rest and sleep a little. When she awoke, it seemed to her as if the bush had grown larger around her, and more densely intertwined, for she had to free herself from its branches, which had wrapped themselves around her like bands, but she hardly thought she had slumbered longer than an hour. But the sun was already low, so she hurried home. When she got home, however, she was not a little surprised to find her farm completely changed. Strange people were working in it, all the wealth had disappeared, and bare poverty peeked out at her from every nook and cranny. After she had recovered from her initial fright and asked the people who were working in her yard for an explanation of this incomprehensible turn of events, they gave her an answer in a foreign language, laughing mockingly, which she did not understand, and finally threw her out of the yard gate. Thus the rich woman had become a beggar, who finally died somewhere of hunger and misery."

The hermit had finished his fairy tale, but it remained quiet in the parlor, because everyone had expected a nice funny fairy tale and had only heard a gloomy story, which they did not know how to interpret. Mrs. Marget noticed this, too, and therefore she asked the hermit:

"You know how to say beautiful things, my dear guest, and what you have told is certainly instructive, but tell us also the lesson that should illuminate it, in order to make it useful."

The hermit, however, smiled to himself, then he spoke: "Do you want to know, then, who the rich woman was? Do you not realize that you yourselves are the woman, all of you, our people? - Do you think you can

sleep peacefully now because of the Iglau land-thing? Do you still not know, or have you already slept through it, that the whole land once belonged to you, and that the Slavs ousted you from it except for this forest district and some other similar small forest areas? And do you think that he will grant you these mountains and will not wait to drive you out of them as well? Therefore, take advantage of the victory of the brave Meinhart of Neuhaus, be on your guard and do not sleep! Our old God still lives, who has neither name, mouth nor ears, but who leads us as the mightiest champion, if we let ourselves be led, therefore watch and use your swords!"

This made sense to everyone, and the men beat the tabletop with their fists and stomped the floor with their legs. But the Ruothof farmer Wittek had jumped up, offered Einsiedel his right hand and said: "God's richest reward, Kalawiss, for this word. Reinier door Feueri!"¹⁰

"Mit Strick und Stein, mit Gras und Grein" / "With rope and stone, with gras and grein!"¹¹ said the hermit emphatically and struck at the offered right hand of the Ruothof farmer, pressing it in a special way.

Mrs. Marget, however, had risen and pulled the impounded broadsword out of the panel in order to return it to the hermit before the appointed time of the rising sun; this was to express her applause. She looked at the weapon with a curious eye, and on one side of the blade she saw the sign of the wheel-cross and the runes: "S. S. G. G." engraved, and on the other an isosceles cross in a circular arc and on the cross the sign:

(10) "Reinigen durch Feuer"; "Purify through fire"; a slogan and exhortation of the holy Feme (secret), which figuratively meant: "roden" or "clear"; i.e.: "right".

(11) "Strick (rope)" from willow braid = willow = wyd = law. "Stein (stone)" = "ziegel" (brick) = tegel = schweigen (silence) = geheimnis (secret). - "Gras" = geras of thunderstorm, thunder = tun ar = recht tun ar = recht/right). - "Grein" = greyen = receive. So the meaning of this secret saying (femruf) is: "Keep the law alive by silence and doing right". On the fem swords this saying was indicated by the letters: "S. S. G. G." or in runes: (S S G G runes). [In Germany, there were famous secret courts called "Fem- or Fehmgerichte, Vehmgerichte" with secret passwords and sayings, etc. There is some research on these courts available.]

More details about the Feme in: G.-L.-B. No. 3. "The Rita of the Ario-Germanic". [New edition Verlag Edition Geheimes Wissen, Graz 2011]

"V"¹² The hermit noticed her action and smilingly gave the Ruothofbauer a furtive hint, which he answered in the same way. Mrs. Marget, however, returned the sword to the hermit with holy awe, saying gratefully, "You always know the right thing to say and to interpret, but the signs on your sword are unclear to me."

"Unclear?" said the hermit, and was about to take the weapon, but Marget still held it, saying, "I was about to release you from my bailiwick, but you still have to interpret the signs for me!"

"The signs?" said the hermit, smiling, "the tuesse tugege. - ?¹³ two S's and two G's? They make you, Mrs. Marget, wonder? These are my dear patrons above in heaven, the holy Siegfried and Siegbert, Gerhold and Gerbert along with the holy sign of the Godhead."

Mrs. Marget smiled in amazement and looked over at her smiling husband as if in silent questioning, then she pretended to be satisfied with the explanation and handed the weapon to the hermit with the words: "Take back your pledge, hermit, you have solved it honestly, but now it has also become clear to me that you are not a Roman monk! You are someone else than you seem to be, and as such someone else you are even more welcome to me than before.

Outside, night had fallen completely; the pine shavings illuminated the parlor with a dull light, and it was time for the servants to find their sleeping places. Mrs. Marget prepared new shavings to renew the soon burned out ones, filled the Kraußen with fresh mead, while the servants left the parlor with a "restful night", after which Frau Marget also took her children to bed, while the Ruothof farmer and his guest remained alone in the parlor, awaiting Mrs. Marget's return.

"Reinier door Feueri!" called the landlord, after they were alone, and toasted with his kraußen to that of the guest, who smiled meaningfully and lifted his mead jug with a "Tuesse tugege!" to toast with Wittek to a common deep drink.

(12) The signs of the fem sword: "Ruot cross, rope, stone, grass and Grein", the V on the cross = Femrecht (V = Fem, cross - Rod = right).

(13) Another secret phrase: "tuesse tugege" (2 S, 2 G) = "present in secret, pronounced in english as two-ess-uh, two-gay-guh"



Illus. 22. see page 67-71. St. Michael's Church of Heiligenstadt.

But they had hardly lifted the jugs to their mouths when the farm dog made a noise and then ran with furious barking to the yard gate, from where the barking of another dog also resounded, namely from outside, whereupon three powerful blows at the gate came as a sign that someone outside was asking to be let in. Soon Wittek's servants stood well-armed in the yard, waiting for the Ruothof farmer and his instructions.

Both of them quickly put down their steins to look into the courtyard to see what was happening. Kalawiß, however, said: "Thing-judge (Dinggreve)¹⁴, that was well done by your dear Marget, that she freed my Dag (sword)¹⁵ for me, it seems that it may be useful here. "It may well be," said Wittek, and hurried out to the gate with his guest.

"Who desires admittance?" cried the Ruotkreuzbauer (wheelcross farmer), swinging himself with a firebrand onto the wall beside the gate, where outside the "Donnerbesen" was walled up, and shined the light out to see.

Outside, however, stood a woman who had led a howling dog on a rope beside her, and held up three straws with her right hand, while she cried out in lamentation:

"Mordio! Mordio! I am justified, Wheel-cross farmer, help me find my justice."

"Who are you?" asked Wittek.

"Kunzens' widow," sobbed the woman, "they have slain my husband; help me to justice, Ruotkreuzhofer, let me in." -

"So you are the wife to Herr Kunzen Walburg? - Come in, and tell me how it happened. Open the gate!" he shouted to the servants, swinging himself from the wall to calm his farm dog, which obediently fell silent, but snarled around his master.

The gate creaked open, and the farm-wife, leading the dog by the rope, entered and was led by Wittek into the parlor, while the gate was closed and well locked. Kalawiß followed the two. The servants went back

(14) Presiding Judge of the secret court (Vehmgericht).

(15) Dag = Vehm-sword; from which the word: "Degen" (rapier, dagger).

to rest.

Frau Walburg reported to the Ruotkreuzhofer that after darkness had fallen and she and her husband had gone to their sleeping place, suddenly the dog had started barking, whereupon Kunz hurried out to have a look. Some men had already driven away her husband's only cow and steed, and one of them then killed Kunz in a scuffle. In her desperation, she threw herself at the robber with a hatchet and knocked him to the ground with a single blow, and she hit him so well that he collapsed without a sound and never moved again. Since she lived alone on the farm with her husband Kunz, and could no longer get help from her husband, she took the farm dog and three stalks from the thatched roof of the farm as witnesses to the truth, in order to seek justice and help.

"That was well done by you, Leitenhoferin," said Wittek, "the court guardian, who watches over the people of his property day and night, the faithful dog, bears witness like the cat, who sits at the hearth, like the rooster, who watches over the hens, and also the three stalks from the roof offer surety; the goose with stretched out neck, the crane with the stone in the claw, are also interpreters of the meaning of the watch, but they do not have witness power like dog, cat and rooster. But tell me, Frau Walburg, how is it that you two have been living without a guardian-servant?"

"How is that, you ask?" answered Walburg, sobbing. "Wasn't our farm burned and robbed twice last year, weren't all our farmhands and maidens slain or dragged off, so that we could save nothing but our poor lives? Cow and steed my father gave us over at Simetshoff¹⁶ to help us out a bit, but where to get servant and maiden for whom we lack food? And now all is lost!"

"And who were the peacebreakers? tell us?" asked Kalawiß urgently.

"Who else but Taborites," wailed the Leitenhoferin, adding, "Do you know this wretched people; does not one look like another, these Everywhere and Nowhere?"

(16)Today: Simmersdorf.

Then Kalawiß had jumped up excitedly and hit the table with his fist, shouting: "Dinggreve, now is the time, let the Kraianfyr flame, strip all the men and drive with the thunder-broom into this gang, and whoever falls into your hands alive, hang him by the legs on the nearest scrawny tree, for a gallows would do these murderers too great honor!"

"Go on, go on!" the Ruotkreuzhofer called calmly, but firmly, and looked the Kalawiß firmly in the sparkling eye, then he continued, speaking the mysterious-sounding words, understandable only to the initiated: "Rohand Hofut ege Sola!"¹⁷ This was meant to be a warning, but it resembled a threat.

"I understand well, Dinggreve, what you mean; the resting head on the column could mean mine, if it were placed on the executioner's block? - Wasn't that what you meant? But I will bet my head, and let the Kraianfyr flame! Do you think that those from the Inglaue Landgeding, or the king without a country, or even the German emperor would help you? What about the Hussite crusade? - Hey?!"

But unmoved, unexcited, the Dinggreve remained, and said only in an apparently indifferent manner, almost smiling: "Your zeal, Kalawiß, is good, I commend it, but drink one to cool your fire, then listen and advise, then consider, and then, only then act!"

Kalawiß had first looked into Ruotkreuzhofer's blue eye, then smiled quietly at himself, grabbed the Kraußen to take a cooling drink, as he had been told, and then held out his hand to Wittek, shaking it vigorously: "You're always the smart one, Wittek; let's hear how and what you think."

Then Frau Marget came and had the Leitenhoferin tell her about the attack and had offered everything to comfort the weeping woman, to

(17) "Rohand Hafut Ege Sola"; "Resting head on angular column". An ambiguous fem formula. Resolved: "Ro" = right. - "Hand hofut" = hand has. - "Ege" = sword. - "Sola" = solar right = court; i.e.: "The right hand has the sword of the court". The art to unravel these word formulas was called "Kala", therefore the hermit was called "Knower of Kala". "Kalawiß."

(18) The court day that this breach of the peace required, and which had to be immediately "conditioned", i.e. convened.

promise her the willing help of her husband, and also to offer her hospitality for this night and, if necessary, also for a longer time, at least until a judgment.¹⁸ Since it had already become late, the men postponed their consultation for the coming day, and the guests were bedded down, the lights were extinguished, and soon the Ruotkreuzhof was once again quiet.

A few days had passed in the country, there the road by the Ruotkreuzhof again the Einsiedel of the Hohenstein walked, this time however coming from the other side. He seemed to be in a great hurry, for he walked at a good trot and was very dusty; he must also have been a bit warm, for thick drops of sweat stood on his forehead and trickled down into his mighty broad beard.

Then he met a band of horsemen, who were probably coming from Iglau on the road to Prague. He carefully hid his broadsword in the folds of his robe, pulled his hood lower over his eyes and, assuming a humble, stooped posture, slowly strode along the edge of the road, pretending to be modest. When the foremost of the horsemen had reached him, he offered him the pious greeting: "Praise be to God in the highest!" "For eternity, amen," returned the horseman, then he asked: "Tell me, pious brother, how far is it to the city of Brod,¹⁹ belonging to those of the Teutonic Knights?"

"The poor hermit can't tell you that; what does he know about what you are asking? He only knows his forest, and there only mushrooms, berries and herbs", Kalawiß answered with a silly chuckle, and continued to answer all the other questions that the horseman asked him, until the horseman, half annoyed, half amused, handed the hermit a large piece of silver, which the hermit apparently looked at curiously, but then returned it with the remark that he could not use it, since it was not for eating. The horseman and his comrades laughed heartily at this, and Kalawiß thought he could go on his way, when the horseman had something else to ask.

"Tell me," forest brother: Why did you greet me earlier with the

(19) Today: Deutsch-Brod.

words: Praised be God in the highest! And not, as is the custom, with: Praise be to Jesus Christ?" the horseman asked. But the hermit gave - as it seemed to the questioner - the simple answer: "The poor hermit thinks like an honest farmer: As long as the old God is still alive, he will not hand over the rule to his son; a wise farmer does not do that, and our Lord God in heaven will not be less wise than a farmer, strict sir?" Then the horseman, laughing loudly, had muttered something into his beard, put spurs to his steed, and had ridden away, and with him his followers. But the hermit had looked after him with a sly smile, beaten them with his hand and thought to himself, how good such an earth-brown robe is, even better than the famous camouflage skin of Siegfried the Horned.

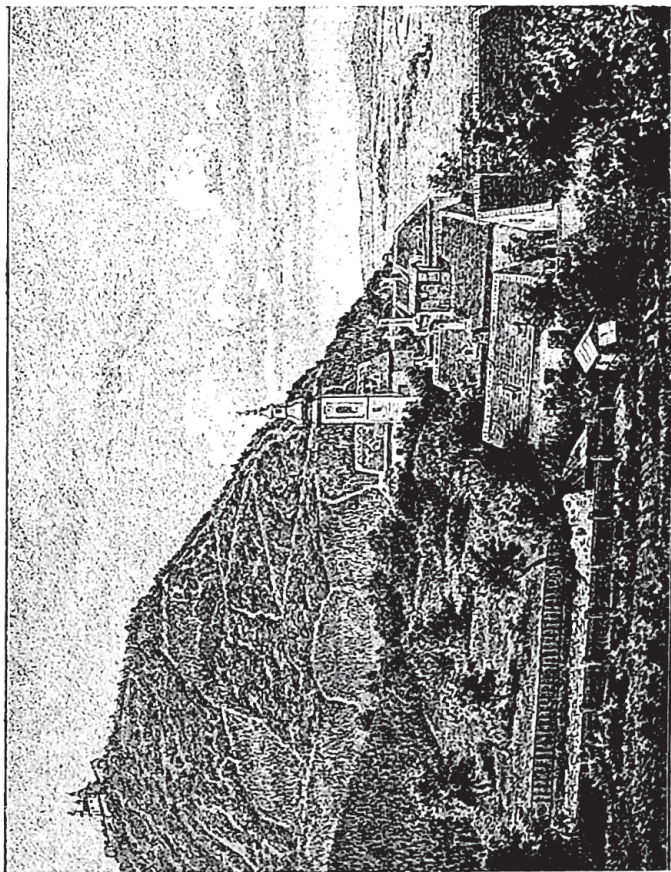
Soon Kalawiß was sitting behind a well-filled cabbage in Wittek's parlor, engaged in serious conversation with him.

"So you think, Kalawiß, that this was the Terzky of Cipa, whom you saw and spoke with his horsemen?" said Wittek thoughtfully and still doubtfully.

"I don't just mean that, I know that! I have heard enough to know where I stand. Terzky has acquired the town of Brod from the German lords, which he is now going to make Czech. That's why our farms are burning and are being robbed to make room for the Unkenbrut. That is why Karhofer is no longer safe, because he is in league with the fiends, and he thinks he can get protection from Terzky. That is why he gives shelter to the Slavic robbers, and that is why we could not arrest any of them. Karhofer must be ostracized, because he is an unfaithful man! Now you know why the Leitenhof had to be burned to the ground so that the Karhofer could take it from Terzky as a fief. Before the Thing²⁰ with the traitor, still better, however, immediately at the gallows with him!"

Wittek thought for a long time, then he said, "The Terzky won't stay here long, the Greveding (judgement meeting) comes at full moon, so in six nights to the Freistuhl am Hohenstein, there Terzky is gone and the Karhofer without umbrella -"

(20) Ding/Thing = Court. Dingstätte = Thing place = court place.



Illus. 23. see page 91. the Leopoldsberg with the Kahlenbergendorf. (Drawing by Gustav Zafaurek).

"What are you shying away from, Dinggreve, the Terzky? Charge him, too, and hang them both!" Kalawiß had spoken excitedly and added: "The five fellows who follow him are soon thrown down, and then you shall only look where their bones bleach."

"I command right and forbid wrong, and that would be against law and custom!" said the Dinggreve firmly.

"But that doesn't apply here!" the other interjected just as firmly. "Right against right, but violence against violence! Consider! Forseti,²¹ the most just and wise of the Aesir applied the law to the enemies of the gods and men against his blood brothers the Aesir, and the world of the gods began its' twilight. If he had slain the giants like father Donar, met violence with violence, we would not have to cower before the foreign god at the cross today! Consider this and give lawful rights to the ones who are worthy of it, but violence to he who challenges it, so you will do wisely and justly at the same time, otherwise the Slavs will grow even more over our heads than they already have, and we will be like the berry seeker I told you about only the other day. Is it not sad and shameful at the same time that I, the God-front²² of our old Gods, have to live my existence disguised and concealed in the dress of a Christian monk, and am hardly respected as such by my own people? Do you all want to deny your nationality and disguise yourselves as Slavs - as Karhofer dares to do openly before your eyes? - To the gallows with him and his seducers, but above all with Terzky!"

"I know too well what evil times are now," replied the Dinggreve, "but I also know that we both have to think and act differently. You, the God's-front, the truthful and the champion of our old ancestral doctrines, you point to our old, banished God, but I, the knowing Schöppe, the

(21) Forseti, the son of Baldur and Nana; the judge in Asgard.

(22) Gottesfronde = Gods' front = Odin priests; these were skalds and bards, the poet-singers, who later Christianized as "minstrels" spread their old teachings again according to the rules of the "Kala". "Minne", means: "commemoration"; they commemorated the doctrine of the Wuotans Time in Christian disguise; to interpret "Minne" as "love" is a later lack of understanding.

Erbdinggreve, I must point to the right, come what may! Do you, Kalawiß, know your oath?"

"Do I know it?" asked Kalawiß, rising and solemnly beginning to recite it as follows: "I swear by the Urfyr²³ to keep and help to keep the sacred feme, to conceal it from father and mother, from sister and brother, from wife and child, from fire and wind, from all that the sun shines upon, from all that the rain mists over, from all that is between heaven and earth. - And because I know so well this oath to keep and to help to keep the holy feme, so I challenge you, Femgreve, by your and my oath to rebuke 'misdeeds'!²⁴ Therefore to the gallows with the Terzky!"

"It is safe to deal with Karhofer," said Dinkgreve firmly and calmly, "but Terzky I cannot condition or keep, my Ruothand²⁵ is not enough for him, for I am rightly wise!"

"But are not the Gods and the Right the same thing, and if I point to the Gods, do I not also point to the Right? And isn't your chair, Dinggreve,²⁶ set up to find a new judgment after the creation of new misdeeds. Isn't our old Rite²⁷ the tree that always produces new fruits when the old ones have long since been consumed, but whose new fruits resemble the old ones as one apple resembles another, for the consumed ones have fulfilled their purpose, but the new ones must serve new purposes, which again resemble the old ones. Therefore, chair your Thing, find and create new laws for the new danger." This was said with glowing eyes by the Godsfront, but the Dinggreve could not be brought out of his calm; without showing any agitation, he only asked the

(23) Urfyr = the divine fire, God. The heavenly fire was the sun and the lightning; the earthly fire was the flame; the human fire was love.

(24) Urtat = (Urted) = a deed which causes subsequent deeds, here a root cause which causes other problems.

(25) Ruothand = right hand = judicial power.

(26) Chairs - The Thingchair or Freechair (chairman) led the Thing (court session).

(27) Rita = Rites = the oldest, unwritten laws of a people or tribe; hence the derivational words "Rita gemäß" or "Rita according to". "rituals", etc.

counter-question: "Am I then the Council (Greveding) or the Council-chairperson (Dinggreve)? Bring this before the Council, and what the council says, both will do. Today, however, I can and may only command that Karhofer be summoned before the Thing; the rest is up to the Gods to handle."

"The Karhofer has already been marked,²⁸" the hermit returned and took out a wooden stick from his leather bag, which he held out to the Ruotkreuzhofer with a smile; "the splinter there has already been hewn out of his farm gate; the charge is in the gap. I had to walk hard, because it is not too close the Karhof to my Haingarten"; then he put the marker back into his pocket.

Now the Ruotkreuzhofer saw the light and said, making big eyes: "The Terzky won't ride far, but will stay to protect the Karhofer; so the Terzky must also be killed?"

But Kalawiß answered laughingly, "Just for that reason the Terzky would ride on as quickly as possible and take the Karhofer with him, if I had not seen to it that they had to stay; the Terzky with his five horsemen and the Karhofer too. They are safe for us!"

"You didn't talk to them at all!" said Wittek with growing amazement.

"Am I not called Kalawiß?! Otherwise I would have had to discredit my name if I had not been able to do so. I was inside at the Karhofer's and caught up with him, his wife and his Czech servants, and there I learned everything, including that Terzky himself was expected, and the Karhofer was full of arrogance, because he already sees himself as a Czech baron or even as a count, and thinks that the Karhof must become a fortress like Spielberg in Brno. Then I acted very surprised and said that there was no room to stable six horses. Then he made very big and showed me the stable, which he had already prepared for Terzky and his horses, and how the hay was already lying in the stalls and the oats were already piled up.

(28) As a sign of a completed charge (similar to a subpoena), a chip or splinter was hewn out of the gate of the charged man, this was called "spahnen" (splinter); he "splintered" when he saw what was in store for him.

But then I fetched a miracle herb from my pocket and mixed it unnoticed under the hay, and also put some strong grains under the oats, so that Terzky will not be able to go on as soon as he would like, because the horses will probably not be able to walk again so easily when they have my herbs in their bellies. When I had done that and said goodbye, I left by a different route, then secretly and stealthily went back to the farm to spy on it, and then again just as secretly through ditch and moss and only further out of his farmyard back on the road to see the Terzky, so that I know him and his riders and can recognize them. But then I ran to get to your Kraußen, Wittek, for the slog through bush and moss and sand and dust was truly not a 'mihilawunni'²⁹, for it was sweat-inducing and thirst-producing at the same time."

The Dinggreve dared to look behind his right ear and then behind his left ear and did not look very funny, because he felt a bit sultry because of the daring game, which once started, also had to be finished. To summon Terzky, who was outside his Greveding jurisdiction, his hand did not reach that far; but if he did, he put himself and his chair in the wrong and became a peacebreaker himself.

"Kalawiß," he said after long consideration, "your action is good in case of war, and necessity may excuse it. You may work it yourself as you think best, but I must not violate law and custom, and therefore I must not appear before the Femstuhl of Terzky. Do with the Terzky what seems good to you, I know nothing about it and will know nothing. The Dinggreve has to deal only with the Karhofer, know and remember that, and also only to him the judgment is sought and found. With the other it is about force and not law. I cannot prevent you from using force, but I cannot and must not and will not encourage you in it, indeed I must not know, and only because it is you whom I trust, only for that reason I know nothing of what you told me of Terzky;" and with these words Wittek poured the rest of the mead that was still in his kraußen over his armpit behind him, as a sign of forgetting.

(29) "mihilawunni" = a great delight; festive mood.

Kalawiß was frozen; he had not expected that. In a clenched voice he uttered the words, "But necessity is above these commandments; force requires force and not justice! Consider what you owe your people!"

"True spoken, Kalawiß!" replied Wittek softly but firmly. "Truly spoken! All we owe to the service of our people; all! - Only - conscience and honor not! My name is Wittek, that is, the forest dweller, and I am namely a lawman and must abide by that."³⁰

With that, this conversation was concluded and Kalawiß left the Ruotkreuzhof.

High above on the star-spangled, deep-dark vault of the sky stood the full moon in a calm glow, like the leader trusting himself and his right in a crowd of uncertain comrades who are only able to find their own order, their own apparent calm in the compelling force and moderate power of their ruler. Like gloomy clouds, the dark masses of the forests lay on both sides of the silvery road, while the gray Wheelcross column, bathed in moonlight, stood out from the forest gloom, visible from afar, and the shining gold Wheelcross on it flickered ghostly in the moonbeams. But today the Ruotkreuzsäule bore other signs as well. On the iron hook under the Wheelcross hung a triangular shield, divided four times into red and silver, and a broad and long battle sword with sheath and hilt that was the sign of the secret court, because the Dinggreve, who strode to the Freistuhl, hung up his shield and his sword at the Rolandssäule, before he armed himself with the Dag, the "Femschwert". The coat of arms pictured on the shield, however, says to the knowing meaningfully: "Fyr Thel ruoth an de wit", which means in the secret language of the Kala: "God begets right and laws."³¹

Then, slowly and hesitantly, a man came walking towards the

(30) Wittek, actually: Willing. "Wil", wid = wood, forest, law; "ing" = derivational syllable; thus: "descendant". Witting (Wittek, Wittik, etc.) in the proper sense "forest dweller"; in the non-proper sense of "Kala" however "law keeper", i.e. "law knower", "judge" (wetten = to judge.)

(31) The heraldist says: "Four times divided in red and silver"; thus: Four parts red and white. "Vier/Four" = Fyr (Urfyr) - God. - "Teil/Part" = tel = beget. - "Red" = ruot = recht/right. - "Weiss/White" = wyd = law. - This is how all ancient, real coats of arms can be "read", because they are all "hieroglyphics", which can be shown by many thousands of examples. The secret interpretation is again the "Kala".

Wheelcross, who often stopped and kept a lookout and - according to all appearances - would rather have run away than to continue walking. Slowly, but nevertheless, he approached the Wheelcross, in front of which he stopped and looked around again. Suddenly, without knowing where the figure might have come from so abruptly, a hooded man stood in front of him and gruffly shouted the words: "Why are you so late, disregarding the deadline? I would never have waited much longer. You would have been spared the Thing meeting, Karhofer, because there are enough trees here to hang you on. Come and follow."

"Where shall I follow you?" asked the Karhofer in an uncertain tone.

"Over the two 'Wihistani to Halistan'³² in the Haingarten waiting at the Hohenstein, the old Halgadam. Come!" was the answer of the hooded man.

Sighing, the Karhofer, who did not suspect anything good, but who knew only too well that there was no escape for him, submitted.

Without speaking another word, the two men walked into the forest. Soon they arrived at the first "Wihistan"³³. This was a huge block of stone, over two men's height, surrounded by a crowd of smaller stones; it marked the boundary site of a very important man's territory.

"Do you know this mark?" asked the hooded man, and when Karhofer was silent, he said, "Your ancestors helped to pile up this mark over the ashes of King Ruothari, and at that time they placed the heaviest curse on the head of a traitor. You will do well, if you are blameless, to ask the spirit of Ruothari for succor."

Then there was a rustling through the beeches and, startled, the Karhofer, without speaking a word, hurried on at the side of the hooded

(32) "Wihistan" = votive stone; mound grave. There are two of them next to Rotenkreuz. "Halistan" = holy stone, free chair. It is still standing near the Halgadam at the Hohenstein next to Rotenkreuz. Today, the three stone settings are called together, the "Kappelei" (three chapels).

(33) The following descriptions of the localities - as well as the old preceding ones - correspond exactly to the condition of the same, as they still present themselves to the observer, and are, as far as they are described here in undestroyed existence, conscientiously completed on the basis of scientific research. Whoever wants to visit the venerable Halgadam at Hohenstein next to Rotenkreuz, it will be easy for him to find and recognize those localities.

man through the darkness of the forest. Soon they had reached the second "Wihistan". Piled up like a pyramid, mighty boulders towered over one another, leaving an empty space at the top that almost resembled a pulpit. "This is the mark of Wittig, the royal blacksmith, the son of Wieland," the hooded man said again and added: "He was also a Ruotwart³⁴, as his descendants at the Ruotkreuzhof still are today, and our Erbdinggreve, the Wittek, is his descendant. If you are not a traitor, Wittig's spirit will shield thee; call upon him!"

Stray moonbeams swirled around the "Wihistan" and in the forest it roared and rustled like the distant sound of a harp, and the Karhofer was shaking like a feverish chill, but defiantly strode on. Soon they both turned left. Steeply it went up the height. The sweat of fear stood on Karhofer's forehead as the hooded man stopped, took Karhofer's hat off his head, threw a leather sack over his head, which hung down to his chest, and then tied his hands behind his back. This happened wordlessly, because the hooded man did not have to tell him that the person who had been brought with a debt was only allowed to enter the "holy Ruot-Art"³⁵ tied up.

On the slope of a steep surface, the "Halistan", which was much larger than Wittig's "Wihistan", rose from the centuries-old beech forest. Silently, about a hundred men surrounded the ancient sanctuary and, forming a wide alley, softly moved aside as the hooded man led the bound man through to the judgment chair, the Freistuhl.

Through the artfully layered mighty boulders, which were again piled up to a rock pyramid, a narrow path wound its way up to a circular plane surmounted by mighty stones, in which the open chair stood. The same

(34) Ruotwart = ruot, recht, right; wart = ward, so ruotwart = legal guardian: a guardian of the law. [Modern Asatru might use the designation "Lawspeaker" here.]

(35) Ruot-Art = red earth, i. e. "legally possessed hereditary earth". In the narrower sense, the Halagadom and the Mal- or Dingstätte; in the broader sense, the entire earth inhabited by Germans and legally possessed by inheritance. Hence also "Ruotland" = legal land, and the "Ruotlands"- or "Rolandssäulen", the marks of the "German law" in contrast to the "Roman law", as the ancient inherited land and people's law.



Illus. 24: At the Agnesbründl (after a painting by the Vienna painter Zafaurek in the author's possession). See pg. 95.

rose under the "hanging stone", a hemispherically hollowed rock, which vaulted over the Freistuhl like a niche. On this Freistuhl sat the Dinggreve, to the right and left of him, on brick, semicircular stone seats three Freischöffen each. In front of the Freistuhl stood a table-like, square stone tablet, called the "Fyrege" (fire eye, God's eye), and on the same lay the "Dag" namely the fine sword, and the "Wyd", a noose, woven from thin willow rods. A red silk thread was stretched around the fyrege, the Freistuhl and the Schöffensitze, while on three corners of the fyrege torches burned and only the fourth, northern corner of the "fyrege" remained unlit. The witnesses, among them the Leitenhoferin with her dog, stood outside the red hay thread at that corner of the Fyreges, which was lit up with a torch, the Karhofer at the unlit other corner.

After all the awkward questions and answers, which ancient custom tied to the "cultivation and care of a free Greveding", the Dinggreve rose from his chair, pressed with his right index finger on the spring of the Dag, whereby its blade split fork-like into three blades, and spoke, while the Dag opened: "Open Dag!³⁶ I command right and forbid wrong! Whoever has a complaint to bring against Raffo, the Karhofer, a free man of his own, come forward!" Thereupon the Dinggreve Wittek sat down again on the free chair and, sitting down, asked the Femfronden to call up the plaintiffs and to present those who had come forward.

These were several free proprietors who sat on their hereditary farms and complained about how the Karhofer favored the Slavs everywhere, how he concealed them, kept Slavic servants himself and harmed the abutting properties and neighbors³⁷ for his own benefit as well as for the benefit of the Slavs, by threatening their farms with fire and murder and robbery, and also by having had a hand in the double burning of the

(36) Dag, therefore "Dagun", "Degen" is the Femsword with three blades, which opened by a spring; therefore "upen Dag" = "open Dag"; that was the meaningful sign for "open day", i.e. for "opened court day". Hence still today "Tagen".

(37) "Nachbar/Neighbor", originated from: "nahren bauer" or nearby farmer, at that time often referred to distant occupants, because precisely their mischief - as the closest - was nevertheless often hours away.



Illus. 25. see page 9. the giant barrel of the canons' monastery of Klosterneuburg near Vienna.

Leitenhof and the murder of his own man Kunz of the Leitenhof, and all this for the disgraceful end purpose of taking the thus deserted farms from the new Slavic lords for fiefdom, not only to enrich himself, but also for the sake of his own temporal advantage to betray his people to the enemies and to hand them over when defenseless. The men were sworn in by touching the Dag with the right hand of the oath and sword, namely with the three fingers, and saying the oath formula.

Now Frau Walburg from the Leitenhof stepped in front of the Fires'-Eye, the Fyreg, with her farm dog on the rope and put the three stalks of roof thatch on the stone slab, whereupon she also gave her testimony. When she had finished, the Dinggreve asked her three times whether what she had said was true and whether she could swear to it. When she had answered this three times in the affirmative, the dinggreve placed his "wise staff"³⁸ on her left breast, but she loosened one of her two braids from her head, wrapped the same several times around her right hand, and placing this on her left breast, she solemnly recited the staff oath which the dinggreve recited to her, swearing her testimony by breast and braid.

Raffo's leather cap was now removed from the Karhof and he was placed in front of the Fyreg, whereupon the Dinggreve asked him whether he had heard the complaints and what he had to answer to them, and whether he could call witnesses under the "Centschaft" present in any case to prove his innocence. But he was not able to refute any of the accusations and all his denials were rejected from all sides with sheer indignation, indeed there was not one from the Centschaft who wanted to accept his excuses, and much less even a sworn witness, of which he needed seven in order to be absolved of the charge. So he soon recognized the hopelessness of his days and asked in a trembling voice for mercy, for saving his life, declaring himself ready for any penance, for any

(38) The judicial staff was called the wise, actually the, pointing staff, and was of white color according to the "Kala". It was a symbol for the law pointing to the right, is therefore from wood, because wood is Wyd (Weidmann, willow, etc.), and Wyd is law. One sees, wherever one may look in the Germanic antiquity, symbolic images arranged in a purposeful way.

atonement.

But the Dinggreve told him that he could only exercise justice and not mercy, and put the question of guilt or innocence to each of the magistrates, one by one; the eldest first, the youngest last, they pronounced him "guilty" and raised their right hand as "speaking document" by touching the little finger with their thumb, but holding out the middle three fingers, saying: "I damn³⁹ him".

After all six aldermen had thus damned him, the Dinggreve placed his right thumb on the Dag, saying:

"So be you, Raffo the Karhofer, damned and ostracized and your rights will be those of one who put himself outside of the law."

Again Raffo begged for his life, but again the Dinggreve rejected him by saying: "I may only give you the just punishment, no more and no less, and that shall be yours, for I enjoin right and forbid injustice!"

And turning back to the jury, he asked about the extent of the atonement.

'Death by the Wyd!' cried one after the other as before, whereupon the Dinggreve said to Raffo: 'So you are damned and ostracized and the sentence is Death by the Wyd.' With that he raised his wise-staff and broke it in two and threw the two pieces at Raffo the Karhofer's feet, saying: "You have broken the law, so the judiciary should also be broken over you."

Broken, with a pale face and trembling knees, the ostracized Raffo stood in front of the silent judges and let it happen with dull indifference when the Femfronde, the bailiffs, threw the noose of willow rods over his head.

Then the sound of a violin sounded down over the heads of the Thing. High above the niche under which the Thing chair stood, on the top of the "Halistan", stood Gothi Kalawiß strumming the strings of a fiddle; and when the song was over he sang these verses:

(39) Hence our expression: "damn". Otherwise, the down-turned thumb was also used for "to damn" (damn), and the up-turned thumb as a sign of pardon.

"It would have done him good
If he had not been up to mischief
And not been arrogant;
And if he had stayed honest.
But he left all the goodness to others
So he went much too far
Until all he got out of this -
The Court judgment."

Playing the strings came up again and then the whole Centschaft sang the skaldic song so that it rustled through the beeches like a bardit⁴⁰, with which they all in chorus applauded the judgment of the Greveding.

The folk song died away and silence fell again, but the fiddle continued and seemed to draw nearer. Kalawiss descended from the Halistan mound playing his violin and entered the peace of the cherished Greveding, crossing the stone circle, past the Fyrege, and leaving the curve on the other side. He had scarcely entered the narrow, downward path on the other side when two court bailiffs, the Femfronde, seized the trembling Raffo and forced him to follow the Gothi. Now the lesser judges got up and followed in pairs, the Dinggreve at their head, who carried the "open Dag" in his right hand, whereupon the witnesses joined and went to where the decision of the Centschaft would be carried out.

This strange train then moved to the right of the Halistan up through the mountain forest to the grove-garden. This was soon reached.

It lay in the middle of the forest's shadow as a clearing surrounded by a low wall, in front of which thick hedges of roses formed a second enclosure. The train turned into this peaceful place. The Gothi walked up to a strange building that stood in the clearing, near the edge of a precipitous cliff edge, from which one had a wide view of the surrounding mountains which were gradually beginning to stand out against the pale gray of the dawning morning. Still playing the violin, the Gothi marched

(40) "Bar" = vocals; "Diet" = people; "Bardit" means: folk song.



Illus. 27. See Chapter 18, "Das Höllental". The Author in Year 1871.

towards the building, which stood there in the shape of a hemisphere and had an entrance that neither door nor bolt closed. He entered this building, followed by Raffo and the two bailiffs, then the Dinggreve with the other judges, and finally the witnesses too, while the Centschaft remained silent in the enclosure, awaiting their return.

The room in the dome was a spacious hall, in the center of which stood an altar on which a mighty fire burned. Around the vault like a ledge, densely crowded skulls of cattle, horses and sheep, while above them human skulls grinned out, between them rusted weapons, helmets, hats and some other jewelry, such as chains, horseshoes, horse bits and the like. Here, one of the bailiffs took the sword from the ostracized, while the other of the two put his the hat on the altar next to the sword, whereupon the procession, under continuous playing of violins from the second door of the dome building, which was opposite the entrance door, moved back into the open.

Also here - like the other clearing behind - an open space, which was separated from the other one by a strong thorn hedge of roses and which could be reached from there only by going through the dome building, which both separates and connects the two clearings at the same time, just as "now" separates and connects "past" and "future" at the same time. This clearing outside was, so to speak, the beyond, while the clearing behind symbolized this world.

Entering this clearing, which was much smaller than the first, those who entered saw three strange round buildings. The first was a stone circle encircling three stone seats; the second was a circular hollow on which a mighty fire burned in a stone basin, while the third circular structure was completely similar to the second, except that instead of the fire basin it had three upright poles driven into it, connected at the top by crossbeams forming an equilateral triangle, which made themselves recognizable as a gallows destined to receive those whom the sacred Feme had damned. These were not executions in the modern sense, but the outcasts were considered as human sacrifices consecrated to Odin, who,

consecrating their failed life to the deity as an expiatory sacrifice, returned to the Urfyr atoned. That is why their skulls, after they had fallen from the gallows, were kept in the Halgadam together with their hats and weapons, and that is why their heirs were not allowed to suffer any evil consequences from their misdeeds, just as they were not supposed to be accused of anything evil beyond the grave, although the latter may not have been observed to the full extent. Also at that time the "Wihinei"⁴¹, in spite of all its strength rooted in the people, was able to achieve this only in the very rarest cases when hatred and vindictiveness burned at the grave's edge and all evil gossip was silenced. People were only people at all times, and will remain nothing more and nothing less than the people in the future.

In anxious silence, those who had stayed behind in the Free area awaited the return of the Thing-men through the door of the dome building. Continuously the fiddle of the Gothi sounded out of the hall. It became brighter and brighter, and at last the first rays of the rising sun glided over the tops of the giant trees to the distant mountain heights.

Then again, under the playing of the violin of the Gothi, the crowd of the fine jurors and witnesses went out through the mysterious gate of the round building back to the Free-clearing, but the outlaw was not among them, for he had gone to Odin, while his mortal part hung on the three-footed scaffold between heaven and earth in the air.

Silently they all retreated back to the Thing thrones under the "hanging Halistan", where the Thing-lords took their places again, and the Dinggreve closed the Dag, whereupon the red silk thread was rolled up amid awkward questions, counter-questions and answers from the Thingfronds, after which the Greveding council dissolved and all the Centmannen withdrew to their homes.

(41) "Wihinei," the forgotten old German term for the concept: "religion."

In the Karhof there was sadness and confusion, for not only had Raffo, the Karhofer, disappeared since yesterday without anyone knowing where he might have gone, but Lord Terzky of Lipa was also in the courtyard with his five servants, ranting and raving, for his horses were lame and stupid, and no one knew how to advise, still less how to help. Then all at once, nobody knew who brought him, the mutilated body of the Karhofer lay in the middle of the courtyard, but his head was missing, and there was a dagger stuck in his chest, and when one pulled it out of the wound, one noticed on the blade the dreaded signs:

"S S G G"

This was a clear message, and an eerie horror came over the stern Lord Terzky of Lipa. He calmed down and thought of fleeing to Brod with his five men, but then it occurred to him that Brod had been a safe place but recently had been plundered and burned by the Taborites, so that he could hardly get horses there and would have to stay in the Karhof until his horses would recover. He therefore went once again to the stable to check, but the horses stood there with hanging heads, without moving and all efforts to rouse them were in vain.

Again he went to the courtyard, past the corpse of Raffo, and noticed that the dagger, which he wanted to see again, was no longer lying with the dead man without a head. He inquired who might have taken the dagger, but everyone claimed not to have touched it because they were afraid of it. This was even more sinister, and the desire to get away from here soon became more and more alive in Terzky's chest; if only he had known how and where to go.

Indecisive and angry, he was standing under the gate of the courtyard, looking down the street with uneasiness, when he saw the hermit slowly walking along, leaning on a staff. Soon the hermit stood in front of him and greeted him as then with the words: "Praise be to God in the highest," whereupon he seemed to want to continue walking.

Terzky returned the greeting with the usual "In eternity, amen," and already the hermit had moved away several steps, when Terzky remembered that the forest brother had recently mentioned that he knew

only the forest, its mushrooms, berries and herbs, and he thought how it might be possible to use the hermit's knowledge of herbs for his silly horses. He called back the departing man, who, standing thoughtfully still, turned and walked slowly towards Terzky, looking at him questioningly with a stupid cackle, without speaking.

"Tell me forest brother," Terzky addressed him, "you know the herbs of the forest, can you also heal horses?"

"That can he whom you ask, if he sees the horses and if they are still to be helped, my lord," returned the hermit, chuckling; "yes, my lord, he can do much more than that, he can warn you of danger and death! He also warned the Karhofer, but he laughed at this simple-minded hermit, and now he is dead and headless, and can ghost about as much as he likes to find his head, which he must have on the last day, the day of the resurrection of the flesh." And chuckling, the hermit confirmed what he had said with a, "Yes, yes, noble Lord, yes, yes!"

Terzky felt uneasy and would have liked to hear the warning before he asked about the horses, but he did not want to show it and therefore said briefly: "Come, forest brother, to the horses," whereupon he walked ahead of the hermit to the stables.

But he smiled smartly like one who knows what he knows, and hid this smile behind his seemingly stupid cackle by following Terzky.

After the hermit had looked at the horses and shook his head, chuckling worriedly, he said: "That's what the poor Hermit tells you, that he doesn't want to be in your shoes, in spite of your gold and your power, because you're riding towards death, and on top of that on such tired mares, who are hobbled by shin splints."

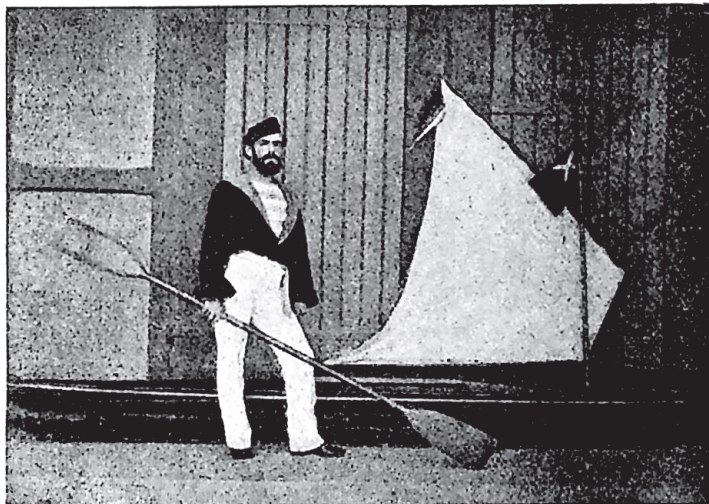
Then Terzky was forced to laugh, and asked only in passing what Einsiedel meant, and where and from what side danger threatened him, whereupon the other said that he did not really know, but could only say how he had seen him bloody dead next to five slain men, looking to the future; by the way, he wanted to see what could be done with the horses. He then fetched water from the well, washed the horses' nostrils and rubbed them vigorously, breathed into them and murmured

incomprehensible words, and handed them some leaves, which they ate greedily, and in a few moments they already showed life and were able to move their limbs. He then had the horsemen lead the horses to the watering place and told them to pour as much water as possible over the horses' heads for as long as possible, then to give them a good night's rest so that they would be ready to ride tomorrow. With growing amazement and increasing confidence in the miraculous power of the hermit, Terzky now asked more urgently about the cause and occasion of the danger threatening him, and not least about how he might be able to escape it, for he was beginning to feel anxious. But with deliberately confused speeches and mysterious insinuations, Kalawiss, under the appearance of simplicity, knew how to confuse Terzky's senses to such an extent that he, driven by vague fear, asked whether the horses would not be able to ride to Iglau before nightfall, since he felt the urge to go home and abandon the intended journey altogether. Kalawiss did not want to promise too much, and therefore he thought that this would be possible, if the strict master wanted to grant the horses a rest day in Iglau, provided that this Iglau was not too far away, which he was not able to say, since he only knew his forest and its mushrooms, berries and herbs.

The hermit had achieved his purpose and prepared to leave the Karhof. Herr Terzky of Lipa, however, wanted to show his gratitude and offered the hermit a gold piece, but he did not want to take it, since it would not be food and he did not know what to do with it. And so he left, thanked by Terzky with heartfelt words, and soon disappeared from his sight in the nearby forest.

Herr Terzky of Lipa, however, had nothing more urgent to do than to go over to the pond himself to look after his horses, and was delighted when he saw them romping about in the water, fresh and lively, as if they had never been ill. He quickly had them led home, saddled and everything made ready for departure.

Raffo's son, now Karhofer, was crushed by Terzky's unexpected departure, since he had hoped for his protection and aid, but now only heard fleeting words of little consolation from the fear-struck man, who



Illus. 28. See Chapter 9, "Der Venusberg bei Traismauer." The author with his canoe in year 1875.

put him off until better times, and then ran off like mad into the dawning night.

It became darker and darker on the forest road, for the moon had not yet risen, and the flickering stars on the narrow night sky, which stretched between the forest masses, hardly showed the direction of the path and made the darkness seem all the more palpable. But driven by indefinable fear, Terzky gave his steed the spurs, and at a sharp trot his mounted boys followed their master on a night ride.

A clearing was reached and ridden through, the courtyard of the Wheel Cross estate, and the forest closed again, and again impenetrable darkness of the forest took them in, but at the edge of the darkness stood the Ruotkreuzsäule, the Wheel Cross column, half noticeable like a ghostly admonisher. Terzky put spurs to his steed and with his servants made to gallop past; but - there the steed shied away. Next to the column suddenly stood a fiery man without a head, holding his head by the hair in his own right hand, and fire seemed to stream from his eyes as if they were two lantern lights. "Beware of the Swastika, of gallows and wheel, of sword and dagger!" cried the terrible apparition in a thundering voice. Driven by frantic fear, the horsemen spurred their steeds and struck them with everything they had in their hands. Then Terzky uttered a cry, for his steed had fallen, as had the steeds of the pursuers, and soon they lay in a tangled mess, one on top of the other. Terzky rose limping from the ground and seized the nearest steed indiscriminately, helped it to its feet and, after swinging himself into the saddle, sped senselessly away without caring further for his own. These did the same as far and as well as they could, and more or less quickly, as well as they could on limping mares, and they followed their master in senseless, mad flight.

The fiery man without a head shouted: "Good luck on your journey home, never to return!" Then the fiery man without a head threw back his hood and using the hollow pumpkin, which represented the head, as a lantern, he laughingly rolled up the rope over which the horses had fallen, whereupon, extinguishing the light, he took the path to the Grove-garden the Hohenstein, in order to seek his home up there in the old Halgadam.

The next morning, the hermit returned to the Karhof to speak to Randmar, Raffo's son, and to give him comfort and advice, if he wanted to be advised. He found him more docile than he had hoped, especially since he had already heard through servants of the Ruotkreuzhof the gruesome news that his father, as a fiery man carrying his own head in his hands, had frightened and brought down Terzky's horsemen.

Randmar, the new Karhofer, promised to chase away the Slavic farmhands, to be loyal to his people again and to help to build up the Leitenhof, also to give the Leitenhofer woman livestock and to support her as much as he could, so that she would become prosperous again.

Often the hermit of the Hohenstein was still a guest on the Ruotkreuzhof, as on the other farms of the Centschaft in the sphere of influence of the Hohenstein, because he was a dear guest to all, because he knew how to offer as a guest gift his beautiful fairy tales, which were heard with pleasure especially in the spinning rooms. But when he told the spooky story of the fiery man who carried his own head in his hand, he always smiled in a peculiar way, and the Ruotkreuzhofer Wittek no less, who then always drank a special drink from his Kraußen and said to Kalawiß: "It is better to have gone like that than to have reached over the Wyd with too short a hand." Kalawiß then also drank a good minnetrunk and said the words: "You were and are always the clever one; "rohand Hofut ege Sola!" Then they both laughed heartily and shook hands faithfully.

Mr. Terzky of Tipa, however, never rode this way again, and only when he lay among the dead had his son - that was in 1443 - resumed his father's plans and acquired the town of Brod, which was thus lost to Germanism.

Only in the course of the centuries the Greveding at the Hohenstein lost its power and validity. Sad times came for the German language islands, and in such times also the Wheelcross was struck down from the Wheelcross columns (now known as Rolandssäule), to make them silent, but this did not succeed.

For centuries, under the disguise of hermits, the respective Gothis

lived up in the Grove-garden, (also called the Haingarten or Weingarten), until the last of them also went home to Odin's army, and the Halgadam together with the Halistan and the Wihistan were forgotten in the forest's shadow, until a new generation remembers them and makes new life arise from the ruins.

But the legend still knows about the Hermit, the fiery man without a head and many, many more, and if we succeed, we will tell about them once again. The descendants of Wittek have grown up to a tribe far beyond the scope of a family, but many believe they smell a Czech origin behind this name, but it is bravely hoped that this story may teach them better.

Chapter 7

Ad Pontem Ises¹

"A part of the Suevians also serves Isis. What occasion and origin the foreign service had, remained mysterious to me; only the image of the goddess herself in the form of a liburne (ship) points to a cultus introduced from abroad."

Tacitus, Germania, chapter 9

The Roman had not yet soaked his horse in the waves of the Danube, nor had the Danubian people suspected anything of the fierce she-wolf south of the Alps, nor did the "Limes" run along the blue river, and yet the Donau already carried ships and cities flourished on its banks, cities of which posterity thought that the Roman had built them, and that the Romans had given them their name.

There are also some who think that the name of the river, the name Donau, is Celtic; - "Dan - oba", "thundering water", the Celts would have called out to the first Germanic tribes, when they admiringly pointed with questioning looks at the roaring river. This is correct as far as the interpretation of the name is concerned, but it is incorrect that the name-word is Celtic, because it proves to be a genuine and right Ur-Aryan-Germanic word formation, because it means: the sound of booming water

(1) First published as: "Der Deutsche Nixenglaube," Vienna, Heimat, 1884; Zurich, Bund, 1884; and as "Die Schifffahrt auf der Donau," Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1889 in three installments.

of the mighty river, which nobly surges through the land as the thundering Nau!²

What a different picture the proud river might have presented in pre-Roman times, before the modern cultivated forests came into being through the displacement of the primeval forests, which supplied the river with more than twice its present amount of water. What a different picture the Danube might have presented when its beauty, still undesecrated by artificial roads, water regulations and buildings, sat in its proud rock temple under crowns of stone!

If one follows the geological formation of the Danube valley on a good map and compares this thus gained clear impression with the observations of the landscape on the spot, one recognizes without much effort that the Danube valley as well as its northern river valleys (Kremstal, Thayatal etc.) are definitely erosion valleys, which the water has washed out of the soil of the plain in several hundred thousand years of digging work. Seen from a Danube steamer, the heights of the banks appear like mountains: but when one climbs one of these mountains, one will be surprised to find that one has not reached the expected summit, but has climbed the edge of a plateau, which shows a hilly formation and only at the next course of the river sinks again to the depths like a gorge, in order to form there - in a smaller proportion - another erosion valley.

(2) The first syllable "Don" leads back to "Thun", "Thon", "Dun", thunder, the second "nau" = water, stream, therefore "Naufahrer" = skipper, which is why in a figurative sense the word "nau" also referred to the ship, as a watercraft. In a Bavarian legend, the bridge leading to the castle of "Sybilla Weiß" is called the "Thonbrücke", which is reminiscent of the Thunder Bridge, which leads to the realm of Helias as the counterpart of the rainbow. The name "Thonbrücke" now points to the lake "Dunum" named by Fredegar, into which the Anda pours; this is the Thunersee in the Bernese Oberland. On Lake Lucerne there is an area called "Thun", and on Lake Hallwil there is also a "Thunfeld": likewise the place name "Thundorf" occurs very often and always at the water. The 1519 renewed fishing regulations of the imperial city of Esslingen forbids fishing "in the Thonauen", also the whirlpools under the weirs and sluices of the mills are called "Thonauen", namely: thundering waters, whirlpools, eddies. - "In the Thonen under the mills, since the water is called Thonau according to old custom". - "Donen", "dunen", "aufdunnern" is still dialectally used for noisy state, door Sunday pompous clothing. The origin of the river's name wants to express the mighty glory of the powerful river, and this with good German - not Celtic - words.

On these plateaus there are villages with arable pasture land and only there, where the forest begins, the ground lowers again to the river valleys, which are seldom crossed by roads, because the roads run on the plateau, which explains the peculiar scenic charm, the often almost primeval forest-like wildness of those river valleys, e.g. the upper Kremstal, the Thayatal and others. But if one consults geological maps, one will soon see the riddle of this phenomenon solved in the post-glacial inland seas and lake basins; for there, where the Danube was forced to run its course by means of such a washed-out valley, there was either a shoal in those pre-glacial sea basins or possibly even a narrow strip of mainland, which had to be broken through in order to serve the waters as an outlet. Depending on the fact that the enormous run-off waters of these post-glacial seas, formed by the rapid melting of the enormous glacier masses that covered Central Europe, burrowed through such obstructive shoals or made their way through the sandy seabed, today's Danube valley shows its proud, often gruesomely beautiful rocky gorges or its idyllic, many-branched alluvial forest courses - the so-called Prater - in constant alternation. Such a rock and mountain pass is always a self-contained whole, which is followed by a long flight of floodplain forests, until a new section of a bottleneck comes, which announces itself from afar by a mountain-like elevation on both banks, crossing the stream direction mostly vertically, into which ground elevation the stream then enters, making its way through it.

If we now first consider how a stream or river bed developed, then the mass water development by the melting of those gigantic large inland glaciers of Central Europe is to be considered in the first place as the cause³, where water quantities which today are hardly conceivable, created massive floods (deluges) as a consequence. These melted glaciers created seas which sought, following the law of gravity, an outflow. After such a lake basin had far exceeded its banks, the water mass fell with a mighty gush - far stronger than even today's Niagara Falls - over its rocky banks

(3) Guido List Library No. 4 (Völkernamen), page 3 ff. -Nr. 5 (Rita), page 58 ff.

into lower-lying soil depressions. This might have been the case with our Danube in the area of the Kasan Pass or at the Iron Gates. This lasted until the water mass had washed out the rocky pass and the sea, which had now found an outlet, had drained away. The former seabed turned into marshland, which soon covered itself with swamp forests and thus became habitable for man, who descended from the heights, settled on the seabed dried by the sun and gratefully took possession of the newly won ground as a gift from the sun god. The cataract, which had disappeared at the outflow point of the inland sea, now reappeared where the next higher inland sea basin found the narrowest and lowest rock bridge, which formed the partition between the still full upper and the now emptied lower basin; in our case, therefore, the narrowness between Hainburg and Theben (today Hainburg an der Donau and Bratislava), the boundary between the Hungarian lowlands and the so-called Vienna basin. Now the same process was repeated between the Kahlenberg and the Bisamberg, whereby the so-called Tullner basin dried up, which was then followed by the Wachau and later by that river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger, and so on, until all the river passes were opened, the last inland sea was drained and the river bed of the Danube, as well as the river and stream beds of its tributary network, were completed in their main lines. The lake basins of Lake Balaton and Lake Neusiedl, as well as the Bavarian mosses (marshes and swamp forests) are the last remnants of those water basins which in primeval days kept almost the entire continent flooded, while the glaciers in our European high mountains form the last, ever diminishing remnants of the former ice shield which girdled our continent during the Ice Age.

From the foregoing it follows that the Wachau was already free of water, when in the area of today's Persenbeug an enormous waterfall was still roaring, while the upper part of the Danube country was still slumbering underwater⁴. Undoubtedly, however, the Wachau was already inhabited by people; for it might have taken thousands of years until the

(4) Just as the Niagara Lakes still exist today above Niagara Falls, which - according to calculations - will collapse after about 170 years, whereupon the Niagara Lakes will empty and new land will emerge.



Fig. 29: Mrs. Anna von List, née Wittek, wife of the author. (From an oil painting by E. O. Braunthal in Vienna.)

waters had hollowed out that gorge which today represents the Danube valley between Persenbeug and Ardagger. The name Ad Pontem Ises testifies to the cult place of the woman Ise, the Germanic mermaid mother, and the name Persenbeug (- which was erroneously interpreted as the evil bend - (pösin Poigen) - is explained by Pison = water, stream, river and Poigen = arch, fall, thus waterfall, waterfall, cataract; admittedly also an evil bend. This waterfall, which we want to put in the Edda to the side of the torrent Söckwabeckr for the myth-historical comparison, is of great importance for the determination of the name; because in the Grimnismal 7 is proclaimed:

Söckwabeckr is called the fourth⁵, cool tide
Always surprises them;
Wuotan and Saga drink every day
There blissfully from golden bowls.

With reference to this Eddic passage it results - as shall be indicated here only briefly - that from the third aggregate state of the matter, the liquid (element of the water), the fourth aggregate state of the matter, the solid (element of the earth), was produced by the ruling sun spirit (Wuotan). Therefore that cult place of the female, birthing primal being, while beyond the cataract the inaccessible sanctuary of the male, begetting sun primal spirit was believed.

Gradually the waterfall collapsed, the rocky gorge opened up, but it offered all conceivable terrors to the bold intruders, and today we still marvel at the Greiner-Schwall and the Struden as the last remnants of this great transformation, while even up to 1858 the whirlpool that has since disappeared still loomed. No wonder, therefore, that the primitive man of these regions, who thought that the female deity, who was closer to him and seemed more sympathetic to him, was ruling in the Wachau, thought

(5) It is the fourth of the twelve gods' castles or sun houses, which corresponds to the sign of Aries (T) of the zodiac. More about it in Guido-List-Bücherei Nr. 5: Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen.



Illus. 30. See pages 185 and 219. Ruin of Aggstein on the Danube. (After a hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)

that the secrets of the begetting, forming deity (the world creator Demiurgos) were hidden there in that valley of horrors, and therefore consecrated that part of the Danube valley to this male creative power of the deity.

The Wachau is named after the Donaunixe Wachilde, who bore the son Wieland to the giant Wate (Wuotan). In the torrent Söckwabeckr Wuotan drinks with Saga from the golden cup of abundance; i.e. Wuotan, who receives half of the dead (the wal), the disembodied souls, unites in Söckwabeckr with woman Saga (Freya), to whom the other half of the Wal, the disembodied bodies, fall, souls and bodies to renewed form in eternal regeneration and rebirth, to defeat the giant Death. Therefore, before the torrent Pison-Poigen stood the healing place of the woman Isa, the old Ib-Isa (Ybbs, Roman corrupted in ad Poutem Jses) namely: bow (Yb = yew = bow) of Isa, thus: Pison-Poigen; but Isa or Ise is the receiving, birthing principle of the water, as Gerda, Hertha etc. means the same principle as earth. As Wachilde she is exactly the same female primordial being of water, because: Wach = nach = ach = to come forth and hild (child = kind), thus: birth-giver, who brings forth children. Therefore, the same myth and legend has the small children from the water, the Kindleinsbrunnen, brought forth by the stork, because the stork was called Adebar or Athebar and athe = oth = wealth, property, good and bar = be born, carry, bring. Since child blessing was considered as wealth, master Adebar, the stork, was as child bringer also the wealth bringer and was therefore pacified, by attaching a wagon wheel on the roof ridge for nest building. But also Wathe, whose name coincides with Wuotan, was as the begetting elemental force, as creator, as Demiurgos (world builder) the treasure donor and therefore Oski, the desired one. But under this designation he is always the light and sun god and therefore his symbolization must be found as the creating, begetting elemental force of the water to designate the male counterweight to Frau Isa. As such, apparently King Iso, "a good ruler and wise " of the fairy tale would suggest; but just only apparently, because Iso is only one of the numerous secondary names of the great sea and water god, who is in his last

conclusion Wuotan = old father himself.

In the Wachau region we find him as Ögir (Ägir, Agez) in the place name "Aggstein", and in the river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger he appears as Hnikudr (Nikuz) in the place name "St. Nikola". This is significant, because Nikuz is the lord of the waves, and in the same river pass, downstream from the small hamlet of Hirschenau, next to the farms (Zierhof) (Ziuhof!) and Rottmeyer (Ruothmar!), there is the - Freigericht Hirschenau!!! - This is probably very significant, but still far from being as significant as the closer location of the castle Werffenstein below St. Nikola.

It has already been said above that St. Nikola was an Odinic sacrificial place. Of course, it was also Christianized and the seat of the ruling Armanens was transformed into a monastery. The Armanen "administrative house" became the monastery "Waldhausen". This monastery built a toll house next to St. Nikola, because the voluntary sacrifices of the Wuotanists were transformed into an involuntary Christian tax (toll) and the Waldhausen monastery placed its toll bailiff in that toll house, which in the course of time rose and expanded to become Werffenstein Castle. The name - "uarphenstein" has its origin from the "auswerfen" (rejection) of the formerly voluntary sacrifice and the later compulsory tax of the toll. Still later the toll castle became a robber castle, which was sacked and destroyed as such.

Only in passing it may be mentioned that Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels, supported by archival research, succeeded in establishing that Werffenstein Castle⁶ was in the possession of Queen Helche, the first wife of King Etzel, and he also proved the historical Ruodezar (Rüdiger) of Bechelaren.

Further downstream, below the castle Werffenstein, ruin Sarmingstein comes into sight, whose old name Säbnichstein (Säbennicha = sun mermaid), similar to Theben (Seben) on the Danube at the mouth

(6) Property of the highly significant meritorious racial researcher Dr. Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels, the modern Ulfilas, who is making the castle the seat of "the Order of the New Temple".

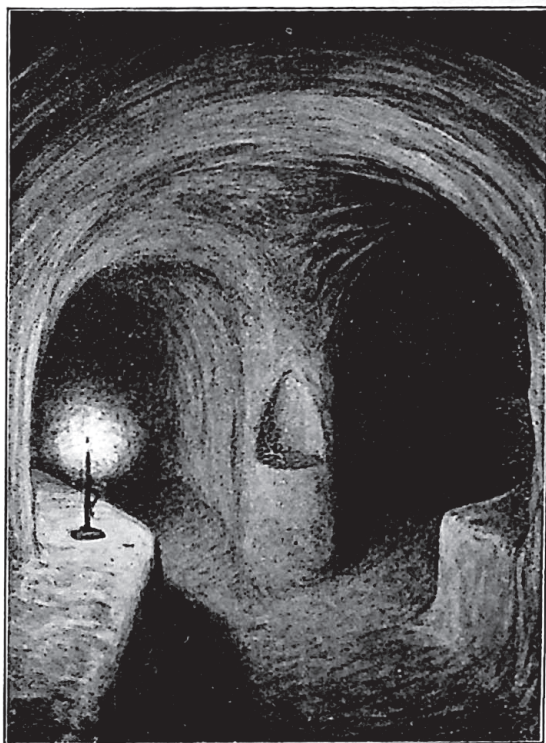
of the Altarch, reminds us of the sun cult at the water. Even further downstream lies Freyenstein, the castle of the sunny Freya, the owner of the swan's shirt, whereby the sun cult with the water kingdom offers itself again in intimate contact to view.

In the Gylfaginning 15 of the younger Edda it says: "At the other (second) root of the ash tree Yggdrasil, however, which extends to the Himrthursen (ice giants), is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and understanding are hidden. The owner of the well is called Mimir (Mime) and is full of wisdom,"he drinks from the well with the Gjallarhorn every day. Once Allfather came there and demanded a drink from the well, but did not receive it until he put his eye as a pledge.⁷ So it is said in the Völuspa:

All I know, Wuotan, where your eye remained:
In the well-known spring of Mimir.
Their drinks Mimir every morning
Our Allfather's pledge: Do you know what it means?

But the well of Mimir springs there, where formerly was Ginnungagap - the chaos -, thus where the creation began. If now according to the Edda the gods had their court at the third root of Yggdrasil, at Urdas Well, then is it not conspicuous that also here at Ib-Isa or Pison-poigem at the mirror image of the torrent Söckwabeckr, as of the Born Mimir, likewise a halgadome finds a court, a free court; after all, all halgadomes were schools, churches and courts in one, and the names Zierhof = Ziuhof ('Tyr' hof), and Rottmeyer = Ruotmar, d. i. Rechtswalter, are linguistic-historical monuments of compelling probative force for it. Since, however, as we have recognized from the above briefly described geological formation of the river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger, the formation of that river pass took place when the area was already populated, the original inhabitants of the surrounding area

(7) More about this myth: Guido List Library No. I: Secrets of the Runes, page 5.



Illus. 31: Typical scene in a Lower Austrian "earth cave". "Erdstall". Site of a fork in the aisle. In the central pillar a light niche. Right and left sole benches. (Photograph and reproduction of the k. k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in Vienna). See. S. 48-50.

witnessed how the river pass gradually formed from the chaotic conditions resembling Ginnungagap, so it is of compelling necessity that the enormous pictures of the Edda, which were described poetically out of observed natural processes, were at least used here for the same, if we do not want to assume that they originated here in view of that majestic natural spectacle itself.

So in the torrent Pison-Poigen, the arch of Isa (Ib-Isa, Ybbs, ad pontem Ises) the embodied mirror image of the spiritually seen Mimirs-wells can be recognized easily and for this reason the oldest and most powerful embodiment of the creative elementary power of the water as Mimir or Mime is recorded here not only mentally, but also naturally by name.

There, where the ancient market Ardagger stretches, there was already in prehistoric times a Germanic settlement, because still today the pilgrimage church St. Otilie stands above it from a mountain. This was a Germanic place of worship, a healing place of the Norns, the goddesses of fate. And these had every reason to rule there, because all those who entrusted themselves to the roaring stream in the swaying boat from this sport, all these had in those distant days an excellent reason and the right to ask fate a question before the beginning of the perilous journey.

Suddenly, two mighty mountain pillars narrow the Danube valley. The rocky colossi of bluish granite rise rigidly and without beaches or landings out of the foaming waters, and withered pine thickets overgrows the abysses and struggles in the wild fight for air and life.

The last wedding procession of the "Windsbraut" has torn a wide alley in the pine masses, the newly fallen tree corpses, overgrown by creeping weeds, serving other descendants of their type as foundation. There, a broken trunk sways in the greenish-black waters, surrounded by white-foamy spray, thundered by the raging fire of the angry tide. King Petzo is humming his way through the entangled undergrowth, and high above, the mighty Aar, the king of the air, is nesting. -

Such is the view that the bold Ferge casts into the yawning maw of the terrible river pass.

Gone is the play of the glorious blue water, gone are the countless islands with their floodplain forest glowing in the most golden green light, through which the friendly stream meanders in a teasing mermaid mood; gone like the play of youth when the struggles for existence approach. -

United in one bed and this one bed squeezed together to barely half width, the waters roar and roar in the swirling surge into the darkened rock gate, into the gorge closing like a cauldron.

The ferryman might have felt a shuddering horror when he became aware of such a sight; he might have landed and made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary on the "Odiliensberg"⁸ in order to ask for healing advice from the healers above; the crowd of fellow travelers might have cast lots among themselves as to which of them would have to secure "Naumannsheil" through voluntary sacrifice in the waves of the others.

The lot was cast. The Wala had broken the sacrificial cake into as many pieces as there were sailors standing before her, but one piece was blackened in the charcoal of the sacrificial fire. One after the other, facing away and with a throbbing heart, grabbed a piece of the cake from the Wala's apron. - One of them had drawn the sacrificial lot. -

There the others had stripped him, bound him by hands and feet, but flower-wreathed, and thrown him from the ship into the gurgling tide. His robe, his weapons and his hat were nailed to the front of the ship's beak amid murmurs of blessings. These had become signs of salvation, protectors of the journey, they vouched for "Fergenheil".

Now the terrible was over; now a sharp carousing began and many an offering flowed into the treasure of the healers at the Odilienberg.

The next day the journey began. - The mooring ropes were thrown loose, the oars creaked, and slowly the clumsy vehicle pushed its way from the shore water into the foaming, roaring stream. - The sun is still low behind the blue mountains, but the morning sky shines golden

(8) The rune Odil or Othil: belonging to the third rune group, gives the name to that healing place, and designates it as the Forgiveness or Death-norn (Todesnorn), consecrated to Helia.

through the densely overgrown forest.

The stream is still clothed in its serene blue, but the rocky gorge approaches darker and more threatening, opening up more and more like the prey-hungry maw of a ravenous lineworm.

A muffled roar from afar. Already the ship begins to sway. Churning and gurgling, a chaos of waves rushes toward the ship, as if it itself were afraid to plunge into the thundering bottleneck, but in the onslaught of surges pushing after it, the struggling crests of the waves roar together in milky spray and surge in raging fury against the damp and dark rocky reefs.

Nightingale and cuckoo from the forest-dark mountain country answer the many-voiced wave song and above it floats coarse indeterminable roar and noise song of the forest like the sounding and ringing of the winds around the individual rock spires from the broken stone piles which stand there like the giant pipes of the primeval world organ. -

Then the ship shoots into the whirlpool, it rears and sways, the rudders creak, the frames groan, the men shout the call of the oars, but all this can hardly be heard against the thunder of the waters.

There the black-green tides roar over fallen rock debris, between which masterful tree giants wedged themselves, there the waves roll foaming and rumbling into the self-drilled small openings of the rock bays, from which they roar back again and again in order to swing again white-grey wreaths of waves in the eternal wave dance.

There the gray-green tide turns again in the vortex like the squinting eye of a living water giant and above it the foam ruffles like a bristly brow. There the green net of the predatory river rushes and the nine women of the waves seem to throw the moaning ship to each other like a ball in a grim game of catch.

The rocks pile up higher and higher, the tide rages ever more roaringly, and it seems to come to a complete boil.

Ahead, a jagged rocky islet stands midstream, pounded by the roar and rage of the terrible surf. A deep, dark funnel opens up, surrounded by

a horrible ring of white foamy spray.

Then the Ferge hurls a white goat, gilded at the horns, into the vortex with tremendous momentum, while the men tug at the wooden oars to get out of the area of the all-devouring vortex. The ship's dance is terrible, but the most dangerous spot has been conquered. The sun already glances in mildly over the jagged rocky crags, the thunder of the surf is already echoing in the back, and only a sharp roar and whirring accompanies the ship as it passes the rocky cliffs.

Here and there, the foam-like hawsers of the waves are still rearing up, but their fury is broken, and the heavy ship glides calmly, almost without swaying, along the hermitage on the banks. Once again, a rocky bar pushes across the bed, and the water roars in a sharp "evil bend" to the right. Now the mountain man breathes a sigh of relief; the rocky alley opens up, the rocky valley disappears behind him, the green of the laughing meadows and the bluish-green alder bushes crown the again blue-happy waves like a bell, and a wide country spreads out before the eyes of the joyful mountain man in a breathtaking beauty. The friendly sanctuary of the fair Lady Ise, "Ip-Isa" is reached.

The picture has become different today. On board the "Ariadne", one finds the river pass from Ardagger downward "really quite nice", at Grein even "romantic", at Struden "picturesque", then one finds St. Nikola "very lovely" and is disappointed at the eddy, because one sails with the steamer there, where in former times the rocky reef of the "Hausstein", blocking the current, had created the eddy. This was blown away; the Danube was deprived of a dangerous rapids, but also of one of its most charming landscapes.

Now the steamer sails along through the further, naturally "romantic" rocky alley and finally arrives at the "Persenbeug" castle at the evil bend. The steamer circles the "Ybbser Scheibe". With a bored yawn, the tourist goes through this now friendly trip, and goes to the restaurant to enjoy a beefsteak with fried egg as a reward for the effort of admiring

nature.

Like Ardagger above, Persenbeug (Bösenbeug) below is, so to speak, the waiting place at the entrance or exit of the long river pass. Like Ardagger above, the gloomy "Odilienberg", Ybbs shows the serene mermaid sanctuary of Frau Isa. Both, however, are located at a gate to the sanctuary of Donau-nix and Donau-nixe, who dwell in the never-freezing eddy and whirlpool, where we properly meet a St. Nikola again, just as on the Rhine a Nikola chapel follows the Bingerloche. But as Nikuz the mermaid father appears christianized here as "St. Nikola", so he also appears with his other name in the stream name Ister, as in the song of: "Iso dem vischer guot und wise"; the female however in Nehalenia, Nicha, Nichse, Ise and Isa. These two names separate into generic names Nix and Nixie, as into the personal names Iso and Isa.

The service of which Tacitus now speaks was by no means that of the Egyptian Isis, but that of our good German woman Isa, whom the people still know today as "Danube woman (Donauweibchen)", and who had one of her main sanctuaries in Ybbs. Perhaps it is to our Ybbs that the Tacitean report refers, which is the motto of this treatise.

The Romans called the place "ad pontem Ises", the oldest spelling of the place in German is: 1075, Ipsburg, but of the little river: 837, Ipisa fluvius; thus Ip-Isa.

The "Tabula Peutingeriana" thus corrects the report of Tacitus by saying quite correctly Ises instead of Isis.

But, as already said, the people has not forgotten its "Danube woman" and Vienna possesses even in its city park a charming statue of the Danube female, which is admittedly no "Frau Isa", but can be considered close enough.

Let's have a closer look at the "German mermaids", because here we are in the middle of the area of the mermaid belief. Also here we find local deviations from their Nordic essentials, as the Edda preserved such for us, just as retained mythical figures. -

The German mermaids are never dwarf-like, but in shape and size equal to humans, and therein lies their main difference from the Nordic



Illus. 32. See page 184 and 249. The Benedictine Abbey Melk on the Danube. (Wachau. - Photography by Hatlanek in Vienna.)

alps, which, by the way, are not always, although mostly, thought of as dwarf-like small. Predominant among them is the female sex. Only main rivers usually have a male mermaid; so the Rhine, the Danube, but to which a female mermaid is added, and the tributaries are considered the children of the mermaids. But also this rule shows exceptions, as e.g. the legend of the water sprite (Nix) of the Pulkaubach and others will prove.

The female mermaids are consistently of radiant beauty and are recognizable as mermaids and distinguishable from humans by only the most insignificant external features; namely, they have green teeth, strikingly large, green or water-blue eyes, and - fish blood. If they are seen out of the water and then clothed, they are recognizable by the always wet hem of their clothes or the wet tip of their always dazzling white apron; they are also said to differ most advantageously from their warm-blooded human sisters in that they are said to be less garrulous on their walks than the latter. Admittedly, they lack the most stimulating topic of conversation, which provides our ladies with so much material for the most witty conversations, for they are - according to reliable news - not allowed to keep servants; this probably explains a lot.

But if they join the people, they are very confidential in their dealings; they come to markets to buy food, where they often put fish scales instead of silver coins on the pay table. They also visit people in their homes and let them visit them again in theirs. Thus it may be recalled how a farmer once, visiting his friend the Nix of the Pulkaubach found he was not at home, and used this opportunity to free the souls of the underwater captives held by the Nix under glass bells. Quickly the farmer threw these glass bells over and in the form of air bubbles the "poor souls" rose.

The young female mermaids come in the evening at moonlight to the spinning rooms or under the village lime tree, also to the church dances, and spin and tell and sing and dance like other girls.

But people have to be very careful in dealing with the mermaids, because almost all mermaid legends have a demonic trait of malice, deceitfulness and cruelty. And it cannot be otherwise; they are, after all,

the humanly shaped characteristics of water in all appearances in the life of nature. The male mermaid has its vigorous and wintry qualities, the female mermaids as representatives of a cheerful, laughing, summer character. That is why the merman is depicted as old and gray-haired and bearded, that is why he is christened by St. Nicholas, who makes his entrance on December 6. He may be a grumpy old man, but he is good-natured, because he brings the children the joys of winter, the last fruits of the year: apples, nuts and "Kletzen", namely dried pears, and the like. But he puts it in the "dead man's shoe".⁹ What a gentle, kindly reminder of death, without scythe and rattling leg! He has left the frightening to the Agez and the Ran. But even the friendliest, most dallying brook with its often pond-like wide ponds, how vicious, how cruel it can often become when it suddenly swells and rolls raging across the fields. All this is reflected in the myth of the mermaids. Moving from the general to the particular, it should be mentioned how many an unsuspecting fisherman fell into their nets, and how many a bold ferryman, embraced by their foam-white arms, was kissed to death by them. This is their man-stealing quality.

The very fact that sacrifices, even human sacrifices, were made to the mermaids and are perhaps still made today, proves how much one feared their treachery and wanted to reconcile through sacrifices.

However, in order to be able to fully explain and justify this perhaps exaggerated word, it may be permitted here to look back at that time which immediately preceded the introduction of steam navigation on the Danube. This was before the year 1830, in which year the first steamer had sailed from Vienna to Pest. -

All Danube ships - with the exception of steamers, of course, which are built on keels - have flat bottoms, are very long in proportion to their width, and are completely unadorned and unpainted, so that the raw

(9) However, this "dead shoe" is the salvation sign of the rebirth. More about it G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift" p. 337, 342.

wood is visible everywhere, which in no way gives the ship a friendly appearance. Moreover, the Danube ship lacks the proud ornamentation of mast and sail, and even lacks the cheerful pennant flag. Uninterrupted hard work at constant risk to life and limb make the Ferch¹⁰ as hard-tempered as it is weather-hardened, and so the ponderous "Hohenauer", as the ship's train is called, does not at all offer that peculiarly charming sight which a ship under sail or oar otherwise affords. Even on the way down, the heavily laden and frighteningly deep-dived "Plätten" and "Kehlheimer", "Traunerin" and "Wachauer", or "Regensburger" are not exactly of a beautiful appearance. Depending on their size, they always have two to four and often more terribly long rudders at the bow and stern, properly called "rudder trees", each of which is operated by three to six or even more men. This is because the ship drifts downstream with the current, i.e., without its own propulsive force, it continues to move at the speed of the flowing water. Since the ship has no driving force of its own, it naturally lacks steering gear and would be unmaneuverable, a random game, if steering were not replaced in some other way. This is now done with the rudder trees, which are often over thirty meters long, both forward and aft. With the help of these rudder trees, such clumsy ship sinking battles are now infinitely easy and quick to steer, and can admirably weave their way through often narrow and the many-winding and branched watercourses that stretch between visible and overrun, ever-changing sandbanks. Only when one has experienced a descent on such a seemingly clumsy vehicle, which is more like a Noah's Ark than a ship, only then can one understand that all and every artful navigation on the Danube is impracticable and its forcible application a useless and costly act.

In the front of the crane (bow) stands the Ferch, (or Ferge, the person who drew the short straw, acts as a depth reader.), with the "insertion shell", which replaces the "dead" or "sinker". This is a rod over two

(10) The Middle High German Ferge of the Nibelungenlied is still remembered in the shipman's language, in which the ship's servant or shipman is still called "Ferch" today.

fathoms long, which is divided into so-called "G'minde" most peculiarly. A "G'mind" today is assumed to be six Viennese inches, but it has other origins. The erected fist with the thumb held up vertically used to give the unit of measurement of the "G'minde". This "Einsetzschale" (insertion shell, or depth reader) is painted black and shows at the lower end, from this three shoe (thus six G'minde) away, a white ring, which is itself again half a shoe, thus a "G'mind" wide. This is followed by a black ring of the same width and this again by a white ring of the same width. Up to here nine G'minde are marked. Now, measured from the tip, at a distance of five and a half shoes, thus eleven G'mindes, a narrow white ring follows. Accordingly, from the top, the G'mind numbers run as follows: At the beginning of the first white ring 6, at its end 7, at the beginning of the second white ring 8, at its end 9 and finally at the narrow white ring 11.

The ferch now regularly pushes this measuring rod into the water when it becomes shallower, and reads off the "G'minde" monotonously, after which the "Nauführer", the commander of the vehicle, commands its steering aloud.

Under the creaking of the oar trees and the clock call of the oarsmen: "Hö-ruckh!, Hö-ruckhl" the monotonous G'mind reading sounds: "Seven, eight and a half, nine, five, five and a half, six....and so forth. Here and there, you can hear the ship's bottom fail over a gravel bank, but nimble as an eel, the rudder-obedient monster winds its way through the sandbanks until it has a clear run in front of it again, where it drifts on motionless again, and the insertion shell is put out of service.

Even the steamboats have to reckon with the old practice of setting the boats; the high school of nautical science cannot be taught to our stubborn little Danube nixies. - There are splendidly good and beautiful river charts of the Danube, which express every depth, every current speed exactly in numbers, record every sandbank, every gravel bank, every heap as well as every island, but this chart was already incorrect the day after the measurements were taken, and downright wrong the day after it was issued. And this is because the relief of the river bottom is just as mobile as its water, because where today there is a river depth of more

than fifteen shoes, tomorrow there can already be a sandbank, and vice versa. The Danube skipper, whether he is an upstream skipper or a steamboat captain, has to look for the way anew on every trip if he does not want to "land-drive", and this is the reason why also the Danube steamboat navigation had to give in and return to the Ferching practice, which its first captains wanted to ignore most nobly half a century ago and still a little later. Only after they had sailed, landed and leaked innumerable times, to the most outrageous pleasure of the old Ferches, did they take tried and tested Danube skippers, so-called "Naufahrer", as helmsmen, and lo and behold - it worked. Since then, no one can advance to captain at the Austrian Danube Steamship Company without exception, who has not served several years as a sailor - that is, really from the Ferch up, actually and not only allegedly.

As for the shapes of those Danube ships, they are certainly as ancient as their peculiar handling; indeed, they may have been little different long before Roman times. Certainly, the Danubians of those times also mocked the Roman Liburnians in a similar way as they did with the steamship captains several centuries later, and just as certainly, the latter were forced to retreat in the same way as the latter.

The main types of Danube ships, ordered by size, are the following:

"Kehlheimer-Plätte". Kranzel (bow) and aft (stern) strongly raised (upward curved) and pointed. Average 42 meters long, 7.6 meters wide.

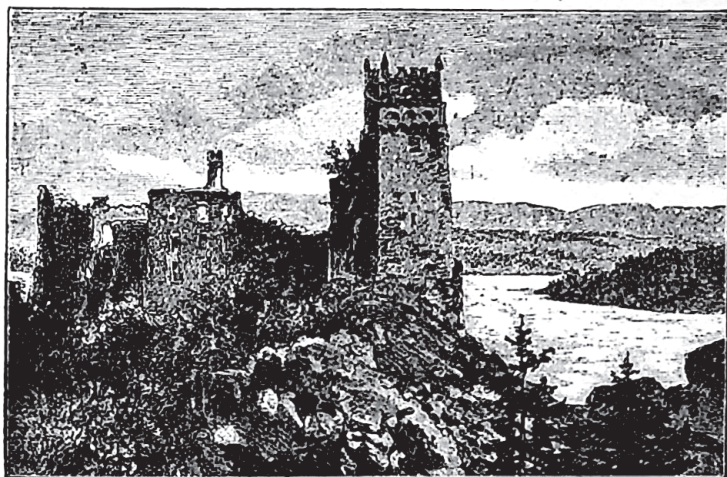
"Wachauer Gams". Kranzel sharply raised, sharply pointed; stern little raised, bluntly pointed. 30.5 meters long, 4.75 meters wide.

"Siebener Zille" (ribbed). Kranzel very much hoisted and sharply pointed; stern bluntly pointed and weakly hoisted. 38 meters long, 5.67 meters wide.

"Regensburger Gams". Kranzel sharply pointed, strongly raised; aft bluntly pointed, not raised.

"Rosenheimer Plätte". Kranzel sharply pointed, little tucked up; aft wide, flat running. 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.

"Schwaben Plätte". Kranzel bluntly pointed, little tucked up; aft wide, flat running 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.



Illus. 33. See page 184. Weitenegg Ruin on the Danube. (Wachau).

"Trauner Plätte" (Traunerl). Built like the Rosenheimer Plätte 24.66 meters long, 3.80 meters wide.

"Salzburger Plätte". Previous same, only the Kranzel is also not raised. 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.

"Essig Waidzille". Built like the Traunerl, 8.85 meters long, 2.54 meters wide.

Apart from these officially determined main forms of Danube ships, rafts are still in use on this river, which are again differentiated into beam rafts and cargo rafts, and differ both in their width and in the number of their wings. If the descent of these ships is also very interesting, this is even more the case with their "Nau-" or ascent, as especially with the "Naufahrt" the old guild ceremonial of the Donauferchen is still practiced today. This, like all its customs, is also ancient, and has preserved many mythical features originating from the Odinic era.

Since the introduction of steamships, the old "Honauen" or "Hohenauen",¹¹ as the ship trains are called in the opposite current, are limited to only one ship, whereas in former times a Hohenau consisted of four ships roped together. The total cargo of such a Hohenau was 6000 hundredweight, divided into four ships according to experience. Each of the ships was submerged 4 1/2 shoes or 9 G'minde deep, and the total Hohenau required an effort of twenty pairs of heavy stallions, so-called "Pinzgauer", which still received a lead of often just as many draught oxen at particularly rip-roaring points, such as in the whirlpool or eddy. In the whirlpool, even the first steamships were still harnessed to twenty or more pairs of oxen; only the newer steamships are able to take these rapids independently without harnessing.

As far as such an old Hohenau is concerned, it was strictly structured according to old custom, and was divided from the beginning into two parts, the horse train and the ship train.

(11) The emphasis falls on the "nau"; thus Ho-nau, Hohe-nau. Nau = large water u. in the figurative sense ship. G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift", pg. 29, 81, 264.

The horse train was subordinated to the three highest horse men, who were called "merigamers"¹² in the language of the ferry. The first one was, or rather still is, called the "forerunner", the second one the "after-rider", and the third one the "marstaller". Each of these three had a servant, called "Bock", which was therefore called Vorbock, Afterbock or Marstallbock. - The Forerunner commanded all the Merigamers, and was directly under the command of the "Hohenauseßtaler", who commanded the Hohenau and was in the crown (bow) of the first ship. The afterrider rode the last steed in the Zwiesel, into which the towing rope was sheared. This was, of course, the heaviest stallion of the train. Since the afterrider was the last one in the steed train and would have all the riders in front of him, it was also he who drove the train and determined its speed. All the other necessary riders were called "Scharreiter" and were divided into "Fähnlein" of three riders each. The first of the riders was (and still is) the "Hundsseilreiter". The Marstaller and his Marstallbock had to provide for the food of the steeds during the journey.

From the Zwiesel, in which the steed of the after-rider walked, the rope now ran back to the ships. Since the rope was too long to avoid sinking into the water due to its own weight, it lay on top of three small canoes before it reached the first large ship. These first three boats (also called "Klobenzillen" or "Seilplätten") were each manned by a "Ferchen", the "Vorfahrer", the "Mitterfahrer" and the "Vornaufahrer". Only now followed the first and largest ship, the actual "Hohenau", which gave the name to the whole ship train.

This ship was loaded with 1,750 hundredweight. In the front of the Hohenau's crane, the Hohenauseßtaler stood with the insertion shell and commanded the entire train. The crew of this ship consisted of the "rope carrier", the "helmsman", the "assistant helmsman", the "cook", the "bridgeman" and the "rope benderman" together with the other not specifically named crew members. The Bruckknecht and the Seilbiegler, however, were in the small ship that ran alongside the Hohenau and was

(12) Meri = mare = horse; gam = man (groom = bride's man) thus: horse man.

called the "Seilmutzen" because it had to carry the rope. The Bruckknecht had to handle the rope, which the Seilbiegler knotted tight.

These two had (and still have) a very perilous job, because especially the "changing" of the rope, namely when the horse train is translated to the other shore, or when the hauling rope has to be laid at a different angle to the keel line of the ship, requires great skill, great caution. When "changing" the rope, it often strikes out erratically, or throws loops, and not infrequently it happens that it knocks off a foot of one or the other, or even hits him to his death.

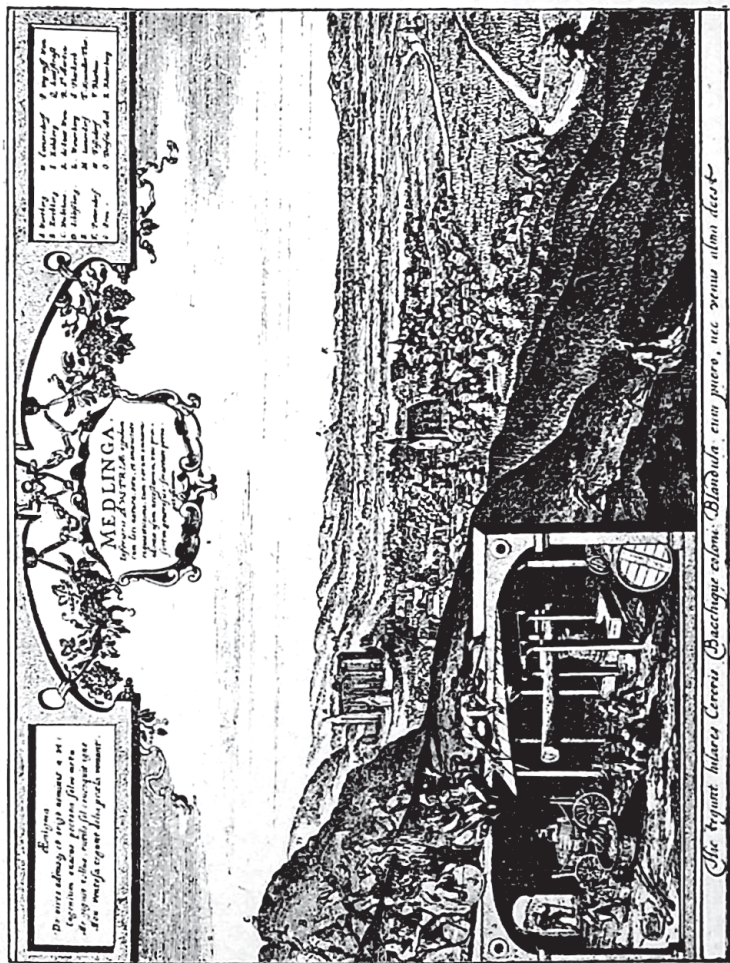
The second ship that followed in the wake of the Hohenau was the "Hohenaunebenbeier", carrying a cargo of 1450 hundredweight. Its crew consisted of the "Nebenbeifahrer" in the Kranzel, the "Hilfssteuerer", the "Hangersknecht" on the rope and the "Wasserer"; on the stern of this ship hung the "Kuchelzille", the vehicle of the cook.

These first two ships formed the front section of the platoon; now followed the rear section on the "Schwemmerseil" (floating rope) whence it was called the "Schwemmer" (floater). This also consisted of two ships. The first of these two would have loaded 1550 hundredweight and was called the "Schwemmhohenauer". (high floater) Its crew consisted of the "Schwemmerseßtaler", the "Schwemmersbruckknecht" and the "Schwemmersteuerer".

The fourth and last ship, the "Schwemmernebenbeier" with 1250 hundredweight of cargo was served by the "Schwemmernebenbeier" and the "Schwemmerhängersknecht", who was also called the "Krümer" or the "verlorne Mann". At the stern of this last ship hung a large barge, the so-called "Hafergaiß", (oat barge) in which the oats for the horses were loaded.

It is self-evident that such a multi-structured train also had to develop a peculiar ceremonial for departure, and this is still in full swing today, even when the "Hohenau" consists of only one ship.

The horses are already harnessed and mounted, when the rope carrier, who comes with the rope guard from the Hohenau, brings a stone jug, the



Illus. 34. see Chapter 13, "Der Brühl". Mödling near Vienna in 1626, from an engraving by Matthäus Merian.

so-called "Plutzer"¹³ full of wine and fills a small cup with it. The outrider stops his steed and the rope carrier greets him with the following words: "Bring you the holy St. John's blessing". He then drinks the cup empty except for a small remainder, which he now pours out backwards by swinging his arm over his head. The freshly filled cup is now emptied by the forerunner, as before by the rope bearer, and the remainder is poured out behind him over his head, as before. Then he returns the cup, saying, "In God's name, the Holy Blessing of St. John." In this way each rider does it, until the after-rider does the last drink of the merigamers. Then the rider speaks, "In God's name we go."

And now the rope is harnessed into the after-rider's "Zwiesel", and the rope carrier, while constantly throwing out the rope, drives back to the Hohenauer with the "Seilmutzen", where he hands over the rope to the Hohenausesstaler, who in turn harnesses it into the "Schwing" and gives the signal for departure.

Now the rope bearer hands over the wine plutzer to the Hohenausesstaler, who now drinks the St. John's blessing to the rope bearer under exact observation of the same ceremonial as the rope bearer did before to the horse people. The rope carrier now drinks to the Bruckknecht, the latter to the Seilbiegler and the latter to the other Ferchen exactly according to rank, who all also pour out the last drop over the head to the rear.

In the spring, when the crews of the ship's trains are assembled for the current year, and the first voyage begins, each Ferch takes care not to fall overboard, because the "first" always drowns; his replacement is already on board, that is the lost man. - One is very slow in saving this "first", even today, and always arrives too late. The fact that one gives oneself the appearance of wanting to help has the only reason being able to justify oneself to the authorities; "we have done everything, but it was just not possible!" In former times, when the courts were not as curious as they are today, and it was taken for granted that now and then someone would

(13) This is a very potbellied stone jug with a narrow, short neck, handle and narrow base.

drown from drinking too much water, there was no pretense of trying to save the person; even the hand of the "first" was not extended to help him, he was left to drown quietly, and the words were called out to him as a consolation: "Nandl (Ferdinand) give yourself, the Lord won't have it any other way". This was the farewell salute for the sacrifice that the stream chose for itself, the farewell salute that still resounds today, notwithstanding any uncomfortable witnesses nearby.

The others, however, shout: "Catch the hat and let the rogue run!" The hat of the drowned must be had, even with danger to life it is taken out of the water to be nailed to the front of the Kranzel of the "Hohenau".

The call "Nandl" or "Jagkhel gib dich!" has therefore become a teasing word towards the Ferchen, which in former times was bloody seriousness and even today has not lost much of this seriousness.

This can only be judged by the one who has sailed the Danube in a rowboat for a long time, who has caroused with the Ferchen in the Ferchen hostels, who has been there with the Ferchen to rescue Ferchen, who has been rescued by them from water distress, but not by the one who yawns on board the "Ariadne" and calls out his "wildly romantic!", while looking up in the "Danube Guide" whether the next river point shows one or more asterisks, so that he can then measure the degree of his "admiration of nature".

This only in passing.

If the Hohenau has the three Danube rapids, the eddy, the whirlpool and the Greinerschwall, happily at its back, and if a newly picked up Ferch, a so-called "Stinker" is on his first trip, then it is baptized by the "Nauferch", the leader of its train, and receives its "nickname", which remains with it permanently. Who does not think here of the Neptune baptism at the equator?

At the next "Lände" the Nauferch must pay the Stinker to be baptized by him with some glasses of wine, of which he must pour, however the first one for the confirmation of the baptismal nickname goes over the head, whereupon the waitress puts a bouquet of flowers on the hat of the

baptized. Also in Bavaria similar custom prevailed after passing the "storm" next to the monastery Greiffenstein.

From all these customs of the Donauferchen, as from still other less clear features, quite undisguisedly old-wuotanistic sacrifice and consecration customs look out, which hardly need the interpretation.

To whom will it appear strange, if "Frau Isa" was worshipped in the shape of a ship, which ship is still unforgotten by the people today? But of it later.

Such a drowning of the "First" is historically mentioned from the year 1759, in which year Elector Karl Albrecht of Bavaria did his "most pleasurable raid", as the diary kept about it reports:

"Important to note is also the 17th (17. July 1739) between the city of Passau and the High Diocese of Passau: Schloss Neuburg am Inn, a forerunner of the penultimate train with 2 ship's horses fell down from a steep, high gorge into the Inn River and miserably drowned, without any help possible. The remaining horses and guards assigned to this train would have to be saved from the imminent danger, and the train would have to be stopped quickly: By the fact that the lead ship, praise God, was soon again at the port; thus such, and who of the court servants in greatest fear and little clothing were on it, were brought in security. Therefore, one does not want to refrain from including a message of commemoration of this occurrence". -

Well, the man could have been rescued, but the rope had to be cut off. In such a case, the anchor is dropped, and the ship, wherever it is, stands firmly and safely. Moreover, these very ships were surplus, almost double manned, and there were more than enough idle hands on them to save - yes! if one had wanted to save! The forerunner was the "first" of this train of ships, and according to the old custom, he was not allowed to be rescued.

The court historiographer, of course, did not know this, because no one told him, and therefore wrote in his diary what was considered good to tell him about this case; dictum scriptum.

But as it is already so the kind of the German and therefore also the

kind of his mythology that next to the most terrible seriousness the most impish joke hops along, so the human sacrifice that the Storm-nix relentlessly demands, exactly this sacrifice also becomes a joke, which of course expresses itself indelicately, like a bear.

The main rapids, whirlpools and eddies, are considered the dwellings of Donau-nix, and these tolerate nothing impure, nothing sinful. Whoever knew himself to be burdened with guilt in former times, left the ship there and boarded it again only after these rapids were at his back.

Still today it is a main fun for the Ferchen, just there to question the girls in the ship about their innocence; if the girl has not preserved such, then she must redeem herself by a coin or leave the ship. The folk song: "Schwäbische bayrische Dirndeln - Juchhe - muss der Schiffmann fahren" covertly alludes to this ship custom. That such exams, however, treat this delicate matter far less discreetly than the song, is probably understandable; the Ferch has just no idea of what one calls glass-gloves.

If here also never of the Nix particularly, but always only of the "river" one spoke, then nevertheless always the Nix or the Nixe is meant, and only the punishments of this ineradicable and cruel Ferchen superstitions by church and court made the Ferchen cautious. He speaks therefore of the stream and means the Nix; - also this is "Kala".

The dwelling place of the mermaid is always thought to be in the rapids - in the Danube especially in the whirlpools and eddies - which is why fishing is also forbidden in them, as many fishing regulations testify. The sanctuary of the god must not be desecrated by man's desire for gain, and as the sanctuary became a sanctuary for the fleeing man, so also the fleeing animal, which sought protection at the sanctuary of the deity, should be pacified there from its persecutors.

That the eddies and whirlpools of the Danube must have been a highly sacred place of healing is attested - as already mentioned - by the place of pilgrimage of St. Nicola, which is held in high esteem by Ferchen, and of which Merian already writes in his topography of 1677: "After one has passed through (the eddies and whirlpools), St. Nicolas' chapel stands on a mountain, and a house near it, and a man in the image of St. Nicolas

drives up, to whom each one gives an offering at will".

But the "sacrificial St. Nikola" is the pre-Christian Nikuz, the mermaid father, from whose name Nichus, Nichusja, thus Nix and Nixie was formed. This mermaid father, however, touches again with the father of the gods Wuotan, yes, even merges into these, as all sub- and secondary deities lead back again and again to the highest pair of gods Wuotan and Frouwa.

For comparison and confirmation of this word it is only necessary to be reminded of the similar results of the treatises about "Aggstein" and "St. Christophen" of this book.

But also as a ghost this Stromnix is not forgotten and even documented. The "gray monk", who in 1045 threatened the bishop Baturich of Würzburg (according to others the bishop Bruno of Regensburg), when the same with the emperor Heinrich III descended the Danube, from the Hausstein ob dem Wirbel so terribly, was just that Nikuz, the old Donaunix.

We also remembered the Lorelei legend of the Danube already at Aggstein, where we showed the complete agreement with the Rhine legend and only complained that the people forgot the name of the mermaid and called her "the madwoman of Aggstein" for short. Like the Lorelei, she sits on the rock, combing her golden hair, singing her enchanting songs, while she weaves roses into her hair. Woe to the skipper who listens to her lust-breathing love song; he forgets steering and current and sinks with his ship in the gurgling surf, embraced by the white arms of the man-stealing mad mermaid and kissed to death.

The weeping mothers brought by the male Nix to assist the Nix women in labor have to be very careful that they do not lust after the accumulated treasures which the Nix offers them. Woe to them if they take more than the people tend to pay them for such services. The girl who dances with the mermaid must be very careful that the "green-tooth" does not kidnap her, just like the man who turns the mermaid in the round dance. As charming as the mermaid damsels are in the moonlight as well as in the sunshine bathing on the shore or veil-scented on the nearby

trees or rocks, the young man must guard his heart, for rarely does such love lead to a happy destination. He must either give up his life when he allows himself to be pulled beneath the waves, or the wave-girl will be killed by her own mermaids when they discover the sweet secret. The mermaids are no less cruel to their own kind than they are to humans. Many legends report how then a jet of blood rose and reddened the whole water; there the lovers or one of them had to forfeit life; rarely instead of the blood milk, an apple or a flower rises as a favorable sign.

A flattening of the belief in mermaids from Christian times is the view, often heard in popular opinion, that the mermaid women were seduced human children, which is why they often, even at the risk of their own lives, try to save people before they are carried away to the depths by the nix. However, this opinion is a misunderstood development of the mermaid myth and has no mythological basis.

As well as the myth of the male Nix in Nikuz touches itself with that of Wuotan and merges into this, likewise the female Nixenmythe leads to Frau Isa, the Nixie Queen, to that of the sky queen Frouwa. Just as Tacitus describes the cult of the goddess Nerthus, whom he expressly mentions as earth mother, just as he speaks of the cult of "Isis", just as the cult of the woman Isa was celebrated here in the country. And the most outstanding place of the cult on the Danube and most probably even the one mentioned by Tacitus was our Ip-Isa, the Roman "ad Pontem Ises", our present Ybbs.

The symbol of the goddess was a vehicle, half ship, half chariot, with which she passed through the lands at the time when the ice cleared the stream, and the snow cleared the road. She was honored with festivities, music and dance, feasting and revelry, all metal, namely every weapon was locked, no war was started or continued, only happy people wanted to see the goddess and make her happy. Under her protection, engagements and marriages took place, and her festival was named Carnival after her symbol¹⁴, the Car-Naval, still to this day.

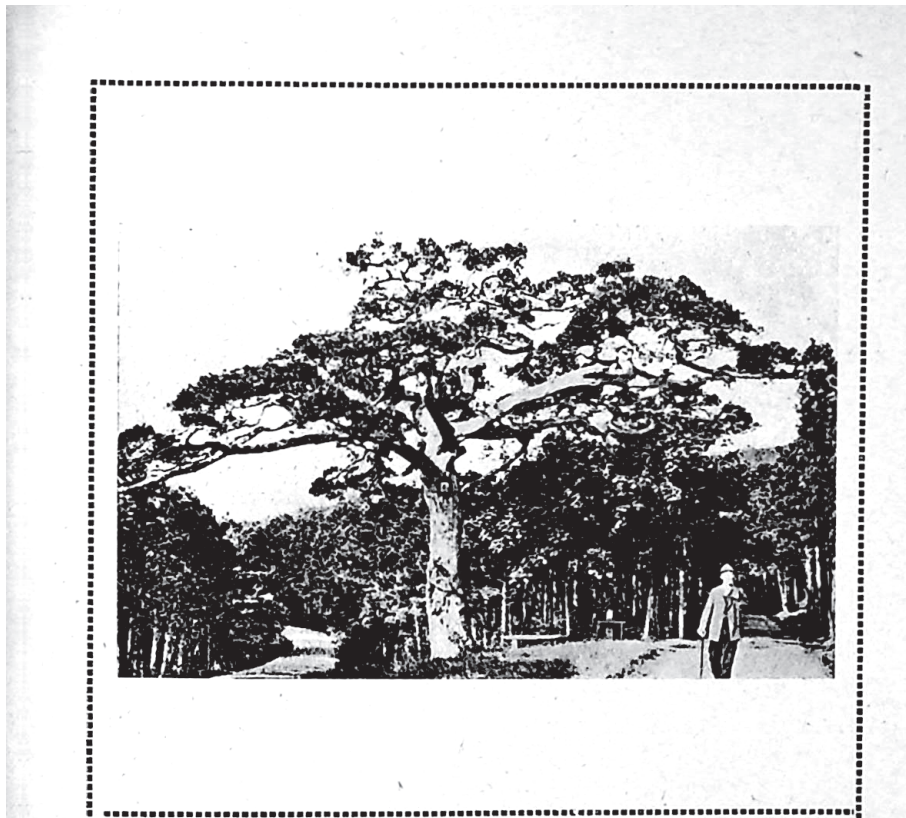
(14) Car = cart, wagon; Naval = navis, ship.

This procession of the chariot ship, however, is still common in many places of Austria, namely in the Austrian Alpine countries, where here and there even several places celebrate a common celebration since ancient times and do not deviate from form and ritual.

The vehicle of the goddess is always a chariot in the form of a ship, on which sit masked people, behind whom, however, only distorted images of old folk memories are hidden. By the way, it should be mentioned that it was precisely this chariot ship that Sebastian Brandt had in mind when he wrote his "Ship of Fools". The folk tale preserved the memory of the celebration of the goddess more clearly than the folk custom.

From the many folk tales that commemorate the procession of the goddess with the ship, only one of the most characteristic may be mentioned here to show how the people still remember the procession of the gods today.

It is said that not far from the high "Thor" or Dachstein, the so-called Hartkogel, half an hour's walk from the village of Mitterndorf, a mountain consisting partly of bare rocks and partly of dense forest, is the abode of the wild Gjaid or the wild hunter. These evil spirits ride through the air on a kind of ship-shaped sled, which has a sharp edge like a plowshare. As draught animals, evil servants are harnessed, who took more liberties against their rulers than is proper, but the load consists of true devils, of bad people and such servants who died during the year and could not yet be harnessed, because they can only be shod on Christmas Eve. At the end of the 18th century, a blacksmith called Stromer lived in Mitterndorf, an old, fat drunkard. Every Christmas Eve around eleven o'clock, the wild Gjaid came to him, unhitched there and now the blacksmith worked with the windows covered. There was howling and shouting, because he was repairing the hoof- or leg-irons of the maidens who were already in the process, but he was measuring the new ones. They howled and whimpered pathetically while he was doing this. - When everything was ready, the devil held out a bag full of money to the blacksmith and told him to take his wages; but the old Stromer was careful not to take more than he deserved, for he knew that otherwise the



Illus. 35. See Chapter 13, "The Brühl." The broad pine tree in the Thuringian area near Mödling. (After a photograph by Weingartshofer in Mödling.)

wild Gjaid would have taken him away immediately.

Very significant here is the ship-like shape of the vehicle and its relationship to the plow, as well as the share of lazy maids.

Even more significant is another local legend of Ybbs, which Father Reginbald Möhner preserves for us in his *Wandertagebuche* through Austria at the time of the 'Thirty Years' War. He writes:

"August 9 anno 1635 .

. . . and arrived at Ips (Ybbs) in the evening. Ips is a shipping port and there is a toll. Out of town on the water lies a Franciscan monastery, where I met Father Friedericum di Soli, my old acquaintance. We spent the night together in the tavern. After midnight and completely dark, I heard a great shouting, as if a Hohenau (ship's train) was going up. I asked in the morning whether they were also driving in such a dark night, but I got the answer that they were ghosts.

So we see here in Ybbs the ship of the goddess proven in terms of legends, namely as "ship train", so we saw in the legends, which go more inland, the chariot ship predominate, even entering into mythical relations with the plow. This may serve as a proof, how the service of all female (as well as the male) deities flowed into each other and finds its climax again and again in the supreme god-trinity, from which it had started, serving a special essentialization.

Not to be overlooked is a highly significant feature, which Tacitus reports to us of the procession of the goddess Nerthus and which in any case will also have taken place in that of the woman Isa. The goddess drove through the countryside in a chariot covered with cloths and when she was tired of her procession, she was driven back to her sacred lake. There the goddess was bathed, but the slaves who served her were devoured by the lake, for the sight of the gods was not granted to mortals.

This tradition, so far too little appreciated, offers the key to the solution of many questions in mythological relation, but especially the guideline for the determination of the divinity of one of the most famous of the legendary heroes, namely for the explanation of Lohengrin.

Melusine was a mermaid and commanded her husband not to see her

on certain days, otherwise she would have to separate from him forever. According to the well-known legend, he violated the commandment and the separation took place. Only years of penance reunited him with the beloved Melusine at the hour of his death through - the mermaid's kiss of death.

Similarly, the fairy tale of Cupid and Psyche. The latter had also transgressed the prohibition to see her invisible lover; she surprised him in his sleep and he passed away. Only in death - for this is represented in the fairy tale, even if concealed among the many penances and purifications - only in death was Psyche reunited with the divorced.

A goblin legend tells that in one house there was a house spirit, who helped the maid in all things, but always remained invisible to her, despite her most urgent requests. Finally he promised her to show himself if she would come to the cellar with two buckets full of water. She came, and saw a naked child lying there, with two knives thrust crosswise into its chest. With a cry of terror, the curious girl collapsed. Then the goblin laughed and poured the two buckets of water she had brought over her head for encouragement.

These few examples show that humans - as the service of Nerthus expressly states - were not allowed to see gods in their real form, and that the sight of gods was granted only to the deathless. So the slaves of Nerthus were swallowed by the holy lake, so only in death Cupid could reunite with Psyche and the count of Lusignan with Melusine. In the later goblin saga this trait is still recognizable in a weakened form.

Lohengrin, too, had to divorce Elsa after she asked him about "Nam und Art". This move shows his divine descent, which Richard Wagner knew very well or at least suspected. That Lohengrin thus steps out of the framework of the Grail saga is quite beside the point; it is quite the same case as with Siegfried and Brunhilde of the *Nibelungenlied*. Lohengrin, too, came as an older mythical figure into a newer poetry as a legendary figure; he was historicized like *Tannhäuser*.

Now, however, the very swan that accompanies Lohengrin points to the water kingdom; he is thus a nix, just as Melusine is a mermaid. Both

appear to the human children who love them in an assumed illusionary form and may only enjoy the brief happiness of love with humans in this form; if the stipulated condition is transgressed, then they must part. This condition is not always linked to sight alone.

So once a man dreamed of a girl, Trude. He woke up and saw a downy feather lying on his chest. Knowing what this meant, he quickly decided what to do, and jumped up and plugged the keyhole of the parlor door. There sat a beautiful, naked woman crying on his bed and begged him not to deny her the exit, because it was the law with ghosts and spirits that they had to take exit again where they slipped in. But the man liked the woman, he gave her clothes and lived happily with her for many years. Once he wanted to test whether she could take on her feather form again, and pulled the plug out of the keyhole. A sudden gust of wind drove the downy feather so quickly through the keyhole that the astonished man didn't have time to close it. She never came back and left him and the children she bore, never to be seen again.

The downy feather reminds of Freya's swan hair and will certainly have taken the place of Trude of that legend. - Also in this saga the contact of the swan - in the downy feather - with the Lohengrin saga is recognizable.

But as a swan virgin, Freya also contacts herself again with Frau Isa, the representative of the water kingdom, whereby Lohengrin's relation to it becomes more and more evident, for he, too, has already been recognized as related to the water kingdom through the water bird, the swan. Lohengrin is recognizable as a divine being who has relations to the water kingdom and therefore falls into the genus of the Vanir.

Since Frey is a son of the Vanir Njord, thus a Vanir himself, who was only later admitted to the line of the Aesir, one may think of his bridehood with Gerda. Gerda is held captive by the winter giants; Elsa, too, is in the greatest distress through Telramund, from whom Lohengrin frees her. She marries the swan knight, just as Gerda takes the sun hero as her husband; both marriages are short. Frey is killed - as Balder; Lohengrin has to leave the beloved because she asked for "Nam und Art".

The fates of both are thus the same, only the divorce is differently justified. Now, however, it is to be emphasized that Elsa, contrary to all other Gods' brides, is not a divine being, but a human child and as such is considered the human progenitor of the Counts of Cleve, as Melusine is considered the divine progenitor of the Counts of Lusignan, whereby the Cleve progenitor is of divine, but the Lusignan progenitor is of human descent.

In spite of this difference in the contrast of divinity and humanity in both family sagas, they are mythically founded in the same way and form another form of the family saga of old royal families, one of which we got to know with the counts Wurmbrand. As there the first Wurmbrand had turned out to be the Ostermann, Zeizzo the Beautiful, namely Balder or Frey, who took a human-born woman as his wife in order to beget a noble "Kotings dynasty", so in these two sagas, likewise for quite the same reasons, a divine being appears paired with a human one. By the connection of a god, no matter whether of male or female gender, in love or marriage with a humanly born of another sex, for the purpose of the production of a higher tribe, naturally a group of legends deviating from the other myths is caused, which can be brought only loosely in connection with this one, since just the humanly born spouse must enter here in the further development of the myth of unity and rebirth.

Since one was not able to establish perfect correspondences and similarities, so the Melusinen- like the Lohengrin saga had to be of Celtic origin, of course, in order to get rid of the inexplicability more easily.

As one now naturally expects the end of the ancestor in the Wurmbrand saga, because the first Wurmbrand in the saga is conceived in human terms, but the saga immediately appears incomplete, if one recognizes the mythical ancestor as a god, because precisely the myth tells us nothing about his parting from the wife, while one otherwise tacitly assumes his death as a matter of course, so in those tribal and heraldic legends, which still emphasize the divinity of the ancestor or the ancestress, also the parting of the immortal side of the ancestral couple had to be thought of, which had to take the place of the human-necessary death.

Thus these myths allow to draw conclusions only concerning the nature of the divine being, the immortal part of the ancestral couple, while the development of the love for marriage as well as the solution of the alliance between God and man is a very different one, not bound to any mythical model.

The Saga of the Worm (dragon) does not know the human progenitor and since she forgot that the ancestor had divine nature, she forgot also the solution of the marriage alliance. According to the nature of the legend, this might have been an earth rapture, to which assumption the name of the mountain behind the Wurmbauer, namely the "Hutberg", justifies.

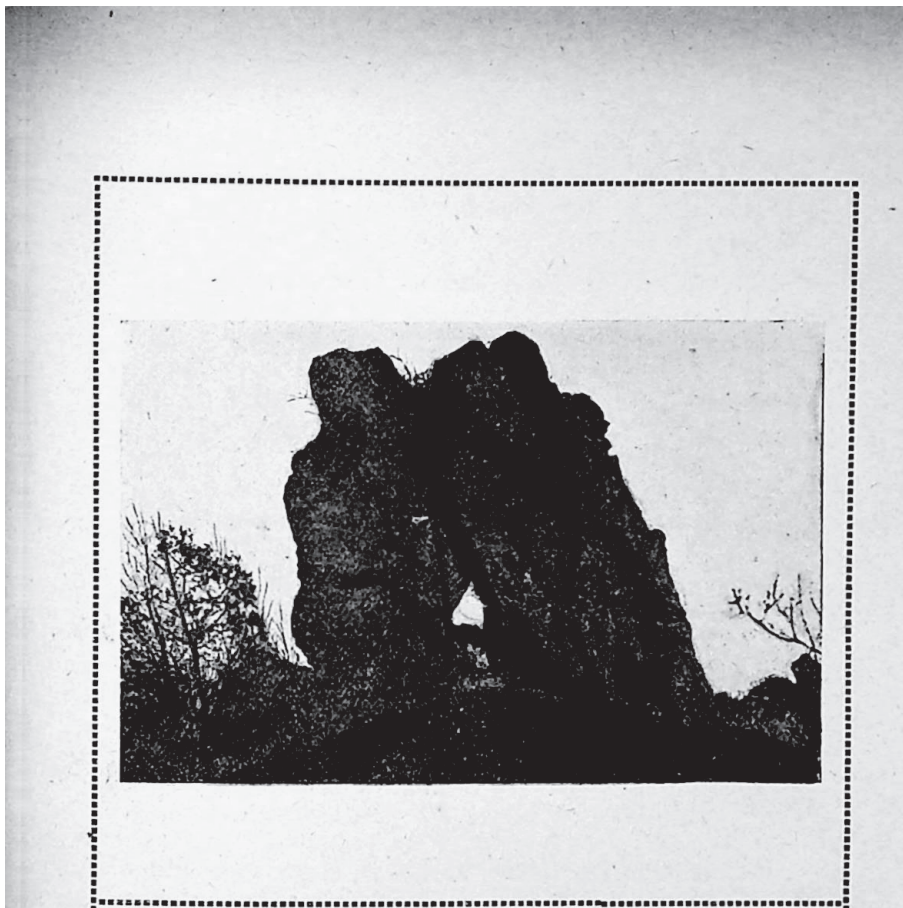
This is different in the Melusinen- as well as in the Lohengrin saga.

In both, the divinity of one of the two spouses is unforgotten, in both, the love relationship expands to a marriage covenant. Since such an alliance may not be dissolved by death, it must be brought about by a justifying cause, which naturally can only be the fault of the mortal part.

In this circumstance now lies, as already said, the cause of the actual un-mythical conclusion of the saga.

If we have mythically recognized in Wurmbrand the son of the sun (Balder, Ostermann, Zeizzo), then we find Lohengrin as Vanir, as the sun god who has risen from the sea, thus explained as Freyr, who rises from the sea pulled by the swan and submerges again with the same animal. Since, however, according to the mythological rule, all the derivations always lead back to Wuotan-Frouwa, so here again there is no real difference and all these ancestors prove to be rejuvenated figures of Wuotan-Fruowa in their conceptions as progenitors and mothers of famous royal dynasties of the Germanic prehistory.

Thus Lohengrin is in the first place a Nix, rising a Vanir, finally the northern son Freyr, as the young sun god rising from the sea, and in the further course the youthful Wuotan himself; since he is immortal as such, his parting from the mortal woman had to be a justified one, because otherwise he would have had to deify her, that is, to give her immortality, for which German mythology knows no example. Exactly the same result



Illus. 36. See Chapter 13, "Der Brühl." The "Matterhörndl" or the "Pfennigstein" in the Anninger area near Mödling. (From a photograph by Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)

in opposite sex relation offers the Melusine legend, which in mythical extension the mermaid Melusine develops into the woman Isa, this to the guardian of the fountain of youth Frau Holda and beyond this to the god mother Frouwa.

Therefore, the correct conclusion of the Melusine saga is the forbidden eavesdropping on Melusine and that of the Lohengrin saga the question of "Nam and Art", (name and nature) as Richard Wagner correctly emphasizes.

Now we would have arrived at the conclusion of this "German-mythological landscape picture" dedicated to the belief in mermaids and the cult of the woman Isa. Especially in the characterization of the lower mermaid people, which is made possible for us by countless mermaid legends, a perfect picture of the materialization of the water in the flowing or standing state is offered, executed up to the smallest features. It shows itself friendly, inviting to the pleasure, ready to serve and kind, but capricious, even irascible and cruel. With admiration we survey a highly developed poetic conception of a certain area of nature, see a rich poetic creative faculty flourishing here to the most fragrant bloom; With joyful amazement we survey this richly articulated picture, which may serve us as a confirmation of the unattained inwardness of the mind of our Germanic forefathers, to whom in this respect only one people of the old and the new world can be placed on an equal footing, and this one people is the ancient Ario-Indians, who are of one tribe with us, who are Aryans with us.

Chapter 8

Aggstein on the Danube¹

Iduna had sunk from the world ash tree; the green-gold veils were stolen from the friendly goddess and in the frosty ice dungeon Gerda languished, trapped by the terrible winter giant. A thick blanket of snow lay over the forest. Tree and bush bore the winterly load bent and like frozen tears as the icicles hung down into the gnarled snow. These were the ice shackles with which the terrible one put nature under winter's spell. Down at the river lay the many-pronged ice jam in a blue-green glimmer; these were the "ice chains" with which the terrible one had bound the fair "Isa", the dear Danube woman, this was the giant wall with which he had wanted to dismantle the river. A harsh north was sweeping through the forest with long-drawn notes like the plaintive sound of a harp, like the mourning song of the prisoners in the terrible ice dungeon. But up in the air, a flock of hungry ravens circled the rubble-crowned stone head of Aggstein.

The snow crunched under the footsteps of the ascending ravens and the icicles splintered from the trees into the snow. Then the forest thinned out, a sharp gust of wind drove sand-like snow into our faces, and to the left we saw some broken masonry; the Aggstein had been climbed. The key turned screeching in the rusty lock, the heavy gate creaked open; we stood in the gate hall. It looked gloomy enough. To many who entered, the creaking of the gate hinges might have shrieked something similar to

(1) First published: Vienna, Heimat, October 6, 1882. Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, March 7, 1889.

what Dante's poet's eye read above the gate of hell: "You who enter here, leave all hope behind!"

But even if the ancient vultures once nested here may have done badly enough, the curse of terror that surrounds Aggstein's ruins is older than legend would have it, and goes back to far earlier times than those in which "Herr Jörg Scheckh vom Wald" robbed knights up here.

Although the castle was built only at the beginning of the twelfth century, although the seal of "Bertholds von Acxstain" shows a boulder (stone) with an axe hovering above it, the name itself is older than the existence of the castle, and also to be interpreted differently than the seal (axe-stone) seems to want to say.²

The rock Aggstein lies in the Aggswald, which the Aggsbach rushes through; only from this rock the name went over to the castle, which grew out of its head. In the same way, the Aggsbach was the godfather when the Carthusian monastery, the village and the market of Aggsbach came into being and were named after it. Of these three place names, however, only the name "Aggsbach" comes down to us in a document from the earliest times, namely as: "Achispach locus" in a document from October 6, 850. The basic word "Achis" (pronounced Akis) is the Gothic "agis", the Old High German "akiso" and means terror; thus the name Aggstein correctly means Schreckensstein and consequently this Schreckensstein lies in the Schreckenswald at the Schreckensbach.

Now, however, the rock in the sea, on which the terrible water giant of the German myth, Aegir, lives, is called "Agstein"; this is the magnetic mountain often mentioned in the fairy tale, which pulls out the iron from the ships, so that they sink disintegrating. This terror stone in the sea, the magnetic throne-stone of the water giant Aegir, fits very well to the terrible one, who also possesses the Agis stalk. Here now the terrible Aegir carried the local name Agez, with which he still appears in the fairy tale attenuated to the "master thief"; because also he had to tolerate it, like

(2) About the meaning of such heraldic images, better said such heraldic language, compare the author's: "Die Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen", G.-L.-B. Ur. 5, Verlag der Guido von List-Gesellschaft. Vienna 1910.

the other humanizations of the German myth, that he, stripped of his divine qualities, became more and more humanized, the more Christianity took root in the soul of the people and the Odin-spirit sank in constant development from "overarching faith" to "superstition".

Thus we see that the name Aggstein is a pre-Christian one, which reaches far back into the pre-Roman time and is closely related to a feared elvish being.

The naming, however, falls into a time in which there was still no arbitrary naming. The high sense of our ancestors, who still thought of nature as animated in a completely different way than the times of a Humboldt, populated forest and floodplain, sea and river, air and earth with supernatural, spiritual beings, and this, depending on the impression that the landscape aroused in him, with friendly, benevolent gods or with the hostile, evil forces, with which their good gods were thought to be in constant battle.

Thus the Danube valley from Melk to Spitz bears the name "Wachau", which was first mentioned in a document on June 23, 823, and a rocky mountain near Dürrenstein is called "Watstein". The Wachau still holds many old-mythical place names, but only these two except Aggstein may be mentioned today.

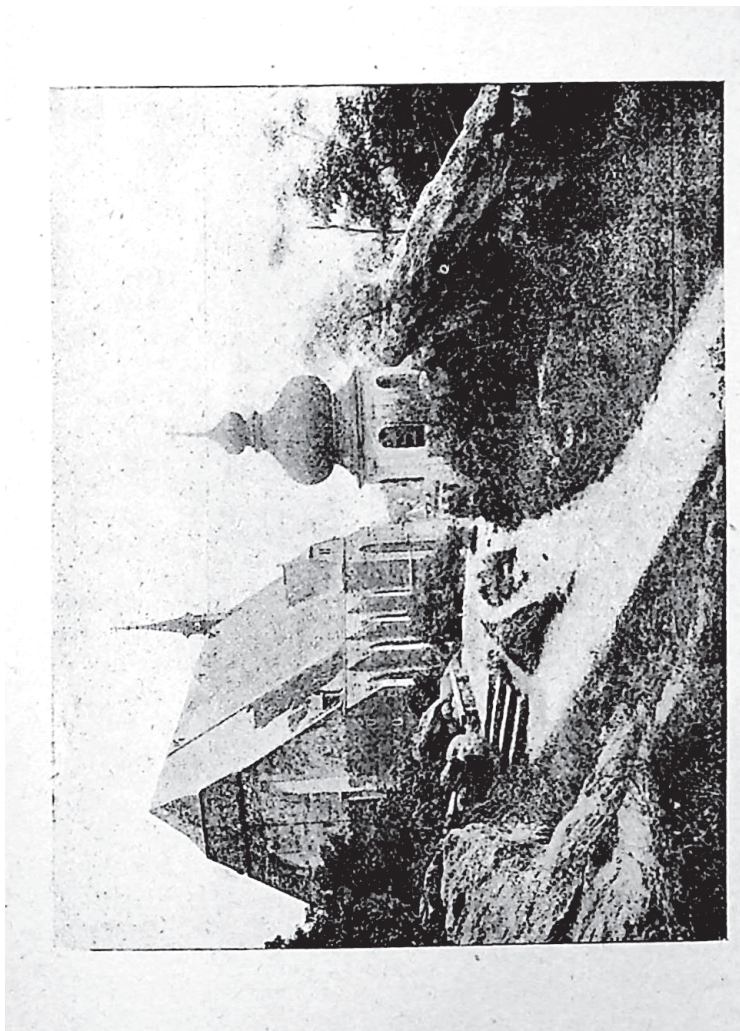
"Wachhilde" was a mermaid, a sea-wife, and the giant "Wate" begot his son Wieland with her. Wate carried this son Wieland across the sea to the sword-forging dwarves, so that he too could learn the art of sword-forging. Later, when he had become a master of the art and the dwarves did not want to release him, he outwitted them and slew them. Now it is by no means to be assumed as a coincidence that here in the "Au Wachhildens" (Wachau) the "Wat stone" stands. - But for centuries the Germanic tribes north of the Danube strove for the Danube crossing; at last Wate carried his son Wieland, namely his people, across the river to the dwarfs, to the sword-forging midlands in the Alps. Once the Teutons had crossed the Danube, they pushed the Midlanders and the Romans more and more southward, so that today they dwell only in the most hidden corners of the Alps. In the Traisen valley as well as in the Pielach

valley, however, there is one Wieland village each, and these are proven to be ancient forging sites.- But this Germanic migration had already taken place in pre-Roman times, at a time when the exodus took place in a different way than at the time of the so-called migration of peoples.

But the crossing of the Danube was not so easy, although Wate carried his people across the stream. They had waited until the winter giants had built the ice bridge, that is, until the floating ice floes had accumulated and frozen together to form an ice cover. Now the people could cross the river. Such ice bridges were still frequently used by the Germanic tribes, even the Romans did not disdain them, and even today they have not been forgotten.

At that time, however, people believed that they had to thank an evil, demonic being for this benefit and feared its deceitfulness. Following from this, what was more natural than the idea to make such a capricious being lenient by sacrifices, to buy his favor. Especially here on the Danube, numerous legends indicate the nature of these sacrifices. According to the legend, the devil built bridges, castles, even churches, for which he demanded the first or even the first three souls of those who would enter the building. Mostly the "stupid" devil was cheated by chasing a wolf or dog, cat or rooster first over the bridge, into the castle or church. Yes, even today it is customary that the farmer who moves into a new or newly acquired house, before he himself enters it, chases dog, cat and rooster over the threshold. This is an ancient Germanic custom and a reflection of the old sacrificial customs.

In those times, however, when the Germanic train crossed the giant ice bridge, faith was not yet smothered in misunderstood formalities, one did not yet dare to practice such fraud, the first, or the three first, who reached the other side of the river, were actually brought to the terrible Agez for sacrifice, namely on his sacrificial site, the Schreckensstein in the Schreckenwald. How these sacrifices were held, that tells us again the legend. The robber baron "Schreckenwald", who for a long time was thought to be the historical "Jörg Scheckh vom Wald" because of the similarity of his name, but who is none other than Agez the Terrible, the



*Illus. 37. see Chapter 13, "The Brühl". The Templerweg in the Brühl.
(After a photograph by Hatlaneck).*

master thief himself, is said to have hung the prisoners, hung by ropes, over the overhang of the rock, or pushed them into his "little rose garden". This is an inaccessible, narrow rocky plateau, where the "victims" either starved to death or fell into the depths. The legends of the "robber knight of the horror forest" therefore refer to the "sacrificial site in the horror forest", while "Scheckh vom Wald" came quite undeservedly to that extraordinary distinction before his "professional comrades of the saddle food", because he did it neither milder nor wilder, but just as the others all did. Strange and noteworthy at the same time is the fact that from the castle "Schreckenstein" on the Elbe near Tetschen exactly the same legends are in circulation, as from the Aggstein on the Danube, whereby it is to be particularly noted that both names coincide by the same meaning.

But two other moments are worth considering, that is the "Aggsteiner Mauth" (Aggstein toll) and the right of the "Grundruhr". It is known that all the revenues of the ancient pagan sacrificial sites and sanctuaries had passed to the benefit of either the church or the sovereign after Christianity had displaced paganism. The sacrifices of the Agez lessened in the course of the centuries in the same measure as the rising culture removed the terrors from the crossing of the river, with which it was more frequently undertaken. Those who had been relentlessly sacrificed in the past were now able to redeem themselves with "defense money", similar to the ancient Germanic fine, and so the toll came into being all by itself. With the emergence of the toll in general also the so-called "Grundruhrrecht" (land-rights) is connected. This also has Odinic origin, namely in the sanctity of the ground of a place of the gods. Admittedly, it was badly abused in Christian times and the sacrifice went from being impromptu to a known tax. Already Tacitus (Germ. ch. 9) reports about the sacred grove of the Semnones³ that the one who stumbled and fell in the same was not allowed to rise, but had to roll out lying on the ground.

(3) Semnonen is corrupted from Semann, i. e. "Se" = sun; "manen" = men; thus: sun-men or "Armanen". - For more details see G.-L.-B. No; 2 and 2A, "Die Armanenschaft der Ario-Germanen".

"He had touched" sacred ground, he had been brought down on it by the deity himself, and therefore was not allowed to rise again until he was outside the boundaries of the sanctuary. This extended in the interest of the greedy landlords to such an extent that all property, which fell on their ground by "Grundruhr" (touching the ground), e.g. by fall of a carriage horse or by wheel breakage, passed "in all form of rights" into their possession. The knight who camped on the road often "accidentally" brought about such a land ruin by shooting down a chariot's horse, and - he was no longer a robber, but merely exercised his "well-inherited landlord's right". Hence the nobility's fight against the sovereign decrees against their rights, against the stupid conception of the towns and town unions, which put such "noble right to saddle food" on the same level with quite common highway robbery.

By the way, it should be noted that the "Grundruhrrecht" is a twin brother of the "Strandrecht", which, however, enjoyed a longer life.

This also shows that the noble and strict Lord Jörg Scheckh vom Wald was well within his rights and was by no means driven from his property because he had perhaps done it too much; the cause of his expulsion from Aggstein lies only in the customs of that time of the conversion of state bonds. In the absence of bonds, cities, castles, and often entire provinces were given in pledge in exchange for loans. Since the pledgee was not able to separate coupons beforehand, as is customary in our highly cultivated modern times, he sought to extract the interest and possibly also the capital from the subjects and to exercise the Grundruhrrecht in the most emphatic manner in order to preserve the sovereign rights that he now represented. But now the state needed money again and had nothing more to pledge; what to do? Soon a pretext was found to declare such an inconvenient pledgee a "partisan" and to deprive him of his property. A new pledgee, who lent a certain sum, was soon found, who chased away the first one and robbed until a third came along, who did to the second what the latter did to the first, and so it went on happily, and everyone had to be glad if he did not suffer the same

fate as the Baumkirchner in Graz, whose head - like a coupon from the bond - was cut off and laid at his feet. This is what happened to Jörg Scheckhl vom Wald on Aggstein, and after him to Hans von Stein, whom Ulrich von Gravenegg replaced, only to lose it again soon. But this actually belongs to the field of national economy and not to a mythological study.

If we have now recognized Aggstein as the rock throne of the terrible Agez, as a counterpart to the Magnetberg, the fabulous island of Agstein and others of the same interpretation, then, apart from the already touched causes of its naming and dedication, the question still remains to be answered, whether the scenic view would actually meet the requirements to have such an effect on the receptive soul of a nature-people, to evoke in them the feeling of terror, of horror, to become what Aggstein was and, albeit weakened, still is today. Even today, the locals shy away from the ruins, even during the day, and nothing could make them spend the night in front of a "heated rooster" up there. "Not for a castle!"

Yes, the area is effective in awakening the feeling of terror in the sensitive mind of the nature child. When Agez the Terrible is overcome, when the fair Lady Isa is freed from the ice shackles again, when the blue-happy waves resume rolling along the Danube valley, then everyone may try what impression the Aggstein evokes on his mind. If you feel called to do so, try the Danube trip from Melk through the Wachau in a rowboat; you will see it better than from the deck of the "Ariadne" and it feels different in a narrow sculler or canoe.

How the Danube, the unstructured daughter of the German Alps, rushes through the river gate at Melk into the golden Wachau, the floodplain of the mermaid Wachhilde!

Narrowed by dark forest mountains, the dark foaming waters wind their way into a gloomy, crater-like cauldron; the inflow and outflow of the stream is hidden from the eye, which imagines the Danube trapped, transformed into a wild high alpine lake.

In the middle of the dark forest mountains, out of the blackish floods, a sinister rock colossus suddenly rises against the clouds, threateningly

raising its crenellated stone head. This is the Aggstein. -

Even when the sun is shining brightly, there is something peculiarly gloomy about this view, which, however, increases to an oppressive level when dusk folds its mysterious veil around the mountains. However, this scenic character image appears downright eerie when the thunderstorm atmosphere oppresses the air, when those peculiar color and light effects play around the cliffs, lightning flashes through the cracked walls, and the old pine trees groan and bow to the weather storm. At such moments, even the man of culture has a faint inkling of what once forced our ancestors to devotion with unconscious power, what forced them to firmly believe that an enemy of gods and men resided here, what forced them to call the rock the Schreckenfels in the Schreckenwald.

When the storm rushes through the forest, so that the trunks groan, the rocks whimper and the waves rush, then it sounds through the valley like a mighty harp sound and the poetic mind of the people's soul in its childhood dream thought to hear the mermaids singing.

And truly, here the sentient human being, who still calls something of that his own, which the others do not understand, is haunted by a quite similar mood as in front of the Lurley rock on the Rhine. But this is also not a coincidence, because from the Aggstein the Lurley legend applies train for train, only the people have forgotten the mermaid's name and call her the "Madwoman of Aggstein". Also this Danube mermaid sits above in bright moon nights, probably also in shining sunshine and combs her golden hair and sings songs of love's sorrow and love's lust. But when the infatuated Ferge forgets to row, she laughs wildly and plunges into the tide, whirling the drowning man down with her into her ghastly water palace to hold his soul captive under a glass bell. This mermaid, however, is none other than the predatory wife of the terrible Agez, the dreadful Ran.

She, too, has given her name to a brook that foams and pours into the Danube; it is the Ranna, the Ran-Ache, the brook of the Ran.

While she sings her magic songs on the top of the rock, her nine daughters dance their seductive round dance with flattering songs on the

waves of the river. It is true that the people have also forgotten the names of these nine wave girls, but elsewhere they have been recorded, and it may be at liberty to freshen up the native picture by foreign comparison. These names are significant enough.

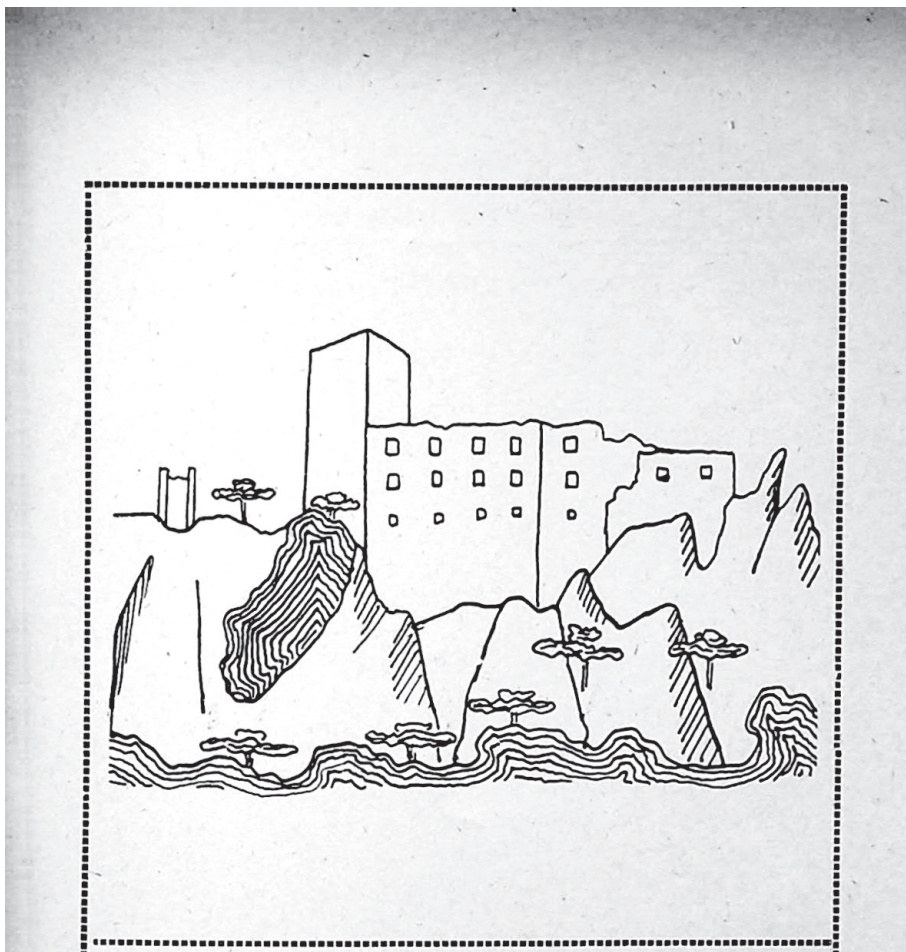
The round of the nine opens "Himinglaffa", the "sky-rushing", which follows "Dufa", the "sinking to the depth"; as third "Blodughadda", the "blood-thirsty", follows and this as fourth "Hefring", the "rising". In the further round the fifth: "Udur" (downfall), the sixth: "Raun" (murmur, noise), the seventh: "Blygia" (storm), the eighth: "Dröbna" (the threatening), and as the last of the terrible nine: "Kolga" (the flood, inundation). (From well-attested Norse mythology, see the Jotun Aegir, his wife Ran, and their nine daughters)

These names clearly show the dangers and terrors of the sea or the stream. But the water is not always frightening, often, even mostly friendly and reflective, but the slightest breath can cloud the mirror. Therefore, the people thought the mermaids beautiful and gentle in appearance, but capricious, malicious and mischievous in character.

But Agez is not always terrible, he even knows how to make himself pleasant to the gods and humans at times. He visits the gods in Asgard and invites them again after three months to an enormous drinking party, at which it goes highly. With gold light he illuminates his hall, in which the merry Donar drinks the master drink. The golden light, however, is the sun, which now dwells in the depths of the sea or the earth, it is a seed, which hibernates in the earth under the snow cover, it is the Nibelungen hoard, which Hagen sank into the Rhine, it is the Amelungen hoard, which rests not far from Aggstein in the floods of the Danube, in order to rise from these in the gods-morning-dawn to the shining sun of Arahari! -

But how the people transformed such treasure myths into treasure legends and thus arrived at the richly structured treasure digger superstition, this is to illustrate other landscape pictures.

But we wanted to pay a visit to the old Agez at the time when he is holding the Danube, weighed down with his ice shackles, the much-favored wife Isa imprisoned in the ice dungeon of his castle, at the time



Illus. 38. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental." The Raubenstein Ruin near Baden in Lower Austria.

when he is attempting to mine the river with his "Devil's Wall".

The gate⁴ closed behind us almost unwillingly, its creaking sounded threatening, as if it wanted to object to our walking away, as if it wanted to raise the question of where Agez's sacrifice was. In a wide arc, the path led us through the gnarled snow under the gloomy, dark pines (Föhrendunkel), which appeared almost black next to the flashing snow. Soon we stood at the Danube.

There, between the blue-green glimmer of the ice obelisk in the stream, they appeared, the nine wave girls, and the green net of Ran rushed between them quite gruesomely. Over there, however, the Jauerling rose with its Tyregg, as if it wanted to mock the boastful Agez, because the setting sun made the snowy rocky peak shine like the crest of a fiery rooster. It was a comforting reminder. Tighter we wrapped ourselves in our furs and rejoiced that now soon "Heimdalls" cock with the golden crest will crow, at whose cock's crest the giant building will crumble and our cheerful Frau Isa with her lovely entourage of snowdrops and violets will be able to make her entrance into her laughing, glorious Danube floodplains, into our beautiful Ostarland.

(4) For those who want to learn more about Burg Aggstein, its history, legends, and architecture, we recommend the diligently prepared monograph: "Aggstein Castle in Lower Austria" by Ignaz Franz Kaiblinger, in the VII volume of *Berichte und Mitteilungen des Altertumsvereines in Wien*, page 98 ff, and the excellent latest work on this subject: "Aggstein Castle on the Danube in Lower Austria", research and description of its present condition and design for its construction. By architect Eduard Reithmayer Vienna, Anton Schroll & Komp 1912 - For the present study, the castle as such, as well as its actual history was too far away.

Chapter 9

The Venusberg near Traismauer¹

*But now we want to start,
To sing of the knight Tannhäuser,
And what wonders he has done
With the women of Venus.*

That was a wonderful trip in the little canoe down from Passau along the silver-sparkling Nibelungenstrasse! The "red flag with the white St. Andrew's cross in the upper pole field" laughed jauntily from the mast of the small vehicle, as it glided along as fast as an arrow, lonely as Lohengrin's swan. Then the mouth of the Traisen opened between secluded meadows and the lonely Fergen drew a Scheffel's song through the memory:

*And whispering I hear it rustle through the leaves,
Forfeited man, the dead are dear to you,
Follow this track and you will find treasures,
Not far from here flashes Nibelungen gold.*

In a wide arc, the small boat fell off course and ran into the mouth of

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, No. 4847, July 4, 1885.

the Traisen. There was good shipman's work; the arrow-quick gliding was thoroughly over. The inconspicuous thing worked hard against the current, but to go ashore and pull or even carry the boat would have been decidedly not "sportsmanlike". After a hard day's rowing, the ancient market town of Traismauer finally lay before the lonely rowing boy, nestled in lovely greenery and illuminated by the most friendly evening sun.

*There it lay, the proud Etzelsburg.
The castle was much farther, much better known,
named Trasinmuore; Frau Helke sat there eh,
And nurtured such great virtues, they truly never disappear".*

What memories were not awakened by the name Traismauer - Trasinmuore! - The place is already mentioned under Charles the Saxon butcher, and therefore belongs, according to the assumption of those who swear only on what has been dragged through the centuries and the archives and handed down to posterity in colorful scrollwork on the back of a dead donkey, to the oldest places in the country. This time they are also right, but nevertheless the place is far, far older than those gentlemen want to admit. Charles donated the place to Passau; also the exiled Moravian duke Privina was received here in front of St. Martin's Church by the border count of the Eastern Mark, Radpot, and induced to baptize him. In 984 the name appears as "civitas Traisma". Under the Romans, however, the place was named "Trigisanum".

And yet Trasinmuore is far older still, dating back to far, far pre-Roman days. -

Further on the little boat passed the quiet green of the floodplain; there an inconspicuous hill arched into the dusky evening shadows, as inconspicuous as a thousand others, which the eye might otherwise glide past, since no special feature makes it stand out noticeably.

And yet - what sweet charm does not surround this hill!

Gentle clouds of mist rose from the softly lapping waves, as if light

female figures flitted above the waters around the light boat. Then they floated upward to the top of the hill, behind which the full moon slowly rose, lonely as the boat and its ferge.

Lonely! Yes, that was his lot; for weeks on end, he often went upstream and downstream in his fancy mahogany boat; his rowing companions laughed at his quirks, and yet he was happy - alone. Alone? Oh no! What a sunlit company, born of fragrance and ether, gathered around him for intimate conversation! Was it his fault that the other eyes did not see this, the other senses did not feel this? And so the others thought him lonely, and yet he was in the most exquisite ring of heavenly spirits. So also today.

*On a quiet floodplain, in a wide stream
I pulled lonely in the swaying boat,
My gaze was lost far away in the thorns
Where moon and star are gazing down.*

*Many-hundred-year-old elms strive upwards
Like pillars up to the stars,
And long deep shadows they weave
Through the meadows, through the waves.*

*And above silver quilts down
The moon's gentle ether tide,
The wisps cast moonward again,
Like the ball game, the pale glow.*

*And how the little sparks spray upwards
In the rich rainbow wreath.
Catching sight of grasses they burn up
In the color-spraying glow of brilliance.*

And like the aeolian harp sounds,

*Elicited by the west wind's pair of wings
The midnight floodplain songs,
So wistfully wonderful.*

*And there!? - Floating there on the waters -
Is it truth? - Or is it a dream?
The fairies light as perfumed weaves,
Shapes soft as the foam of waves.*

*The eyes sweet glances sparkle
Like stars clear in the soft light
And moonlight is what the dark ones,
The weeping curls mildly flooded.*

*In the sensuous lush round dance
They glide like the scent of roses,
As violet scents rise moonward,
They float through the realm of air.*

*And soft song in gentle wings
Whispers through meadow and human breast,
We want to rescue you from suffering,
To which you have fallen, unconsciously.*

*O come to us, to the moonlight brightness,
Where we dance in a merry circle,
Where we, on a clear silver wave
Of mankind's joys and sorrows flee.*

*You rest so gently in Hutberg's bottom,
Deep down in the mountain shaft,
Every wound is forgotten there.
Forgotten in blissful night.*

*And when the little flowers bloom in May
Then you follow us to airy dance,
To ethereal-scented fairy rows
By moonlight and starlight.*

*And when you have swung yourself up
To the light and bright fairy crowd,
And sang your song to her,
To the fair Freya longingly,*

*Then you are happy! Knowing love will come,
You sink back into Freya's dome,
And rise, when again admonishingly
The spring awakens the flowers come come! -*

The oar stroke rippled softly over the waves, and in the full moonlight the "Venusberg" lay in front of the delighted, framed by the night-dark shadow of the floodplain forest.

*But now we want to begin
To sing of the knight Tannhäuser,
And what wonders he has done
With the women of Venus.*

It is not one of the least merits of Richard Wagner that he brought the old Germanic myth closer to the higher classes of society again, which had probably already been forgotten by them, that he brought it back into fashion as it was half a millennium ago, where the minnesingers sang the praises of "Frau Venus" at all courts great and small, as is now being done anew by their descendants on all opera stages, while the lower classes of the people more faithfully preserved the mythical traditions, and today the old Tannhäuser song still flies from mouth to mouth sung

in countless variations.

The legend, which is bound to countless localities, and the still widespread distribution of the song today testify that we would strive in vain to look for a historical background for the Tannhäuser saga, to assume a historical personality in Tannhäuser himself. It has been attempted to connect the minnesinger Tannhausen, who died in 1270, with our Tannhäuser, but he was too subordinate, too insignificant, for it to seem justified to look for the origin of this mythical figure in him. If now no historical basis can be found for the legend, this must be found in the mythological area and then only the question remains open, which gods' figures are hidden behind "Frau Venus", the "noble Tannhäuser" and the "faithful Ekkehard".

That they must be Germanic, proves for the time being not only the deep-rooted legend in all districts of the Swabian-Bavarian family of peoples, but also the numerous place names in their lands. To name only a few, they are listed: Venusberg, a) A single stream, Bavaria, district court Vilsbiburg; b) village and bath near Innsbruck; c) village near Zwickau, Saxony, d) a farm near Waldsee in Württemberg; e) village near Breisach in Breisgau; f) village in Lower Austria near Traismauer; g) village, near Drasdorf (in 868 called Druosinindorf), both in the quarter above the Wienerwald, and finally h) a village near Dürrenstein, also in Lower Austria, in the quarter above the Mannhartsberg. With this enumeration their number is by no means exhausted, all name-mutilations, like Venetsberg, Veniluk etc., are not thought of, as little as those place names, to which the legend seems to be bound, but whose interpretation is based on other grounds. The most famous of the latter, the "Hörselberg" in Thuringia, shall be mentioned here only in passing. A similar list could be compiled of such place names, which contain the names "Tannhäuser" and "Ekkehard" in the most different connections and mutilations.

But not only the people in all its strata knew the "Venus", but this herself lived on in spite of Christianity as an allegorical being until the late Middle Ages. It may be remembered here only of the Styrian minnesinger Ulrich von Lichtenstein and his adventurous Venus



Fig. 39: The "black tower" in the Brühl near Mödling. (After a photograph by Hatlanek in Vienna). See Chapter 13.

procession to show how vividly the old mythical view influenced medieval life.

We find some closer information about the Venus myth in the songs of the minnesinger Hermann von Sachsenheim, who died in 1450, and who in most of his poems deals with Frau Venus, or as he usually calls her, with the "Venussin". In the "Schatz", a "Martinsvogel" leads him to a "Dwarf" and this one to the "Venusberg", where the Venussin gives him a twelve-pointed crown for his beloved, which was worked by her twelve virgins. In the "Altswert" he receives lessons from Frau Venus on how to prefer old swords to new ones, as well as older tried men to the still inexperienced boys. He sings of the new minne of Alsace on her behalf in the "Kittel". In the "Mörin" (Mohrin), he describes the court life of "Frau Venus" and Brunhilt appears as her first lady-in-waiting, the "faithful Ekkehard" as her court marshal and King Tannhäuser as her husband. In this poem, the poet describes how he is forcibly abducted by an old man and a dwarf and is brought before Frau Venus, and is led by her "advocate" (confidante), who is the Moor, before King "Danhauser", where he has to justify himself because of his fickleness in love.

If we go back further, we find in the "Vilcina Saga" the news that Ekkehard's wife was called "Bolfriana", and that after Ekkehard's death she married Wieland's son "Wittich". Wittich's castle, however, was called "Treborg" (wooden castle or forest castle), also "Thornburg" (Dornburg), that is a dwelling in the forest protected by entanglements, and as such also Herman von Sachsenheim describes in the "Mörin" the castle of the woman Venus, the Venusberg.

As one tried to historicize the noble "Tanhusaere", one also wanted to find a historic basis for the "faithful Ekkehard", and soon believed to have found it in that "faithful Ekkehard", whom we know as "Bundschuh" from the "Hohenstauffensage", soon in that Ekkehard II, Margrave of Meissen, whom Emperor Henry III calls "fidelissimum fidelem" in 1041. Both assumptions are incorrect. The most similarity is found with that margrave of the same name, the keeper of the Harlunge, who admittedly also does not correspond to any historical entity and, as

we shall see, is the flower of a common stock with our faithful Ekkehard. His saga is soon told. When Diether, King Ermanrich's brother, died, he appointed the faithful Ekkehard as guardian of his minor children. Ermanrich seized their kingdom and (Harlung) treasure, besieged them in their castle, which he stormed, and had the captured nephews hanged on the castle hill. The name of that castle is Breisach. For a long time the dispute about the geographical question between Breisach in Breisgau, Harlungoburg (Lower Austria) and Brandenburg on the Havel, which in old documents is also called Brisia, terra Briscorum, terra Brisia probably Brennenburg, as the Brandenburgers themselves called the "Brennen". This question, like that of the Venusberg, is not a geographical one, but a mythical one, although above the gates of Brandenburg on the Havel there was the following inscription: "Rex Harlungorum quondam tua moenia cinxit, te rex conuertit Carolus et magnificavit, Otto fundavit, dotavit, pontificavit, pontificem primum statuit ibi Caesar Udonem", and in front of whose gates lies the Hariungenberg, on which Ermanrich's blood council is said to have been executed. All this is found even more often in the German country, and everywhere with equal justification, because the background is not historical, but mythological.

But like Treborg and Brisach, Fritila is still mentioned as a castle of the Harlunge, likewise a geographical bone of contention. One looks for it in Fritzlar, Friedberg on the Rhine, Vercelle and Feltre, everywhere with equal right and wrong, as was just mentioned with Brisach. Fritila is a name formed with the final syllable "thilia", as Fritilo, one of the Harlunge himself, bears the same name with masculine inflection and the first syllable "Fri" is due to "Fria, Bolfriana", as Freitag, Fritac, dies Veneris. Also, the "Vilcina Saga" explicitly notes that the people of Währingen call this castle "Fridsaela" (dead man's home), which is just again a coinciding term.

Just as Berchtana often stands for Berta, Huldana (also Hlodana) for Hulda, one can put "Boi Fria" for Bolfriana, Ekkehard's wife, from which the "buhlende Freya" is explained, since "boul" in Old Saxon means Buhle, "bol" on the other hand in Norse means evil.

The name of Freya's solar house "Volkwang" (Folkvangr) means "People's Angers" and used to refer to the fields filled with people during the harvest.

But this is incorrect, as will become clear from later discussion. "Volkwang" means, however, "Volks-Anger", but in the sense of our today's cemetery, the graveyard of the dead that Freya and Wuotan divide themselves into the fallen from battle; each chooses their half. This division, however, takes place in such a way that Wuotan leads the disembodied souls to Valhalla, while Freya leads the soulless bodies to Volkwang. The hall in Freya's castle is called "Fensaal" (Fensalir). (Modern mythology places Fensalir as the location of the goddess Frigg.) Also this name was misinterpreted as "swamp hall"; by thinking of the Nordic Vennen, swamps derived from "fen". One overlooked that this name is actually derived from German "fan", "fanin", "fen" = Funke (spark), Brand (fire), Feuer (fire), Zeugung (procreation), and therefore "Fensaal" actually means brand-hall, fire-hall, "procreation hall".

As the German mythology is built up on the triple number "birth, life, death", meets itself in the thought of the rebirth after the death, end and beginning (alpha and omega) of all things, therefore Freya unites in the Fensaal as "fire hall pyre, corpse fire of the dead, in order to let them emerge from the Fensaal as "procreation hall" to new life. Thus the ring of the eternities closes, thus new life sprouts from the death.

Since now Freya's necklace is called "Brisingamen", also the "Breisachergold", so this name corresponds to the hall name "Fensaal", which we got to know by ancient local tradition as Breisach, Brisia, Brandenburg and others. If now Bolfriana marries with Wittich for the second time, we find that the name Wittich means the one who lives in the "forest" (Old High German: "Witigouwo, Old Saxon: Widga). As well as the term "forest" derived from Forcht, pine, and formerly only a pine forest, but today generally a forest without distinction of the tree species denotes, just as, only less common, the word "Tann"; this also pointed in former times only to a fir forest, while today it is used synonymously as forest, and thus Wittich is in the "Tann hausende" (forest house), finally



Fig. 40. see page 92 and Chapter 14. Destruction of the Irminsul by the Frankish king Charles.

Tannhäuser. -

But Bolfria is the daughter of King Drasian (Tresian in Wolfdietrich), from where her castle is called Drasinburg (Tresinburg), which was found again in Trechlinburg at the Rhine from already often mentioned errors. In Wolfdietrich this castle is also called Treisenmure and is in the power of Ruodwin, Wittich's nephew.

But now we have next to the one Venusberg in Lower Austria Traismauer, which is called in the Middle Ages "Zrasz/imuore", and lies in the "Trauma fei de", like the "Harlungoburg" in the "Harlungofeld". But the second "Venusberg", also in Lower Austria, is also situated next to a "Drasdorf", which appears in 868 as "Druosinindorf" (Drosendorf).

This cannot be coincidence and is the cause of the naming here as in all the same cases to mythical traditions, to Germanic-Wuotanistic cult places.

Another variation of that saga, which exclusively concerns us here, is bound to Brandenburg soil and reads: Margrave Iron of Brandenburg acquired this margraviate after he had to leave his homeland. He gets involved in a love affair with Bolfriana and finds his death at the hands of her deceived husband, the faithful Ekkehard. Irons' wife, on the other hand, is the faithful Isolde of Brandenburg, who, disguised as a singer, rescues him from the captivity of King Solomon, but in return is accused of infidelity by Iron after his return home.

Just as we saw Tannhäuser emerge from Wittich and the courting Freya, the Germanic "Venus vulgivaga", from Bolfriana, we still have to look for a bridge that leads from this to "Frau Venus". In the Middle Ages and still today in folk tales the "Venussin" has a second name, namely that of the "Frau Fene", which in Southern Germany was also Freya and which resonates in Venetsberg, Veniluck, Veniloch, whereby it must be noted that the "V" of these names is pronounced like "F".

Freya, like the Greek Venus, was also "foam-born". She is the moon goddess who emerges from the waves every night. In the ancient magic belief we find her in connection with the round magic mirrors, by means of which already in the grey antiquity the Thessalian women are

supposed to have pulled down the moon to the earth.

We encounter similar magic art in our witch trials. T. Becker and I. v. Hefner published in the Mk. book of their interesting work: "Kunstwerke und Gerätschaften des Mittelalters und der Renaissance", Frankfurt, 1853, the illustrations of two round hand mirrors from the 14th century, whose capsules cut from ivory, present the woman Venus, and this by no means in antique conception, but in our popular design corresponding to the tradition Magdeburg preserves the memory of Freya in its name.

In the chronicle of Christoph Entzelt von Salfeld (1579) the chronicler writes: "Carolus (the Frankish king) destroyed in putena, in castello putenae phanum et imaginen Veneris, there stood on a chariot an image of a beautiful naked woman, crowned with a wreath of Myrto, on her breast a burning torch, In her right hand she held a round ball (think of the moon and the magic mirrors), in her left hand three golden apples, after her stood three naked megde, with arms intertwined, with their faces turned away, and each of them carried a golden apple, the other one reaching out. The chariot was pulled by three swans or doves. The Saxons called it the Magadeburg."

Since now Frau Venus, Frau Fene appears as "Freya", namely as "courting Freya" equal to the "Venus vulgivaga", thus corresponding to a goddess, namely such from the times of the decline of the Odinsmyth, where this already degenerated and flattened, so naturally both Ekkehard and Tannhauser (Wittig) must likewise hide goddess figures. It is known that Freya's husband Hermut (Hermodr), Odr, was Zeizzo (the beautiful), who was sent to earth to teach the people the song, but was murdered by envious dwarves.

But now the Wuotansmythe knows the "silent forest dweller Widar", because:

*"In Widar's wooded dwelling land grows
Grass, tall and green"
(Edda, Grimnismäl)*

the young sun-god, born on the shortest night of the year, Christmas, and thought to be unproved, which assumption was maintained as long as the twilight of the gods had not yet dawned. When this dawned, when the gods faded to heroes or demons, it was also possible that that unpleasant song of the Edda "Oegisdrekka" could be written, which mocked the gods, similarly as Lucian's "Conversations with the Gods" were written at a time when the Olympian gods had already lost their divinity.

Now in that song the mischievous Loki hurls the following accusation in Freya's face at the banquet of Oegir (Agez):

*"Be silent, Freya, I know you completely".
You lack no blemish!
Every one of the Aesir and Elves here inside
Already took you to sweetheart!
Silence, Freya, seductress you!"
Corruption-provider!
By love potion you bound the bodily brother
To the mockery of the celestials!"*

Freya was her husband and brother at the same time, and so Loki could betray the high secret. Widar, however, is none other than Frö returning after seven² months to stay seven months with her in the "Venusberg", he is her second husband, Tannhäuser dwelling in the "Tann", while her first husband is Odr, Hermut, Zeizzo, the now naturally old sun god, the faithful Ekkehard.

Thus the whole Tannhäuser saga would be traced back to its mythical origin, except for the one circumstance that tells of the irreconcilability of Pope Urban and of the greening of the scrawny staff. But this trait is also

(2) The myth always calculates after seven or nine months or years, whereby the transition months of the autumn are given either to the winter or to summer; therefore seven (or nine) eternal nights, that is winter months or as many summer months or days.

preserved in the poem of the "Battle of the Ravens."

"Again and again," it is written in F. v. d. Hagen's book of heroes, "Dietrich of Bern reconciled with Wittich, only in the Battle of the Ravens he did not, after he had slain the brother Diether and the sons of Etzel. He shot his shaft (throwing spear) after him, and this stands greening still today, that everyone may see it who comes there".

Thus the "Devil's Lady Venus" found herself as Frau Fene and Bolfriana in the heroic saga as faithless wife of the faithful Ekkehard, who now sits warningly in front of her castle, as "courting Freya" from the time of the decline of the Wuotansmythe, finally in the heyday of the latter we recognized in her the foam-born moon and love goddess Freya. Her first consort Ekkehard is the Odr, Hermut, Zeizzo walking among men, while her second is the young sun god dwelling in the "Tann".

But after the young one is again one with the old sun god, so the one who lives in the "Tann", the one who lives in "Widar's woody dwelling land, where tall grass and green grows", is actually "the soulless dead one who slumbers in the grave towards the rebirth". But then, when he returns:

*"To the father's revenge from the horses' back
There rises the strong son."*

Widar is described as the "strongest Aesir" after Donar, which he also is after he has overcome death. Emperor Redbeard, who sleeps in the Untersberg, will also, when he returns, prevail over all enemies, and only the strong one can do that - the strong one from above!

The Tannhäuser legend, taken in its mythological purity, thus means resting in the grave with the hope of resurrection, the transition from death through birth to new life.

From this result it further follows that the saga, based on a purely mythical basis, can be the property of the whole Germanic people and therefore cannot be bound to any geographical area in the historical sense, and that all memories, be they hidden in place names, in documents or other traditions, can only refer to old Wotan cult sites.

The Harlungen or Amelungen saga, so closely interwoven with this

saga, for its part challenges significant comparisons with the Nibelungen saga, in that both revolve around a treasure; but while the Nibelungen signify powers of darkness, the Brisinge or Amelungen are deities of light, while the Nibelungen inhibit procreation like the evening sunset holds back the day, the Brisinge demand rebirth in the morning red. That is why the dragon lying on the Nibelungen gold is called Fafnir (Fa = procreation, nir = never, to end), that is why the hoard of the Nibelungen is the evening red, but the Breisacher gold is the hoard of hope of rebirth, of resurrection in the morning red, that is why the twilight of the gods seems to be bound to the Nibelungen, while the dawning of the gods - the gods-morning twilight! - is connected with the Amelungs. It is not coincidence that those Amelungs are just the Ostar people whose capital was Asturis!

Therefore, at last, in the dawn, the bright sun-gold Brisingamen shines as a radiant collar around the mildly shimmering moon, for:

"You who produce children and fruits - in abundance holy goddess - Ostara, to whom alone is the right to give life, to take it away!"

How did not the Teuton know how to clothe such terribly sublime thoughts in simple charming cheerful pictures! The goddess of death as a friendly goddess of love!

And yet, yet such a sublime image had to shrink, the fair golden-blond cornflower-eyed Freya - according to Heyne - had to become the "Devil's Lady":

*"Frau Venus is a beautiful woman,
Lovely and graceful,
Like sunshine and the scent of flowers
Is her voice, the soft.*

*Her noble face wildly surrounds
The "glowing" "black" curls;
If the "black" eyes look at you-
Will take your breath away!"*

Chapter Ten

The Schallaburg¹

A country, which was raced through by the armies of different people for centuries, whose characteristic it was to serve as a gate of people, such a country of necessity had to preserve memorials of this time of storm and stress, which had to pass on imperishable traces up to the latest times. Who followed us up to here, needs no deeper justification for such words except this hint.

We have traveled the "Iron Road" to the south, we have also visited some of the "strong castles" which closed the valley gates of the "Zeizzo Mountains" against the "Vienna-Neustadt Plain"², through which plain, over Carnuntum's ruins, those weapon-strong streams of peoples flooded downstream; but we have not yet taken a look behind this mountain wall, which would have shown us what actually closed those "strong castles" at the valley gates.

The parchment historian is immediately ready to give the answer. He says: "The nameless land, deserted by the migration of the peoples, was won by Carolus Magnus for the German country, colonized and called Ostmark. The plain east of the mountains (today's Neustadt plain in front of the Wienerwald mountain range), however, was turned into a desert, while behind the valley gates the new state formation took its start."

(1) First published: Vienna, Neue Welt, No. 26, 1883.

(2) See: "The Brühl", "The Helenental", "Merkenstein" and "On the Iron Road".

But Charles did not do this: the mountain range of the Zeizzoberge was fortified long before the invasion of the Romans and thus also long, long before Charlemagne to protect the hinterland and this fortification immediately after the Roman withdrawal from the Danube was recently restored in the old layout. Also the plain was not so desolate for a long time as one assumes, although it was in places marshland, even lake level. Otherwise ancient places could not be found on it, and it was too inviting for horse breeding as well as for agriculture. But at least one had more confidence in the mountain country than in the flat country for times of need and therefore one secured the valley gates, behind which the population of the plain could save itself in the approach of enemies.

Already the *Vita santi Severini* of Eugippius offers a hint in this direction.

The Roman Empire was in decline, and the Roman towns that had not yet fallen could only save themselves by taking in Germanic warriors within their walls and placing themselves under their protection. This was a natural consequence, an imitation on a small scale of what the Roman state had done before on a large scale by establishing the auxiliary troops, which corresponded to the modern concept of the foreign legion. For example, in Carnuntum, after its destruction in Vianiomina (Vienna), the prefect of the "Gentes Marcomanorum", the "Marcomanic (auxiliary) people" had his seat.

The abandoned municipalities on the Danube, if they did not want to be destroyed, had to follow this example given by Rome itself all the sooner, because opposite every Roman Danube city on the Germanic bank a Germanic city rose threateningly. This is the cause of origin of all sister cities on the Danube. For example Passau-Innstadt, Urfahr-Linz, Mautern-Krems, O.-Szöni-Komorn, Pest-Ofen, etc.

Thus the king of Rugen, Feletheus, had his seat in Chremisa, today's Krems, and from there he harassed Fafiana, today's Mautern, where St. Severin usually stayed. From Fafiana Odovakar moved to Rome, where he ascended the throne of the Caesars as the first German, as king of Rome. From these sister cities of Fafiana-Chremisa (Mautern-Krems) the power

of the Rugen Empire on the Danube emanated and spread radially across the country to the Zeizzo Mountains.

Thus, the present Krems, as the seat of the king, became the center of the new Germanic Rugen state, which naturally used the mountain wall in the east (the Zeizzo Mountains, today's Vienna Woods, or the Kahlen Mountains) as a line of fortification, without, however, setting it as a national border. Since the following times became very turbulent, when not only Germanic peoples from the north, but also Avarians, Huns and Mongols from the northeast and east attacked, the mountain wall behind the Neustadt Plain proved to be the eastern shield of Germania, as if created by nature, and this part of today's Lower Austria naturally became the real eastern mark of Germanism long before the year 791. Behind the wall of the Zeizzoberge the Germanic life developed to rich bloom and therefore we find rich and important sanatoriums there.

One of the most important may have been the present Benedictine monastery of Melk, which in the oldest documents reveals the same name as Medling³, namely Magilicha. That is why it was the first monastery founded in this area.

Around this ancient Germanic sanctuary there were many of them, such as those of Ostara (Osterburg), of Wuotan (St. Leonhard)⁴, of "Agez" (Aggstein)⁵, and the mighty one on "Schallaburg".

Since at the time of the Roman exodus Christianity had already taken root, although it was not yet able to displace the old gods, the belief in them was already too much shaken to recognize these healing places as post-Roman; rather, the greatest probability is that their foundation dates back to the times of the kingdom of the Noriscans (Noricum), that they continued to exist in Roman times and only later flourished to greater splendor when the Roman yoke was shaken off.

(3) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

(4) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

(5) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

The mountain, which bears the still proud "Schallaburg", dominates far and wide the country around it, the plain up to Melk, while it shows itself as an outpost of a wooded mountain range, behind which, according to the old way of defense, the people together with their belongings could seek protection in case of enemy trouble. For the holy temples were not only places of devotion, not only did the believer find consolation, elevation and justice, but also protection against enemies, because a warlike people could only worship defensible warlike gods.

Also the Romans, who showed such a fortunate eye for the choice of those points that could serve as a support for their rule, recognized the strategic importance of this mountain, which could cover two roads for them. In the first place, the military road itself, which led from "Trigisamum" (Traismauer) to "Namare" (Melk), and in the second place, the reserve or trade road, which connected both of the first-mentioned places through the places: "St. Andrä", "St. Pölten", "Grafendorf", "Hürm" and "St. Leonhard" and sent several road branches southward.

Schallaburg - the Roman name is no longer known - thus covered the fork of the two roads behind Namare (Melk) and formed a triangle of fortifications with the fortification of Namare and that of Mauer (here, too, the Roman name is missing). Several foundation walls and graves of Roman origin at the foot of the castle hill, on the road to Mauer, as well as parts of walls on the oldest buildings, such as on the tower of the castle, which are very likely to be Roman remains, remind us of the times of Roman service that Schallaburg performed. The following history of the castle is irrelevant for our purposes and only the fact that it was in the original possession of the sovereigns since the oldest times is significant, which indicates its ancient sanctification, because it was the sovereign or the church that took possession of the desecrated Wuotan sanctuaries after the fall of paganism.⁶

(6) Just as a millennium later, with the introduction of Protestantism, the Catholic churches and monasteries were abolished and their property confiscated, which profitable activity promoted the spread of the protestantism more than is commonly known.

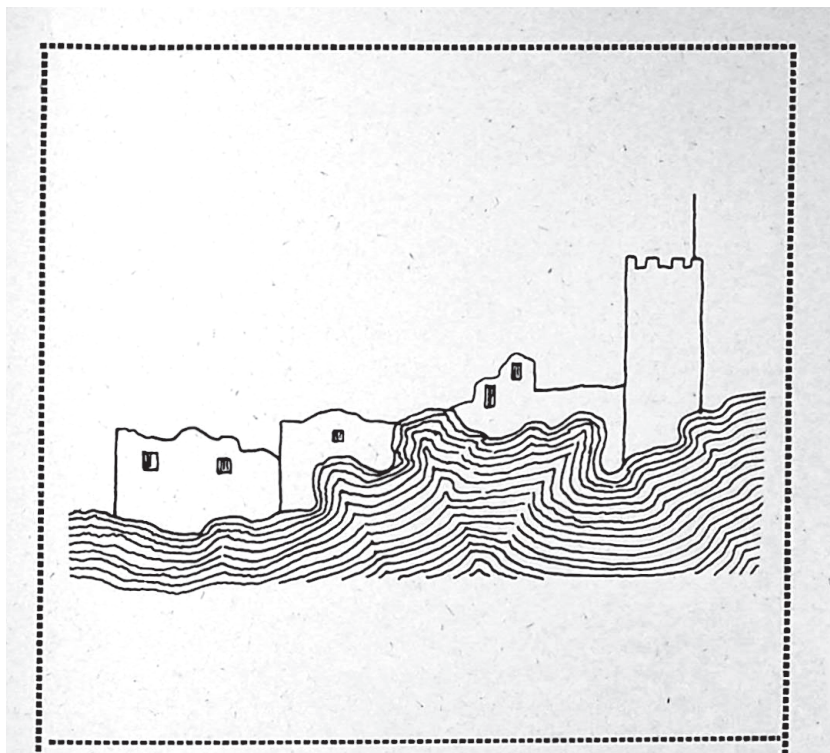


Fig. 41. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental". Raubeneck near Baden in Lower Austria.

But this belongs to history and what now follows in this history is more and more distant from the goal we are striving for; however, we will come back to what we have said so far about the Schallaburg later.

That was such a separate matter. - It might have been almost twenty years ago, when I came from "Loosdorf" with a dear friend of mine to visit a mutual friend, Mr. Eduard v. H, who was the administrator of Schallaburg Castle.

Since we had planned a hike of several days through the charming, peculiar valleys and forests around Melk, this time the rowboat stayed at home and instead of the boatswain's outfit I was dressed as a hunter. This would have been quite nice if my escort, dressed in the same way, had also grown like a hunter fit for hunting and deer. But this was not the case. A shorter leg forced him to limp conspicuously, although this did not prevent him from running bravely and continuously. Even if the limp was a bad match for the hunter's dress, he knew how to make use of this limp in a certain coquettish way - he was a painter. A pointed black beard gave his narrow, sharply cut, pale face an almost infernal expression, which the pointed hunting hat with the rooster feather, as I said, increased to a certain intentionality.

In fact, we heard smilingly the comparison with "Samiel, the wild hunter", which flattered his vanity not a little.

So we set off on our own from Loosdorf to the old Schallaburg.

Visible from afar, it towers broadly on a wooded hill above the wide valley, which shines in the colorful splendor of midsummer. Wavy fields spread out and the peculiar smell of the ripe grain lay over the landscape, but also the glow of midsummer. We longed for the forest-cool Schlossberg, whose shade would refresh us before we paid our visit. -

After barely an hour's hike along the winding, bumpy dirt road, which ran rather hollow-like and led past a small, inconspicuous "Marterl", we reached the manorial Meierhof. There we could already sense the tree growth, because some thick-headed, disheveled alder stalks were leaning over a half-grown brook, as if they were peering curiously with their shaggy heads into the high foliage, in order to also spy

something of the sparse waters, which had to be guessed there more than looked at.

We laughed at the exhilarating appearance of the trees, which seemed to us like shaggy thugs, especially since a distinguished company of stately lime trees appeared far away from them, behind which two tall poplars rose like parvenus. If the alders stood humbly inclined like neglected beggars next to the calmly proud lime trees, the obtrusive mobility of the poplars that had risen disturbed the picture; it seemed as if they were constantly chattering the most nonsensical gibberish. Thus the picture appeared peculiarly animated and joking about its momentary impressions, we walked towards the dense deciduous forest, which had folded its magnificent green mantle around the castle hill.

Then we suddenly stopped; a simple red crucifix - as one sees so often in the country - stood between the two poplars. The scenery had changed all at once; only now did the strange figure of my companion catch my eyes quite clearly, and half jokingly, half seriously, I said to him:

"Guy, whoever could see you here in the moonlight with the clouds chasing, while the castle clock sleepily snores out its twelve strokes across the land, would have to think you the God-is-with-us incarnate!"

But this forest place was also after that. - Involuntarily, Schumann's charming idyll "An unheimlicher Stelle" from his "Waldszenen" came to mind. I could not help but feel the shivering impression that this very spot had on me, and we silently followed the wide road that leads up the castle hill through the pleasant darkness of the forest. - One does not share such moods with everyone, even if he is a friend and fellow traveler; one is afraid of being misunderstood.

Silently we reached the mighty seven-gated castle, silently passed through the seventh gate and stood in the apartment of our friend. Of course, the second reason for our visit was to see the sights of the Schallaburg, which are as great as they are almost unknown and which were only discovered, so to speak, by Professor Kaiblinger in Melk.

These do not consist of the seven gates, the strong towers and mighty bastions, nor of the Roman wall remains or the castle chapel dating back

to 1313, but of the highly interesting archways of the inner castle courtyard, which are virtually unique in Austria, perhaps in Europe.

This arched gallery, which encloses half of the courtyard, in the most delicate Italian Renaissance style, is supported by an arcade of twelve simple columns. The open gallery resting on it is formed by thirty-six arches, the pillars of which are decorated on the outside with Hermes and allegorical figures and above them with small Ionic semi-columns. The sides, however, are adorned with the most splendid ornaments of the noblest Renaissance. The arch angles between the arches and the Ionic columns are each decorated with a coat of arms, in such a way that the Losenstein coat of arms always faces another one; among these we recognized those of Starhemberg, Montfort, Scharfenberg, Zelking, Volkersdorf, Herberstein, Puchheim, etc. The stylobates of the arcade pillars show the deeds of Hercules in bas-reliefs in delicate niches, while the frieze contains portrait busts in skin reliefs. Inside the arcades, medallions with portraits of ancient Roman emperors decorate the wall and also in relief a woman drawing from a spring with a bowl. This woman and a bust with a dog's head are the emblems of the castle.

The most remarkable thing in terms of art history is the fact that the gallery, which at first sight seems to be carved from red marble, is made of terracotta and was once colorfully glazed. This must have been a splendid sight when the arcades still shone in full color.

Already fifty years ago⁷ J. Fayl wrote about this unique specimen that if it were in Scotland, the whole world would know this miracle in oil paintings and steel engravings, that it must have inspired Walter Scott to another masterpiece, but only because it is in Austria, it is still unknown! - And today, after fifty years, it has not become much better known.

So we went to our friend, the caretaker, with the best intention to enjoy this unknown work of art, but as it sometimes happens, it remained with the intention. We had not yet seen the gallery when dusk fell and the bright full summer moon from the trembling starry sky, mixing its

(7) In 1838 - I have not changed those dates - also in the other chapters of this book - in this second edition and ask to always keep in mind the date of the first edition, 1891, for the same. - The author.

pale rays with those of the kerosene lamp, played in our diligently circling Romans.

Such a drinking symposium in an old castle has its own charm. The paneled walls, the ponderously vaulted ceiling, the doors and windows that are out of all the usual modern proportions, which one can easily see how badly they are in harmony with the modern door leaves and window frames and how mockingly they look down on the antiquating modern "old-German" furniture, all this in its supposedly harmonious discord is as peculiarly stimulating as heavy, intoxicating malt liquor.

These, too, were in tune with the so peculiar chamber; old things were discussed in the light of the most modern conception. How our conversation resembled the notorious "old German" furniture!

"So the red cross is so at all uncanny to you?" asked the old aunt of the steward. She lowered the long knitting stocking into her lap, silenced the clatter of knitting needles, and looked at me with a half-curious, half-fearful expression.

"So the red cross, and in broad daylight!" she repeated, becoming thoughtful. This began to interest me, although my friend grumpily mumbled something like "stupid stuff" into his beard and filled the glasses again.

Then he said half angrily, half jokingly, nudging my Roman. "The spirits you called, you can't get rid of them now! Now you must be silent, because when Aunt Mary's knitting needles stop rattling, it's a bad sign!"

A small war of words began; but since I was not at all averse to hearing "ghost stories" told - for such were now certainly in the offing - I took sides with the worthy aunt, to the obvious annoyance of the steward. He had most likely had to listen to the following several dozen times, which of course was not yet the case with me.

"So the red cross," the lady began again and solemnly shifted in her reclining chair. "The red cross! And did you not see the bullet hole on the side of our bloody Savior?"

"That had escaped me, madam," was my retort, "but -"

"Believe it, believe it," she said eagerly, brushing together the bread

crumbs on the tablecloth. "Who should believe in such outrage! But he was also terribly punished. The knight Georg still haunts this place as a wild hunter, and when it's autumn, the wild G'jaid drives through the forest, so that the yellow leaves fly around like storm clouds - and then only in the twelfth! And did you see the dog-woman outside in the corridor?"

"The dog-woman?!" I asked in amazement and answered in the negative.

"Stupid stuff - with your dog-wife, auntie" - laughed the steward; "that's a man, and the superstitious people there tell around that it must have been a knight of Schallaburg, who came into the world with a dog's head and dog's paws, lived here for twenty-one years. He was so wild that he was kept in his chamber on a silver chain all his life. That's what people say, but whoever believes it will be blessed, and whoever doesn't believe it will also be blessed," he said and drank his Roman empty.

Again a small skirmish arose between aunt and nephew, but the matter began to stimulate me lively. The shot after the cross, the dog's head, whether male or female, the silver chain and the twenty-one years - these excited my interest tremendously. But I did not have time to collect my thoughts.

"I must know better!" said very decidedly the aunt. "The lady, it's the dog-woman, I've seen her myself, in the white brocade dress, - with the old-fashioned fan, the big ruff, and with the lace hood on the black dog's head!"

"So the dog-woman haunts the castle here!?" I asked involuntarily excited, because I thought of the eerie impression that the forest place at the red cross gives me; my cigar was extinguished. "And how is it tied to the red cross?" This question had slipped out almost unconsciously and earned me a mocking smile from the caretaker. I felt as if I heard his "stupid stuff," but his lips remained closed; he probably just thought it. For the hint of mockery that my friend had intended for me, however, a look of recognition on the part of the old lady compensated me, and that was of value to me, because now she had gained trust in me and told me

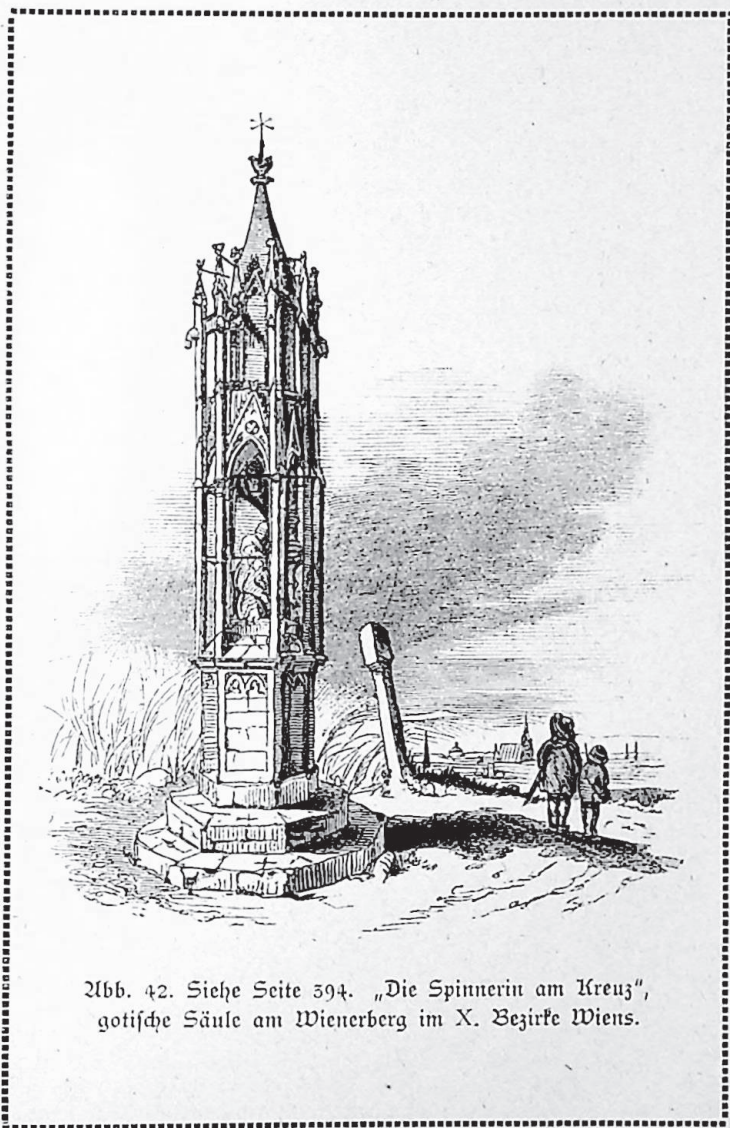


Abb. 42. Siehe Seite 394. „Die Spinnerin am Kreuz“,
gotische Säule am Wienerberg im X. Bezirke Wiens.

Illus. 42. see Chapter 14. "The Spinner on the Cross," Gothic column on the Wienerberg in the X. District of Vienna.

without reserve, because she considered me to be a believer. And such is important for the one who has to get his materials from the people themselves. The mouth of a legend is as shy as a deer; as the latter slips away into the bush at the slightest noise, so the latter inexorably closes immediately if the listener is not recognized as a believer; only trust is able to open it to proclaim its treasure of legends. Mockery, however, irrevocably closes it.

"Yes, yes," continued Aunt Marie, "the dog-woman is quite right for the red cross and for something else too! Did you see the old, dilapidated, round building on the right side of the road when you were coming up? People think it was a pagan temple, others even claim that it was a Templar castle. But they all do not know! This was the second castle and in each of them lived an enemy brother". You can still hear them fighting from time to time. The one who owned the Schallaburg had slain the other, and therefore, when he leaves the Schallaburg, he must enter the ruins of the other, for eternal punishment, to commit fratricide there again and again, until the last day!"

Then the good woman paused.

"Yes, but the red cross, the dog-woman - who is the dog-woman?" I asked sheerly.

Then the storyteller glanced shyly out the window across the moonlit courtyard, as if to make sure that the ghost was not yet walking outside, then she continued:

"Who was she, you want to ask! She was the daughter of the dog-knight George."

And again Aunt Marie looked over the courtyard; it lay quiet in the silver moonlight, and deep shadows were cast by the graceful gallery arches on the old imperial medallions. But not so calm was the old lady; you could see it in her face that she was overcome with creepiness; for where one believes oneself to be in the realm of the spirit, there one does not like to speak of it. And yet this very subject was Aunt Mary's favorite topic of conversation. And again she started:

"So the dog-woman was the daughter of the knight George, the same

one who killed his biological brother down there. Good people had put the red cross on the road, just as they put the "Marterl" over there about thirty years ago, where a rich man had been beaten to death and robbed. - So - that I do not forget - the father of the dog woman, the knight George, was with body and soul hunter, yes, he was it even more than Christian. He was only comfortable in the thickest forest when he saw nothing but the stag in front of him and the dogs around him, when he heard nothing but hunter's cries, dog barking and horn calls. - I can guess why; his conscience must have reminded him too loudly of the fratricide. His seven big hunting dogs always had to eat out of silver bowls at his table like housemates. Yes, and when his good wife reproached him that such things were ungodly and sinful, then the madman answered her with a dog whip across her back! -

And there he had gone hunting once again, the dog knight. But that was an unlucky day for him, because no matter how much game came before his rifle, he hit nothing - absolutely nothing. Had he met an old woman on his way out, or was it just Friday, I don't know; but he hit nothing, that's for sure. It was as if his bullets had been bewitched! Furious, like a bull that has become timid, he returned to Schallaburg in the evening; the weather was as horrible as on All Saints' Day. As he ran home, thinking about whom he could vent his rage on, he suddenly found himself in front of the red cross. Of course, his heart was not softened, because the monument of fratricide was now shaking his conscience again. Senseless with rage, he tore the rifle from his armpit, aimed it at our Lord Jesus, and presumed to commit the most atrocious blasphemy. Seized by sheer madness, he cried out angrily against the Lord God, who so patiently hangs nailed to the cross with outstretched arms: "Because I have hit nothing today, I will at least hit you on your crossbar!" Then he pressed the trigger, the shot cracked, - it was as if a terrible scream sounded from the cross, which was repeated in a thousand voices, as if every forest tree, every leaf, every insect wanted to shout it to itself, because of the most monstrous outrage. The dogs howled lamentably and scattered in senseless fear in all directions, but the clouds clenched angrily like giant

fists and struck each other so that the lightning bolted and one had to think that the sky must be destroyed by the most horrible thundering. In addition, the storm in the forest whimpered and the trees stood on their crowns in immeasurable lamentation at the never before seen atrocious destruction.

Gripped by the most terrible horror, the knight hurried to the castle.

Deep silence reigned in the chamber, the Romans stood untouched, the cigars had burned away. Then there was an imperceptible crack in the old wall paneling - we were all startled. The narrator again cast an anxious glance from her now excitedly sparkling eyes over the courtyard and the gallery - but there it was quiet and solemnly still. It was a night made for raving and for - kissing! It was not at all in accordance with what was told here and it seemed as if the silent moon itself wanted to smile at the ghostly fear of the poor little people; and yet - - it was a night of the moon.

Almost trepidatiously, the question forced itself upon my lips: "Yes, but the dog-woman?"

Aunt Marie nodded her head meaningfully, shook slightly, and covered her eyes with her hand, as if she were afraid to go on, lest she see the dog-woman again. After a deep sigh and a long silence, she continued:

"So the knight George had returned home pale as death and trembling; then he saw the women in the castle running around in horror and not even looking at him. So he staggered into his room. There he heard the dreadful thing. At the same hour his honor had given birth to a girl who had a black shaggy dog's head instead of a human head. And this is true and true! Then the knight George uttered a ghastly curse and ran out into the wildly raging weather. - No one saw him alive again. Soon, however, the tale of terror was heard that he, followed by his seven black dogs, had been seen running through the forest as a ghost in a furious hunting frenzy. - The young lady grew up, but she kept the dog's head for the rest of her life and was therefore called the Dog Lady. Already at that time the three castles Schallaburg, Sichtenberg and Sooß belonged together and so that the poor dog-woman could go unseen from one

castle to the other, all three were connected with underground passages. In these corridors she mostly stayed and was rarely seen by the people. Thus it came about that one did not really know when she died, indeed many believe that she herself is still alive today, and that what one sees from time to time is she herself, but not her ghost. God be merciful and gracious to her and mildly prevent her appearance, because if she lets herself be seen, then - without grace and mercy - an inhabitant of the castle dies within three days. - So, now I have told it, the horror story of the poor dog-woman -"

Aunt Marie was silent. She leaned back in her recliner with her eyes closed, and it seemed as if she were quietly saying a prayer. But the conversation didn't want to flow any more, and the drinking was over.

We wanted to say goodbye and stood up. There was a strong objection to this; "Now you are not allowed to pass the red cross, and also not to pass the dilapidated round building! And so we had to put up with spending that night in a guest room of the old castle.

Soon we were led across the gallery to our bedroom. The moon stood high in the firmament, flickering with the countless army of trembling stars. The heavy shadows of the arches fell sharply into the gallery, and the black towers stood out almost eerily from the velvety starry sky. No sound was audible, deepest solemn silence all around. In the flickering candlelight we strode along the gallery, our footsteps booming eerily through it, no matter how hard we tried to keep our voices down. Strangely, the pale moonlight mixed with the flickering yellow light of the candles on the relief medallions of the Caesar images. The rigid features of these seemed to want to animate themselves and grinned at us almost eerily from their frames; some smiling, others grim. There we stood before the woman with the bowl at the spring.

She seemed to nod at me in a friendly manner, and I felt as if she were an old, familiar friend----

Soon, after an exchanged handshake, the door of our guest room had closed, after we had been wished a "peaceful, good night's sleep". We were already lying in bed, and my friend the "wild hunter" soon revealed

the unmistakable characteristics of the healthiest sleeping talent.

But sleep eluded me for a long time. What I had heard had taken hold of me powerfully. That inexplicable something came over me, which is usually called the fear of ghosts, and yet so incorrectly. No one will expect me to seriously think that the dog-woman would surprise me with her appearance, and yet the immediate surroundings of the castle had made such a peculiar impression on me that I had to feel it forebodingly, why this very place had once become a healing place. It was as if the woman with the bowl stood before me and smiled at me, and then she spoke to me. - Yes, now I recognized the glory! I had already drunk from her bowl myself! For me it is not an indistinct riddle picture, that relief with the woman with the bowl on Schallaburg.

Many interpretations of the name were tried. Some assumed that the bowl-woman as the name giver of the Shala castle; they were laughed at, and yet they instinctively guessed the right thing, but still did not grasp the meaning. Again others though meaning came from "Schalce" namely "servant" as "servant castle", so to speak barracks, as the interpretation of the castle name. I myself derived the name from the word "Sal", as such correctly, but I also made the mistake of interpreting this "Sal" incorrectly, namely according to its later Middle High German application. With reference to the takeover of this old sanctuary in Christian times as "allodial property" from the side of the sovereigns, I interpreted this name on "Salland", which wants to say so much, as "hereditary property" (Stammmeigen, Stammgut, acquired by bequest), which many word formations seemed to confirm such as "Salgut", "Salbuch", "Salhof", "Salmann" (executor) etc.. "Sal" is, however, the root word in the castle name of Schallaburg, but one must try to fathom its meaning in pre-Christian times. "Sal" is also the root word of the name of "Frau Sälde", which is used by the minstrels in the same way as "Frau



*Illus. 43. Old Thing-site in Zell near Ruhpolding (Ruetpolding).
(After a photograph by Dr. Hermann Haas in Traunstein in
Bavaria). See Chapter 14.*

Venus", and like the latter was taken as an allegorical being.⁸ But just as the "Venussin" turned out to be a German goddess, likewise Frau "Sälde" can be explained as a German goddess, and the name of the Schallaburg can be traced back to her.

"Sal" as a root word has the sense of "Heil" (hail, health, healing), "Glück" (luck, fortune), "Reichtum" (wealth), and therefore places Frau Sälde in the German-mythological sense on the same level as the Roman goddess Fortuna.

Frau Sälde thus draws from the fountain of Urda the tidings of the future, and this can only be that noble goddess who "produces children and fruits in abundance, to whom alone, therefore, belongs the right to give life, or to take it away." Frau Sälde is therefore no less than the goddess mother Frouwa herself.

Strange! Saldenburg, Gnaden- or Heilsburg is the meaning of the name of the Schallaburg! And the legend connects three castles with underground passages, which probably really existed, maybe still do. Again the "three"! But as the one "who produces fruits and children in abundance" is formed from the three representatives of becoming, working and passing away, namely from Freya, Frouwa and Helia, which latter is thought to be black and in company of a black dog, so the ghost of the Shala castle, the "dog-woman" suddenly illuminated by the mythological light, emerges clearly enough as Helia, the terrible goddess of death.

The people always keep the legends more faithfully than the friendly legends, that's why they have forgotten the interpretation of the picture of the woman with the bowl. Helia is also a goddess of salvation, as the goddess of the dead in a religion that believes in rebirth, must of course be a goddess of salvation and birth.

Thus the ring closes: Birth, life, death,⁹ rebirth. That is why the Tannhäuser legend falls in November at the same time as the Christian

(8) See: "Ch. 9: The Venusberg near Traismauer."

(9) See: "Ch. 9: The Venusberg near Traismauer."

All Souls' Day, because like Tannhäuser in the Feneberg (Fenusberg) the dead sleep in Fene's (Freya's) castle Volkswang, the Volksanger (cemetery) towards the resurrection. That is why on December 24 Tannhäuser leaves the Feneberg, that is why on December 24 Widar leaves his forest home, that is why on December 24th, Wali, the young sun god, is born, that is why on this day the Christmas is celebrated, in which also according to the Christian doctrine the conqueror of death, the redeemer is born, because - from death new life blossoms.

If now, where Helia, the "dog-woman" rules in the subterranean castle, as emblem of the castle the woman Sälde appears drawing with the bowl, then this very drawing indicates the rebirth, or in general the becoming born clearly enough: after all the water is the ancient symbol of eternity. As rain it falls from the sky as fertilizer; it gives life to the plants, it seeps into the earth just as the dead are lowered into the ground; but as spring it is born again, and therefore Frouwa rules as Frau Holle at the Kindleins- or young well (Jungbrunnen).

But as now the female three is clearly recognizable here, likewise also the male three. The fight of the hostile brothers is the fight of the young sun god with the winter god. Balder is shot by Hödur, the blind "shooter", who is in turn slain by Wali. This is mixed up in the saga of the knight George, who is a free shooter as well as a wild hunter. The silver chain with which the "Dog Knight" is kept bound for twenty-one years (namely 3 X 7, that is "triple winter") points to the bound Loki, who, as is known, accompanies his daughter Helia as a black dog. The round wall - the temple, or the Templar castle, also the castle of the enemy brother - is, undoubtedly, a remnant of the old round tower, which rose similar to the tower of Veleda at the Lippe, also here. That is why the oldest churches in the whole of Germany, also especially in Lower Austria, are rotundas, and some of them may be not only ideals off, but actually are those old pagan churches to which the letter of Pope Gregory the Great to Abbot Melittus of Canterbury referred.

Naturally, the priesthood of any religion, and therefore any cultus, is the most conservative of all contemporaneous stands, because it is based

on the word of God, and this is unchangeable, rock solid. The oldest buildings of the Teutons, as such are represented on the Antonius Column at Rome, were circular, with a domed roof, quite similar to a beehive, and still in use.

Long after the Germans had learned to build houses with gable roofs on a right-angled basis, the divine round tower buildings, which concealed the entrances to the subterranean dwellings of the holy women, remained in use for a long time out of sacred habit, and finally passed over to the old Christian architecture in a form-determining manner. That is why all these round chapels are called Knights Templar chapels (Tempelritterkapellen) by popular legend, connected with gruesome ideas of a secret, atrocious worship.

But it was not Templar sites, but Germanic-Wuotanistic temple sites, so-called Halgadome, whose Armanen priesthood were precisely those Templars, which in the Grail saga of "Parzival" by Wolfram von Eschenbach is described, but so artfully "twisted".

But still the "red cross" is to be mentioned and its interpretation is to be striven for. - There are unspeakably many red crosses in the country; but why red crosses in particular? What does the red color have to do with the cross, especially with so many?

According to the legend, the cross was erected here as a symbol of the law; the knight George violated the law by shooting into the cross and here at this place the punishment of the heavenly justice hit him, the divine law was given to him.

After the Schallaburg as "the Sälde castle" proved to be a place of salvation, it was - or in general the area on which it now stands - not only called to give comfort to the faithful as a place of worship, or to serve in times of danger as a "fortress of God", but it was also the noble sanctuary of German law. This German law, after it was displaced by Roman law, was secretly taken into consideration by the Femgericht, and lived on in the so-called peasant laws for a long time, long into our days, here and there as so-called customary law even today.¹⁰

(10) See: "The Helenental" and "The holy Feme on Rauhenstein".

As a sign of old painting or court sites, Roland columns were erected, which in Christian times even bore crosses, as does the "spinner on the cross" near Vienna, as well as the column of the same name near "Wiener-Neustadt".

But the name Roland means "rout-land" = land law. It has forgotten the old meaning of the word and has been confused with the names of the paladin of the king Charles - intentionally by the "Kala".

Similarly, this "red cross", like its innumerable namesakes in the country, will probably have been called "ruot-cross", i.e. the cross of law, and thus will probably have designated a place of secret or at least of "peasants' court". It is not to be overlooked that up to the year 1848 each dominion exercised the administration of justice itself, thus the landlord himself was the highest judge. Therefore, it is not always necessary to think of the secret court where such Ruot pillars or Ruot crosses are found. Even late into the Middle Ages, the courts were held publicly in the open air, and the fact that this took place in the usual places is guaranteed by the conservative customs of the people.

Only such Ruot-pillars or -crosses, which are surrounded by such legends as that of Schallaburg or the two "Spinnerinnensäulen" near Vienna and Wiener-Neustadt, are designated by these legends as old holy places of painting, and at these also the German law will have been secretly taken care of from the distance as at an old holy free place, after it had become a refugee from the Roman law, a refugee just as the German gods from the Roman hierarchy that was the most irreconcilable enemy of Germanism.

It only remains for us to interpret those place names which occur around the Schallaburg and throw an explanatory light on those distant times and their cult of gods.

Right next to the castle of the Sälde (Schallaburg) is a Scholach, that is the river of the Sälde; then very significantly a Merkendorf. It needs only the memory of the landscape of "Merkenstein" to recognize this village as the village of the healers. Then a Steinparz and a Maria-Stein-Parz are found, "parz" basically means part, parcel. If Maria had such a plot here,

it may have once belonged to a German goddess, the more so as a "St. Frein" appears not far from it. The Christian calendar does not know a saint of the name Frein, but the German-Wuotanistic one knew a goddess Freya. The place name Öd, which also occurs here, usually points to a deserted Roman building. Now there is a Loizbach and a Loizdorf, which can be traced back to "liut", light, further, and means much the same as Weißache (whiteness) as an opposite of the Schwarza(che) (blackness).

A Lebersdorf has nothing in common with the liver, but probably does have a Leeberg connection; a Leeberg however is an old-wuotanistic burial place for cremation graves, as the countless ones in the country were proven.¹¹

The large market Loosdorf, however, is called by its name to remind us of the fateless, which Fra Sälde drew the people, from the fate-well of the Urda.

We have already traced back two of the medieval-wuotanistic essentializations, as far as they are female, to their mythological origin; namely the "Frau Venus" (actually Fenus) on "Fene" or "Freya", then the "Frau Sälde" also the mother of the gods and queen of heaven "Frouwa". But still a third transformation remains to be written, in order to make the "three" full, and this is the "Frau Sorge" veiling the luck with her black veils.

Who does not immediately recognize in this the ghastly Helia, the third evil, advising mischief-norn, the third black-veiled healer Wala? Or the Sculd, as the Edda so significantly calls her, because the guilt is that which determines the future for the people. The guilt of the gods causes their downfall, the guilt of the people their future fate; and therefore the third, the evil advising Norn is called the - guilt. Therefore she is also the connoisseur of the deepest secrets, and therefore even Wuotan rides to her for advice; she is the dead Wala, whom he asks about the destinies of the future, she is finally the one whose name the mystical song "Völu-spa" bears, and it is she, in turn, who conceals the future in the mysterious Tarnhari-spa. - Egge sola rohand Hofut! - Eternal cycle! Eternal rebirth!

(11) See page 45-46 and Illustrations 3, 4, 5 and 17.

Such were the thoughts that robbed me of sleep in the guest quarters of Frau Sälde's Castle. Deeper and deeper I became entangled in the web of musings, slowly, like the hand of the clock, the moonlights moved along the wall surface, finally fading, mingling with the cloudy gray color of the morning. The daughter of Narwe had passed by in her silver-embroidered velvet cloak, and already the fiery crest of the golden rooster shone above the mountains.

There it suffered me no longer in the bed; to sleep was anyway no longer to think. Quickly I had dressed and hurried into the open air, silently scurrying past my sleeping "mild hunter".

The first reddish sunlight was already playing around the peaked roofs of the towers, a refreshing morning coolness was pleasantly fanning my temples, and I sucked the strong air into my lungs with the happiest comfort. That did me good. For a little while I had the feeling of a hangover; the sleepless night, the strong wine-----.

So I stood on the gallery and the dreams continued to buzz around me, and soon I had forgotten the gallery and what was hanging around it, and was again chasing after the formations of my research dreams.

It had completely escaped my notice that an old maid - who must be an ancient inventory of the castle - was constantly watching me, and that soon a steadily increasing circle of castle servants of all ranks gathered around her. At last the matter caught my attention, as I clearly realized that I must be the object of the lively interest of the small gathering. -

Curious as to what this meant, I slowly descended the stairs, and suddenly they had all disappeared, only the old maid stopped timidly in the courtyard, looked at me almost startled, and followed me with her eyes until I had stepped out of the courtyard.

Outside in the other courtyard I met the girl who had waited for us yesterday, who also stopped in amazement and looked at me almost horrified. She barely managed to stutter the morning greeting and then

looked after me shaking her head.

This made me angry; I turned back. Again I stood in the courtyard in front of the gallery and looked for the bust of the dog-woman under the ledge, and again the old woman stood behind a column, anxiously eyeing me. The whole morning was spoiled for me; discontentedly I climbed the stairs to wait upstairs in the room until we would be called for breakfast, and then to turn my back on the castle as soon as possible. Only now I was terribly tormented by the hangover; almost enviously I looked over to my "wild hunter" who seemed to be far from having reached the end of his Morpheus symphony.

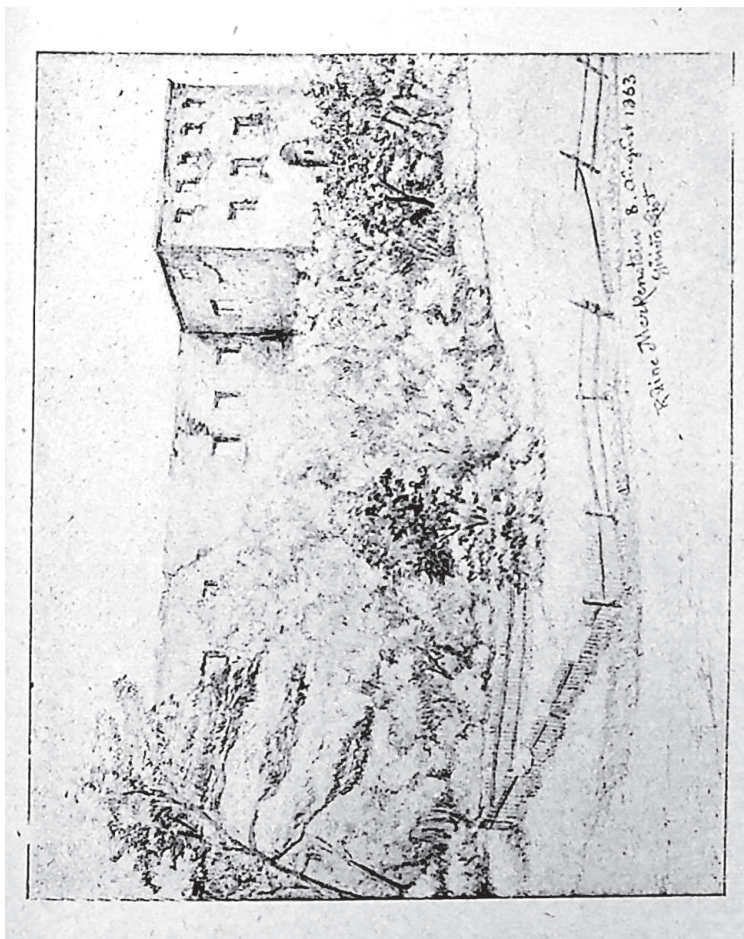
Dressed, I threw myself on the bed, then I jumped up again and looked out of the window, there were already curious people staring up and denying me from there; - it was pure hell! Once you get into such a mood, then I think the lovely Freya herself could come and embrace you cosily, you would be tempted to bite the tip of her nose rather than to put the sweet rose seal of love on her kissable little mouth! - It was, as I said, purely for the hell of it. -

So quite a few quarters of an hour or more passed. My wild hunter was still snoring; he had not even reached the Scherzo yet; - still "Fuga obstinata perfida". This now went beyond comfort after all. I lit a cigar and blew the smoke into his smelling organ, which had been misused as a bassoon, until he closed his snoring symphony with a "Grande Finale furioso maestoso", sneezing violently.

We had suddenly deceived the roles; all my bad mood was with the devil, for I felt very much exhilarated; but my "wild hunter" was only the wilder for it.

Then there was a knock; a servant entered the room to ask us to come over for breakfast. He, too, gave me an eerie, inquiring look, but when he saw my wild "mild hunter", he himself became almost eerie, for he apparently hurried to get rid of his message as quickly as possible and to leave us to our morning pleasure again, undisturbed. -

Soon we were back in the same room where Aunt Marie told us the story of the dog-woman yesterday.



Illus. 44. see Chapter 15, "Merkenstein". Merkenstein Ruin in Lower Austria. (From a hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

She was also present and was handling the coffee pots and cups; she was very excited and looked at me and my friend with that anxious shyness which I had observed in the servants today and which had deprived me of my good morning mood. The steward was monosyllabic, but he too had such peculiar looks, which I could not explain. Should he also be so happy to call a cat his own! This seemed to me the most explicable and so I consoled myself about my misfortune, because - a sorrow shared is a sorrow halved.

When the good aunt had finally finished her cups, she approached us to return our morning greetings, which she did almost tonelessly, visibly trying to disguise her embarrassment.

At last she asked the usually insubstantial question of how we had slept, fixing her gaze particularly sharply on me; at last she blurted out the unexpected question, "Yes, for heaven's sake," dear friend, are you unwell? You look dreadful!"

This question stunned me. I stepped in front of the mirror and noticed that the good lady was right; my eyes were reddened and lay deep in their sockets, but thick blue rings stretched around them, otherwise, moreover, I was very pale. I was now almost frightened myself about my appearance.

"Are you unwell?" urged the lady.

"Not this - madam!"

"Have you slept badly?"

"That is -" I answered hesitantly.

"Yes, you just don't want to confess, you saw something?!" the good woman hurried out and now blanched herself.

"No, certainly not - madam -"

"Don't keep anything from me - the whole castle is already talking about the fact that the dog-woman appeared to you tonight. You were seen distraught this morning and the servant saw your friend - o, it's horrible!"

Crying was closer to the good woman than laughing, and it took great persuasion to talk her out of appearing to me as a dog-woman. Only

gradually did her fearfulness disappear, and only slowly did her amiable nature regain the upper hand. The sun laughed so kindly at the window that it was impossible to stay in the parlor, and so we said goodbye as soon as the propriety and gracious hospitality of the steward's family permitted.

He still gave us an escort, and only then did I tell him the correct solution for the cause of my sleepless night. I would not have been able to tell the good old lady this solution. With the tenacity of old age, she was too attached to the fact of the dog-woman's wandering for me to have had the courage to raise doubts in her. - Such a belief also belongs to the habits and therefore to the main pillars of life of old age; it is sacrilege to shake it.

The steward agreed with me, then we shook hands and parted.

But we walked over to the Osterburg, the ancient healing place of the lovely Ostara, the patron goddess of our glorious Ostarland.

Chapter Eleven

Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the Great Saint¹

Coming from Schallaburg, we strode bravely along; myself and my "wild hunter", who had finally kicked off his bad mood and had become cheerful again. - But the clear sky that had delighted us yesterday was over. Soon the landscape bathed itself in the burning gold of the sun, then just as quickly wrapped itself in cloudy camouflage - the most faithful image of capricious fate. But it was this that gave the landscape its charm and life, when suddenly a church tower rose out of the darkness in the glare of the light, like an unexpected flash of lightning, or even like the snowy peak of the Ötscher shone out of the eternal blue, only to be immediately hidden again behind the clouds. The wind also roared, but it did not bring any coolness; after all, it was around the time when the dwarves stole the golden hair of the noble Sibia. After a long march, we had crossed the valley plain and entered the wooded hill country again. Once again the border mountains greeted us from the southern edge of Lower Austria, once again the snowy head of the Ötscher shone like a distant wave of cloth, then a friendly forest valley took us in its benevolent domes of shade. In front of us, however, stood the Easter Castle, or the Osterburg - the sanctuary of the lovely "Ostara", the friendly, ever-smiling spring goddess with the lovely wreath of snowdrops in her golden blond hair.

Who else again than Freya in her conception as sun-bride is Ostara!

(1) First published as "Ruine Hohenegg", Vienna, Neue Deutsche Alpen-Zeitung, 1877,

The divinized materialization of the German virgin as bride! And she wears snowdrops as bridal main ornament, instead of myrtle! Only the English brides still adorn themselves with the modest snowdrop that heralds the spring of love; our German brides believe it must be the myrtle that symbolically adorns her when she steps down the aisle.

And how the dear girl, who flies towards us as a bride in our springtime of love, promising happiness as the patron goddess of our lives, resembles so completely the first flower! -

The first flower rises from the greening earth, the first swallow circles around the gables of the houses, there is rejoicing in the breast of man, for she foresees the approach of spring!

The first flower? - Yes, March violets, cowslips and snowdrops! Who does not know the violet festival, which still the Viennese with their cheerful Duke Otto celebrated at the Leopoldsberg? On the Leopoldsberg, which like here the Osterbergehemais was also consecrated to the bridal "Ostara"; after all, it bore the name of her beloved bride husband, the name "Zeizzos the Beautiful! But who thought that this primeval folk festival was an Odinst Spring festival with a worshipful background?

The first violet, to whom else than to the beloved Freya did it blossom? To whom else than to the love-gratifying valentine queen freed from the power of the winter giants? To whom other than Iduna, rescued in the form of the swallow, to whom other than the friendly Gerda, the bride of Frey, to whom other than Isa, freed from the ice shackles, to whom other than the returning spring goddess Ostara, the bride of Zeizzo the Beautiful!

To whom else did the first three flowers blossom, violets, snowdrops and cowslip, than to all the variously named polyglots of the Germanic Minne mythology, which, after all, only ever signify one single noble goddess, and this one, single one was and is - the fair German virgin!

When the first violet was found, only the prettiest girl in the neighborhood was allowed to pick it in the presence of everyone; it was the high price of soul beauty. How different from our modern frivolous beauty contests! And the snowdrop? With it the German bride adorned

herself and the heavenly key then opened the heavenly joys of spring!

Why, why do our German brides wreath themselves with myrtle? Out of foreigner's addiction or lack of understanding? This question is difficult to answer, but nevertheless it might not be bad to investigate, whether really the myrtle is a bridal-virginal symbol? -

Myrtle was considered a bridal plant preferably because it was sacred to Venus Martia, the goddess of love. This, however, because it should have healing power against female diseases and erotically stimulate. This already shows that the relationship of myrtle to chastity is unsubstantial and a false interpretation of later times. Precisely because myrtle does not refer to chastity, it was hated by the chaste virgin Diana. At the nothing less than chaste festival of Myrta, who had begotten Adonis in incest with her own father, married women appeared with myrtle wreaths. In Paphos, where the goddess of love, who was also called Paphia, celebrated a debauched erotic cult, she had sacred myrtle groves, and the city of Aphrodisias, named after the goddess of love, was built on a spot where a hare had slipped into a myrtle bush. The hare, however, is the well-known symbolic animal of reproduction, similar to the sparrow.

Also this last mystical feature certainly does not increase the alleged symbolism of the chastity of the myrtle wreath. Finally, it was again the myrtle wood that was the most popular material to carve Venus images from, which after the aforementioned was certainly not without symbolic reference.

Of course, one often tried to save the honor of the so unfortunate symbol of chastity by boldly claiming that the myrtle wreath was therefore a sign of victory for the bride's preserved chastity. Other peoples take instead of myrtle rosemary, ivy and immortelle, only the British remained true to his inherited paternal custom, he decorates his bride even today with - snowdrops.

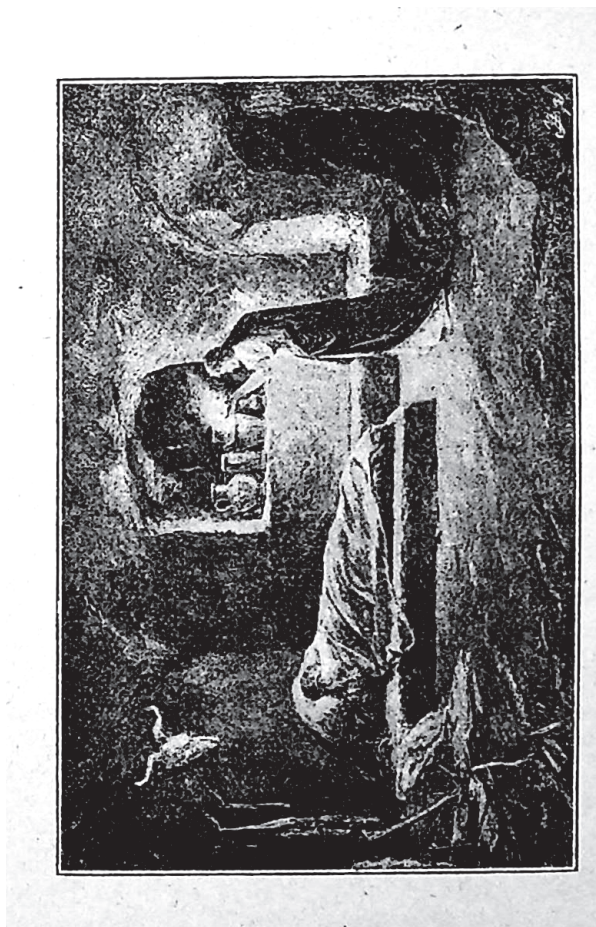
German brides, shouldn't Freya's bridal adornment adorn you more securely than the misinterpreted, foreign myrtle wreath?! -

*Barri is the grove named, which we both know,
the grove of tranquil paths.
Nine nights hence, there to Niörd's son
Gerd will grant delight*

Yes, and it is a grove of flowers from which the Osterberg rises. The part behind the wall of the Zeizzo Mountains is a unique land in the middle of the other Lower Austria. It is obvious that it was protected against the first onslaught of the peoples from the east; life developed much more freely there, its buildings are more artistically decorated than the Neustadt plain can show outside. Even if Lower Austria enjoyed the heavy honor of being the eastern hat of Germania in the heavy role of shield for almost a millennium and a half, the part behind the mountain wall was not exposed to the devastation of war for a long time like the part of the country in front of the mountain range with its well-sealed valley gates. That is why the legends are better and more abundantly preserved here than outside the mountains at the borders of the once so wild stream of nations, at the borders of the iron road of nations to the south.

Passing the ruins and the enormous round tower of the Osterburg, from which underground passages are supposed to lead to Hohenegg, we moved over the forest heights and soon we saw the old Hohenegg with its bold towers and stately fronts on a distant forest cone looking over in a very funny and defiant way.

Here, too, the special nature of the country, the old tenacious adherence to Wuotanistic patriarchal customs, becomes apparent. The often quoted word of Tacitus finds surprising confirmation here: "Besides, it does not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the name of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."



Illus. 45. see pages 48-50. Sleeping chamber scene in an earthen stable.

Stepping out of the forest onto a hill that rises above a village, a round place surrounded by trees and bushes widens. How amazed we were! There was a large crucifix, and next to it, on a pillar, a bell, just like the ones we find in pictures of hermits. In front of this cross, however, there are two rows of prayer chairs, like in a church. And this is the place for Sunday prayers, although the church is by no means too far away, since there is no lack of places of worship there. And there are many such places of prayer around here; they are all alike. Sometimes there is a cross, sometimes a stone pillar with an image of a saint in place of the altar, and next to it hangs the bell. - But there is no priest up there. When the mass is said in the nearby church, the bell from the steeple gives the sign of the continuation of the service; so at the Asperges (beginning), at the Gospel, at the Offertory, at the consecration, at the communion and finally at the end at the "itemissa est". The small bell at the prayer place repeats the sign of the tower bell and so the devotees participate in the mass without having been in the church; - this is real and true forest devotion!

But also the villages themselves have so uniquely beautiful, picturesque views, groupings and individual pictures, which the village landscapes of the plain hardly offer. It is a pity that these parts of the country are so unknown! Perhaps this is their good fortune, because there, where the city-dweller's train goes, the peculiarity either flattens into the most sober platitude, as in the villages of the plain, or in the modern "new-old" style of the fashionable places, which is already at the point of degenerating into complete caricature.

Who can say whether the baroque Indian style was not perhaps preceded by noble stylistic forms in the distant gray ages, from which it first developed, as our modern Old German grew as a distorted image of the noble German Renaissance? And then the horrible new styles, like the "New English", the "Secession", etc., in the most horrible ungracefulness and crazily unnatural! It is precisely here, on a place of grace of good, old, German art, in the midst of magnificent castles and magnificent ecclesiastical buildings, where twelve magnificent Gothic winged altars stand within a few hours of each other, where works of

sculpture and painting as well as the minor arts lie in abundance, where even the burgher's and peasant's house appears to be breathed upon by the noble spirit of art, precisely here that one must feel what aberrations our modern copycat styles and even the violently ingenious reinvention styles must lead to. We are not too far from the time, which will still outdo those baroque over-Indian Kielkropfstil! -

Hohenegg now emerges in its stately dignity. The huge size of the castle, the myriad of round, square and polygonal towers with their pointed conical roofs, oriels and battlements, the variously broken fronts, all this offers in the overall impression the most stately picture of a castle of the 16th century. Hardly would the imagination and inventiveness of a decorative painter be able to create a more fantastically ornamented castle picture.

But the proud builder also knew what kind of a building he was putting in the beautiful Ostar country. How self-confident do not sound these verses of an inscription stone:

*"Although the house is not built according to the
Ornament of the present kind is built herefore,
Or everyone does not like it,
That I say to the same all:
Because therefore it is my money that is spent
So I build it also, as it pleases me.
As now the heads are so many,
I will give no order,
But they shall all be dear to me
Who come in friendship,
That I write at the beginning,
God keep the first and the last."*

But this beautiful castle, although it is still under roof, the windows are still hanging in the frame to a good extent, is - ruins! Inside there are only traces of old glory and splendor, but everything is mutilated and

wantonly destroyed, as if the Turk had resided here, whom the castle rejected twice!

On the first floor, an alcove consisting of a single huge stone slab surprises the visitor to the desolate castle and kindly invites him to enjoy the incomparably beautiful view from this airy spot. But no one dares to go out there. When the metal railing was stolen, the slab, which hovers more than twenty meters above the bedrock, was smashed, so that it now hovers over the abyss, threatening to collapse. Even we did not dare to put it to the test by stepping on it.

But the view from here is also too charming! At such a point should stand the one who always from the scholars' room insults the prehistoric times as "the raw Middle Ages"! People who show joy in the beauties of nature - and the builder of that balcony showed such joy in nature - cannot be "crude"; also "crude" people do not cultivate the art as it was cultivated here. This beam was only built as a devotional point, in order to eavesdrop on nature from here, since one stands on this very beam much too high above rocks and forest trees to be able to be seen and admired, which - as is commonly assumed - is supposed to be the building purpose of our modern balconies, in our of course much finer "Zeitläuften"! -

There from the eagle's nest-like place, vertically above the depth of the rocky gorge, the view swings freely from east over south to west, the friendly villages of Wimpassing and Hafnerbach, the Mitrau castle stand out enchantingly between picturesque groups of trees, then the broad plain with the seed-colored harvest carpet, interspersed with castles, churches and individual farmsteads; It is a picture of peace and happiness, and in the midst of it rises the ancient holy seat of the patronizing Ostara. Then the poplar avenue of the Linzer street forms the horizontal border between this and another, more serious picture. Above the avenue of poplars, the Austrian-Styrian border mountains rise in a boldly formed blue wave. From this, the Schneeberg group, the Rax and Schneealps with Gippel and Göller, and so on to the proud peak of the snow-glowing Ötscher, which rises here in proud glory from the sea of rocks that runs

westward into the jagged masses of the Dachstein and the overcast Alm.

One can hardly force oneself away from this overwhelming image! -

A slight chill shakes one, however, when one turns one's eye from this view and fully overlooks the disastrous devastation of the proud castle building again; a wantonly made ruin, still under a roof!

And it was not the hand of the enemy that gave the death blow to this proud splendid building! This castle, a manor that cannot be thought more beautiful, decays, still under roof, abandoned to robbery, desecrated by neglect of its owners! -

The building description as well as the actual history of this castle, as interesting as they would be, do not fit into the framework of these descriptions, and may only be mentioned here that it belongs to that area, which we discussed under "Salland" occasionally the Schallaburg. Hohenegg also belonged with Schallaburg and the rest of the surrounding area to the oldest allodial property of the sovereigns, namely of the still far pre-Babenberg ones.

Crawling around in the ruined rooms with the swinging floors, the half-destroyed stairs and the already collapsed wall debris, I quite unexpectedly came across a "native", whose "dörperheit" I liked very much!

"This is also one of your customers!" I thought to myself, and began to engage him in conversation. With great patience, much effort, and the usual small coin of the tongue solution, namely cigars, wine, and cold cuts, which were brought out of our backpacks, I got little coherent out of this codger, but what I learned, however seemingly minor, was valuable to me.

Anton Seithhuber, as he is called, has a reverent love for the "old castle", where his mother lived blessedly long, who still pulled the tower bell here daily and otherwise looked after the castle. He himself was born there and visits the scene of his youthful memories as often as he can; he wanders through the decaying halls, alone, dreaming, as if he were the castle ghost himself. He may well feel quite deeply, much beauty and love, but his language is not given the power to clothe his feelings in words.

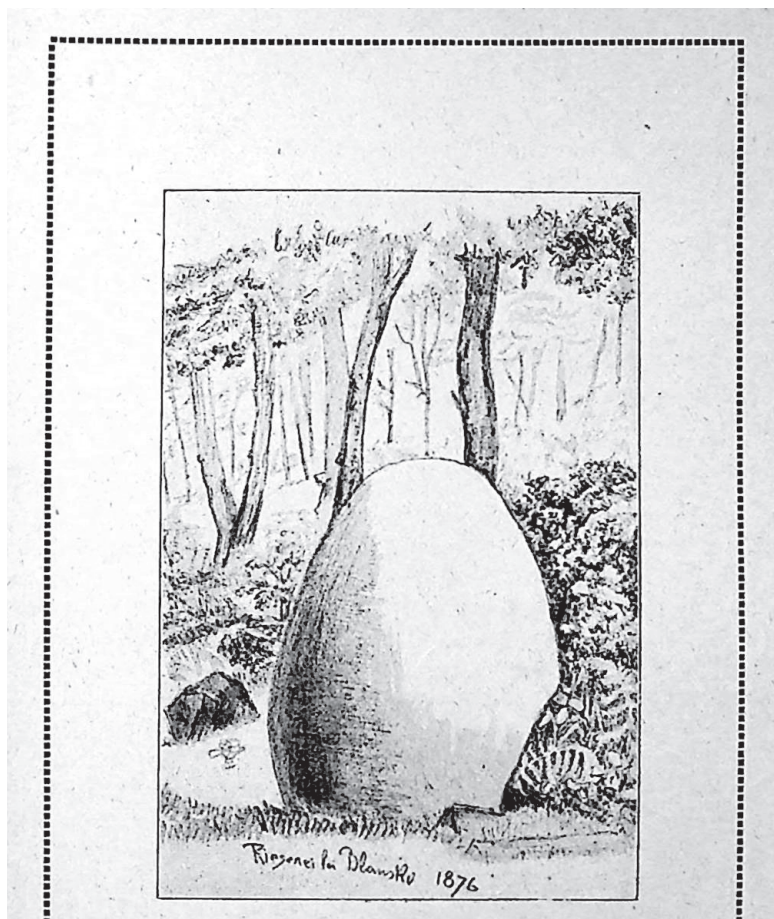
The Orientals call such people darlings of the gods, with us they are called idiots and sometimes even mocked.

And yet Seithhuber was not stupid, he was at most "slow in spirit". Of course, one should not look for historical data with such people, because they even report what they have experienced themselves inadequately and inaccurately. But as story and fairy tale tellers such dream-living natures are often the most splendid guys, and also my honest Seithhuber turned out to be such an excellent one. At first I asked for the usual country ideas and horror stories of castle dungeons, prisoners, beheaded people and the like, in order to rehearse the depth of his belief in miracles. Soon he was on the train; his tongue was wonderfully loosened. -

He knew a lot about the subterranean passage that led from the kitchen under the big stove to Osterburg. He corroborated this statement with the very precisely determined local information, where horses and plows had sunk in and in such a way had exposed and pushed in the passage. He also knew a lot about enchanted treasures, which were supposed to be magically held in the old round tower. - "Yes, if one only knew the right word, and could not be distracted by any spook, then one would become rich - very rich! Yes!"

"Yes, I" - he continued - "I was also once - yes also once inside, there in the thick, round tower, yes. - It was coal pitch black night, and the wind has blown that it was pure out - yes! - And in the woods it was roaring and whizzing, so that it almost made your head spin. - Down in Hafnerbach it was twelve o'clock. - Now it started with howling and screaming, rumbling and rattling of chains - yes. - But he who wants to dig up the treasure must not be afraid - not by a long shot - yes. - He must not let himself be misled by anything, and certainly not speak anything -yes; - otherwise the black man has power over him; -yes! - Well - and how the rumbling came closer and closer - well - when it finally cracked, as if the tower was about to collapse - well, that's when the shit hit the fan, I got really scared - well - and I ran away as fast as I could! - Yes!"

"I learned that he had "tost" and "wormwood" with him for protection against evil spirits and also something "consecrated", and that



Illus. 46. See page 134. The giant egg near Blansko. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

there in the round tower the devil himself was guarding the treasure. What conditions for its lifting the legend set, he did not know, or did not want to say, which should be the more likely. He knew nothing about white women or other spooks. But he remembered something vague and indefinite about a white woman in the Osterburg. -

Thus we had gradually come almost unnoticed out of the castle; past the graceful fountain temple of red marble, which would be an ornament even to a city square, but here perishes mercilessly. - Soon we were on the path that leads to "Mauer".

There the devil's banner told me in his broad, formless way about a "great saint" who was near here. I could not quite make sense of what he had told me and let myself be led to the "great saint".

It is a two-man high bishop statue in pigtail style without any artistic value. It is poorly painted and represents St. Zeno, bishop of Verona.

Now I understood Seithhuber's description.

On the bank of a small stream stands the colossal statue of the saint on a boulder, in which footprints are pressed, in which footprints the rainwater collects, which is supposed to be good for "evil eyes". The saint had stayed here during his lifetime, and he had pressed the footprints into the stone by his persistent kneeling in prayer. Also, the "great saint" suffered no roof and no compartment over him, and as often as the priest of Mauer had a roof erected over the statue, wind and weather often tore it away again the next night.

Over on the hill, however, stands the ancient church of Mauer. The unusual shape of this church, where the roof of the nave is significantly lower than that of the presbytery, the massive ashlar tower, the gray-aged appearance of the entire building, all this is wonderfully in tune with such mythical land. It should be noted only in passing that this church also contains significant art treasures.

But also this church "suffers no attack from the outside", as often as it is plastered, wind and weather throw it down, also it does not tolerate a high roof in front: that always collapses, and only the low roof remains durable.

This is pure, unadulterated Wuotanism.

First of all, the underground passage, whose existence I do not want to deny; its starting point under the hearth is significant.

The hearth might be only the uncertain memory of the old sacrificial altar of the old sanctuary of Hohenegg, which was certainly like Schallaburg. The connection with the Osterburg is also, at least mythologically important. The devil as the guardian of the treasure has already been encountered repeatedly and only needs to be remembered here as St. Christopher and the treasure saga of Rauhenegg (today Rauhenneck, or Helenental), where the condition of the collection of the treasure is still unforgotten. But all this recedes into the background before the great saint.

The statue stands on a "wuotanistic sacrificial altar" the footprints are the troughs for the offerings and the sacrificial blood. Therefore it does not tolerate roof, not compartment, because already Tacitus testifies that the Germanic gods likewise did not let themselves be enclosed in temple walls. Also the church of Mauer, which stands lonely on the hill, proves to be a pre-Christian sanctuary. There the wild Gjaigd probably moved and tore away the roof, because it stood in the spirit way. There are many equivalent examples.

So also here again the "three"; Ostarburg, Hohenegg, Mauer, and in the middle of the three the sacrificial stone!

Which eye now the great saint replaced? Wuotan gave his one eye for the drink from Mimir's well, and the rainwater collecting in the footprints is good for - "evil eyes". "Helblindr", the Haidblinde, one-eyed, is the epithet of Wuotan as winter god, yes, in his special form as the Balders murderer Hader (Hödur), he is even completely blind, because Loki must guide his arm to the mistletoe shot. Also in fairy tales and legends his attenuations occur as half or completely blind; so in the many one-eyed giants, in the one-eyed Siefriedstöter Hagen von Tronje, even in the old blind boar.

That is why Wuotan is also called as a healing god for eye diseases, and that is why all "Augenbrünndln" (e.g. at Edlitz behind Reichenau and

others) also point to old sacred "Phols-" or Wuotansbrunnen". - The Horse-fountain depicted the stomping of God's horse (Phohlen, fillings) on the earth. -

Therefore, in this highly significant sanctuary we have to recognize the following tripartite division:

"Osterburg", as the place of becoming, of birth',

"Hohenegg", as the place of salvation of action or life', where in Wuotanistic times was the place of things, but in the Middle Ages the seat of lords and courts; and finally.

"Mauer" as the sanctuary of passing away or death.

Mauer, which was undoubtedly the ancient burial place for cremations, remained consecrated to the cult of the dead even in Christian times, as the unusually rich inventory of graves and precious tombstones from the earliest times into the later Middle Ages, as well as other votive possessions of this church clearly prove.

This short, enjoyable day of hiking has revealed undreamt-of things through local inspection and the honest Seithhuber's simple stories, and has provided a new building block for the development of a long-forgotten history from the youthful age of our people.

But it began to get evening; moreover, a thunderstorm was approaching, which threatened the whole day. Therefore, we hurried to Loosdorf, in order to start the journey home to our old Vianiomina, possibly without rain.

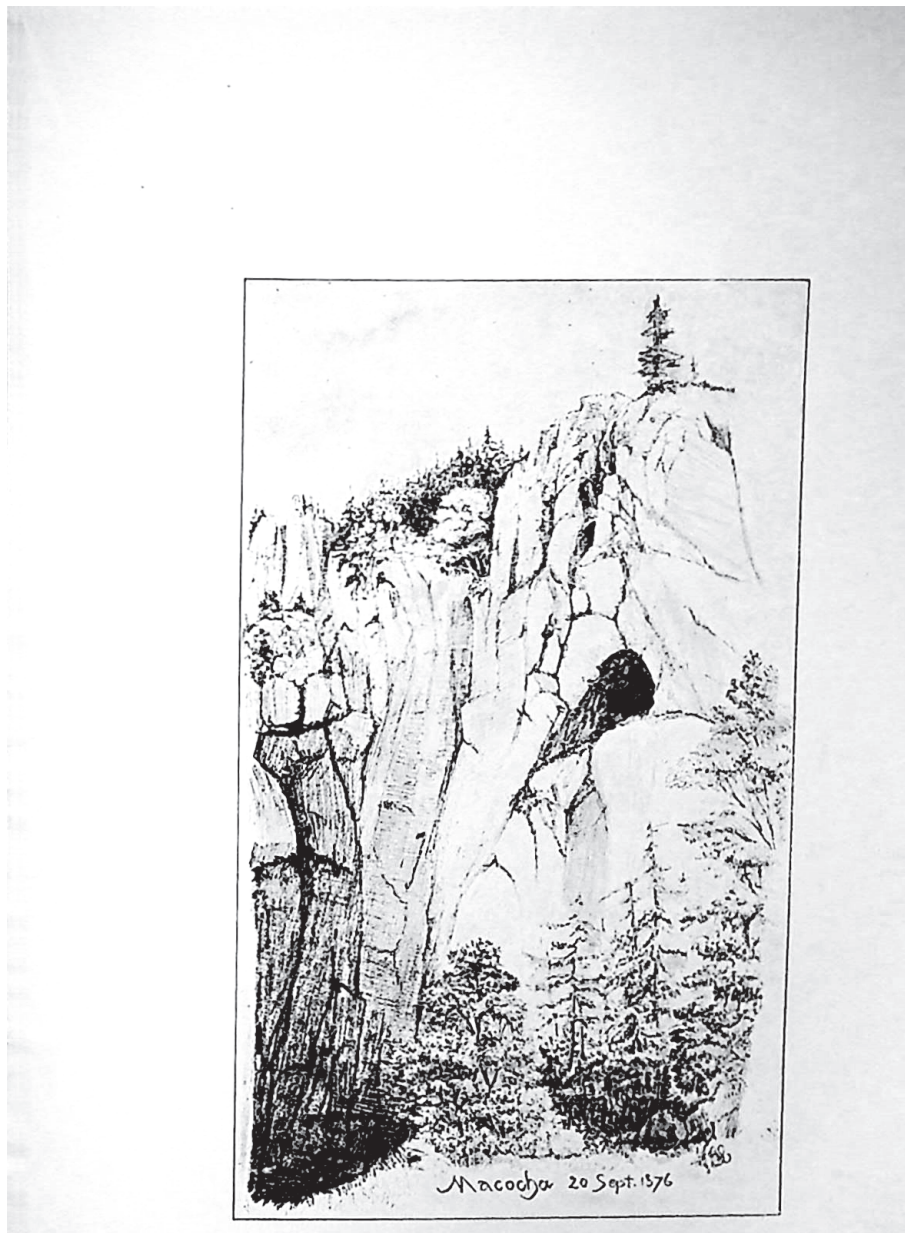


Fig. 47. The "Macocha" near Brno. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.) See p. 132.

Chapter Twelve

St. Christopher¹

*Hail the great Christopher!
Who brought Jesus the Christ
through the red sea
And yet you did not break your legs.
But this is not surprising
What a great man you were.*
- Old song of traveling scholars

He who needs his feet to efficiently walk through all countries per pedes apostolorum (as the apostles walked), as the traveling students of the Middle Ages of honest and dishonest memory did, may not be counted as a sin even such barbaric Latin, as that scholars' song offers a sample of seen at the beginning of these lines. After all, no people on earth has wandered around the world like the German, from where the wealth of its wandering songs in all dialects, even in Latin verse, originates. Even if the railroad has changed a lot of the customs and traditions of the people, and has banished the institute of the "traveling craftsmen" to the museum with the rest of the cultural-historical junk, there is still a lonely little rice paddy of the traveling scholastics that sings its songs when the vacation season spreads its golden days over the land. Of course, it mustn't rain, because then the songs fall silent and the rain-

First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 30 and 31, 1890, on the funeral day of my first wife, my poor Helene, on January 29, 1890, buried on January 31, 1890.

splashed street inns are silent; only the clattering of stone jugs tells us what the unenthusiastic scholars are doing to sweeten their annoyance at the weather.

So we too sat sullenly with St. Christopher in the inn and looked out into the dripping foliage, which seemed to hold a wedding with the fringes of the clouds today.

"We must have spoiled it with St. Christophoros" - said one. - "The great water spirit, who is invoked and banished in the "Christopheles Prayer", lest he appear in too terrible a form, is loose and clearly won't be banished for some time!"

And so it was, for it continued to rain, as every one of the unfortunates who was wandering in the autumn of a rain-damp one thousand eight hundred and eighty-ninth year can sighingly confirm.

The joking combination of the infamous "Christopheles prayer", which the church itself pursues as a spell, with the place Christophen, where we sat rained in, led to stimulating discussions and finally to this mythological landscape:

Christophen is an ancient place, which, although it is only mentioned in documents as a parish in the thirteenth century (Marquardus plebanus de sancto Christophore, 1239), is nevertheless believed to be older by the otherwise very skeptical antiquarians. Exceptionally, they believe a tradition, which, according to a later inscription on the parish house, states that the Passau bishop Berengar assigned the parish to the monastery of St. Pölten in 1040, which was also confirmed five years later by bishop Engelbert with a simultaneous increase of the endowment. Now, despite the assumption of this certainly high age, the same is still underestimated, because undoubtedly the foundation of the place goes back to pre-Christian days, that of the church, however, to the time of the introduction of Christianity itself. The churches of St. Christopher, like those of St. Leonhard, St. Ruprecht, St. Stephen or St. Michael the Archangel and other saints, grew out of old famous Wuotan churches, as we have already shown many times, and here, too, the only question that remains to be answered is which of the Aesir was once sacrificed to here.

Also in the legend and worship of St. Christopher (the Christ-bearer) indelible traces of the Germanic Wihinei are preserved, only with the difference that these were not, as for example with the cult of St. Leonard, tolerated by the church, but directly persecuted and forbidden. The legend is told soon, according to a book of legends printed in Strasbourg in 1517 in an excerpt.

Before his conversion, the saint was a pagan and born in Canaan; he was a giant and twelve cubits tall. He wandered to find the greatest and most powerful lord to serve. Thus he came to the court of a king. When Offero² - that was his name before baptism - saw that the king, as often as the devil was mentioned in speech, crossed himself, he asked what this meant. After receiving clarification, Offero said to the king, "If you are afraid of the devil, I have served you long enough." He now went to seek the devil, found and served him. Once the devil could not pass by a cross, Offero saw that the devil was not the most powerful, and left him as he had left the king before. After a long wandering, he found a hermit who instructed him in the faith, but the cautious Offero was not yet baptized, because he still doubted whether he had now come to the most powerful. The hermit ordered him to fast, to watch, to pray. Offero said: "Instruct me another way to serve him. Said the hermit: "In that rocky gorge flows a water over which there is no bridge, no footbridge. If you want to carry people across for God's sake, you are doing Christ a service, for you are tall and strong.

Offero did as he was told. There he built himself a dwelling and carried the pilgrims across the water for God's sake, i.e. without thanks and reward. Once in the night he heard a child calling: "My dear, my tall, my strong Offero, bring him over! He went to the shore, but did not see the child and returned to his hut. The child called a second time and even then he did not find him, only after the third call he became aware of

(2) The one who offers.

him. He grabbed his pear wood staff³, took the child on his arm and went with him into the stream. But the water swelled to the sea and the child grew and grew and became heavier than lead. He was afraid of drowning. As he stood in the middle of the stream, he said to the child, "How heavy you are, child; I feel as if I were carrying the whole world!" Then the child said, "You are not carrying the world, but the one who created it." With that the child pressed the Offero under the water and said, "I am Jesus, your King and your God, and I baptize you in the name of my Father, in my name and in the name of the Holy Spirit. Before you were called Offero (I offer myself), and now you shall be called Christophorus (Christ-bearer). Put your scrawny staff in the ground; if it bears fruit tomorrow, you know my power!" With that the child disappeared. Christophorus did as he was told, and the same night the scrawny staff shot up into a tree and bore blossoms and fruit. Christophorus rejoiced greatly at this and clung to his Lord with love and loyalty. The further fates and martyrdom of the saint have no further reference for this study, so they can be passed over here.

This legend receives a strange extension and addition in Tyrol.

On the road from Mittenwald to Innsbruck, between Seefeld and Zirl, there is a farmhouse, the so-called Riesenhaus. It is decorated on the outside with murals and on the wall facing the road one sees two youthful giants fighting with each other; Heymo, holding the sword with both hands, thrusts it into the head of Thyrsis. On the opposite wall, St. Christopher is depicted carrying the Christ Child through the waves, holding in his left hand an uprooted tree and using it as a staff. A naked mermaid, half rising from the water, with a crown on her head, touches the root of the tree with her left hand. On the other side of Christopher stands the mother Anna with the child Mary. Next to it the year 1507 is

(3) This is real Ario-Germanic-Wuotanistic Kala! - Pear wood: Pear = bir, ber" bar= I. coming into being (giving birth), II. life, growth, working (giving birth), III. empty, passing away, death (bare of all knowledge, barefoot, bier, etc.). On the scrawny pear tree of the Walserfeld after the last battle Wuotan will hang shield and sword, whereupon the tree will green again and bear fruit!

legible. Next to Mother Anne stands an angel and a bit apart a hermit who seems to step out of his cell with, a burning light in the lantern. In the background a castle is visible.

Near this Riesenhaus, in a narrow, steep valley, the Türschenbach flows towards the Inn. The small hamlet in this valley is also called Türschenbach. Nearby, asphalt is mined, which the people of the area use as a powerful miracle cure for all kinds of diseases and livestock epidemics, as well as the stone oil (naphtha), which they call Türschenöl. A plot of land not far away is called "beim wilden Mann" ("at the wild man").

Continuing towards Innsbruck, one finds the larger-than-life statue of Heymo, harnessed, the dragon's tongue in his left hand, at the mortuary chapel of the cemetery of Wilten.

The legend tells of this:

The image of Our Lady of Wilten was hidden under four pillars, which is why it is still called "Our Lady of the Four Pillars". This was revealed by revelation to Heymo, who soon brought the image to light and decided to build Wilten Monastery on the site where it was found. But what he built during the day was torn down at night. Heymo, who was at odds with Türsch, suspected this, sought him out, found him sleeping in a meadow, and dealt him a fatal blow with his sword. The giant Türsch picked himself up, tore a tree together with the roots from the earth and struck around. Striding over the mountains, the blood flowed from his wound, and "where it flowed, there is the Türschenöl".

Before he died, he cried out:

*"Go, innocent blood,
And be good for cattle and men!"*

But even now the monastery building collapsed again every night. Then the Hero watched out and saw a dragon coming from Sillbach. With the help of Mother-God, Heymo pursued the dragon to the waterfall, where he cut off the head of the fire-breathing monster and tore out its tongue.

When the construction of the monastery was completed, Heymo seized a large stone and threw it over the monastery with such force that it fell far, where it still lies today. So far the monastery should be freed from the tithe.

The connection between the giant legend of Heymo and Thyrsis with the Christophorus legend is forgotten here, but it will be found, especially since Thyrsis and Türsch are direct giant names and agree with Thurso, Durso, with which name the giants appear in the Edda as in many legends.

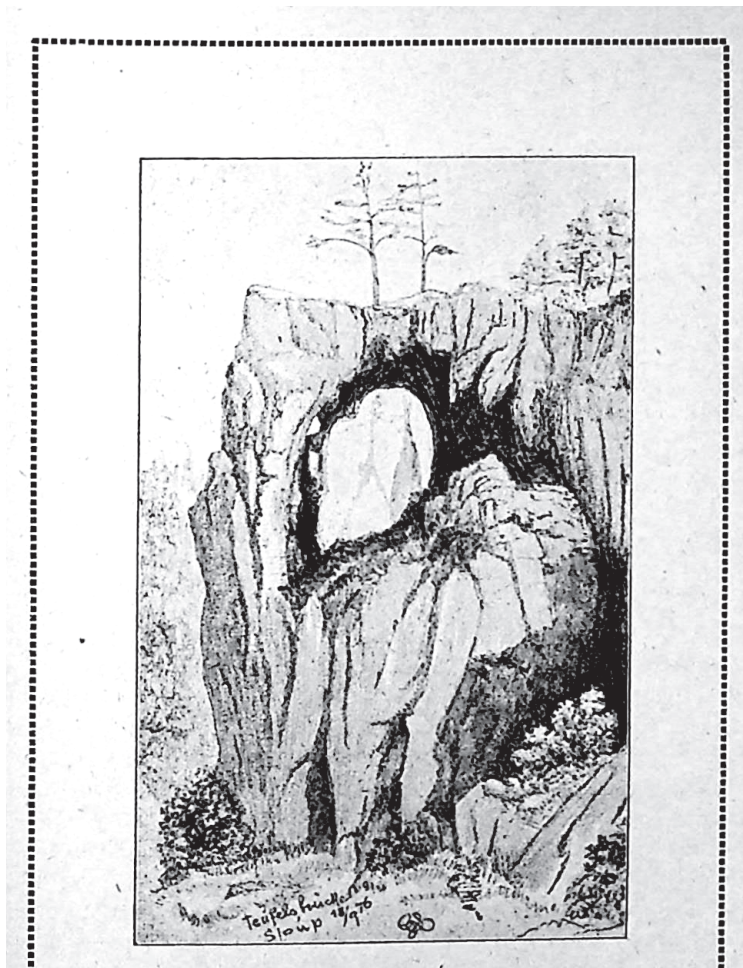
Certainly it is not accidental that in Apollonius I. 502 a Titan king Ophion is called husband of Eurynome, who, defeated by Saturn, was thrown into the sea, where Rhea threw Eurynome after him, who both drowned. Also among the giants, which Zeus slew, an Ophion is likewise called. But Ophion and Offero sound very related, and the latter name seems to have originated from the former.

In the legend, the wandering of Offero is first noticeable, as is his height, which is given as twelve cubits. Further his service to carry the pilgrims over the water, and finally the staff from pear wood, which, planted in the earth, greens and blossoms and bears fruits. These are genuine Ariogermanic characteristics, which, brought in connection with the Heymo-Türsch legend, lead to interesting solutions.

Wate was the name of a giant who fathered his son Wieland with the mermaid Wachilde. When he grew up, he carried him across the sea so that he could learn to forge a sword. This son, however, whom the father carried, was the people whom the god carried over seas and countries, that is, whom he led on the wanderings. -

If Wuotan shimmers through as a wanderer behind the mythical figure of Wate, this should not be surprising, because Wuotan is everything and the individual other gods are only personifications of individual characteristics of the supreme god.

Christophorus was also interpreted in this sense; he protects the wanderers and on the day when such a person sees a Christophorus image somewhere, he is protected from untimely death. That is why the mostly



*Illus. 48. See page 132. The "Teufelsbrücke" near Sloup.
(Hand drawing from the sketchbook of the author.)*

huge images of the saint are mostly found on the outer walls of churches, on rock faces, as for example on the Hollerfels near Vellach an eleven meter high image of St. Christopher appears painted on the rock, as well as on the church of Merano (Illus. 55) and naturally also as inn signs, to which the latter had been transferred from the old hospices, which were established in the times of the Crusades. St. Christopher carried his people like the old Wate across the sea to the Promised Land.

Now a dragon fight and a giant fight are found here. The dragon fight agrees with Balder or with Siegfried's, as especially the trait reveals that the blood is "good for cattle and men". The dragon's blood made Siegfried "horned," that is, invulnerable, and made him understand the language of the birds. Although the blood of the giant Türsch is explicitly mentioned here, this does not add anything to the name, because dragons are giant animals and Fafner is, as is known, dragon and giant in one person.

The giant fight, however, points to the giant fights of the other son of Wuotan Donar, while the building can be referred to the building Wuotan as well as to the building giants.

There would be no less than three Aesir, namely Wuotan, Balder and Donar, and a giant, Wate, who claim to have had their sacrificial sites at the places of today's Christophorus worship in former times.

But there it is again - the giant house between Seefeld and Zierl, which here throws a weighty piece of evidence into the scale, which piece of evidence is the crowned mermaid; Wieland's mother was the mermaid Wachilde. Just as the belief in miracles, because Offero was immersed in water by the Christ child, believes that he has power over all treasures that lie in the water, so also Wieland's gold is described in the legends as coming from the water, in that it was thought to come from his mother, the mermaid Wachilde. This was correct, however, insofar as the first gold was washed out of the river sand.

Thus it seems decided that the worship of Christophorus replaced that of Wate, to which another noteworthy moment is added, which, however, falls into another mythical circle. This is the "wandering Jotun", who in the course of time became the "eternal Jew", but who is none

other than Wuotan, the wanderer. Especially in Tyrol the legend goes that Judas hanged himself on a Wednesday; but this Judas is just that "wandering Jote". The hanging is Wuotan's self-sacrifice⁴ and Wednesday is the day of the week sacred to Wuotan. It is also worth noting that just in the Danube valley of the "Wachau", which we already recognized at "Aggstein" as the floodplain of Wachilden, the "Watstein" lying on the left bank of the Danube is, so to speak, opposed by the "Aggstein" lying on the right bank. Agez (Aegir), the winter sea giant, illuminates his hall with the golden light of the sun imprisoned in the underworld (the darkness, the winter). We recognized this mythical treasure gold, however, also as the golden seed grain slumbering in the winter earth, from which mythical gold treasure the legendary hoard of the Nibelungen, the Amelungen etc. developed. As here the "Wate" is opposed by the water giant "Agez", so in the "Christopheles Prayer" the saint "Christophorus" is opposed by the "great water spirit" as the keeper of treasures, whereby the latter turns out to be Agez. Since now to the St. Christophorus also this water spirit compelling power is attributed, as such just the Christopheles prayer proves, so the wuotanistic materialization hidden behind these saints must have been a more powerful one than Agez himself.

Wate is, as already noticed, a weakened secondary figure of a mighty Aesir, but still the question wavers whether that Aesir was "Wuotan" or "Donar"; the former has been the god of the noblemen, the latter the farmer god. Both are wanderers; but an Eddic song: "Harbardshliödh" introduces Donar as the one wading through the water.

In this song a quarrel of the sun (Wuotan) with the summer thunderstorm (Donar) is mythically described. The sun was victorious; after the thunderstorm had passed, it shines again calmly in the sky. The sun (Wuotan) is meant here as a ferryman over the crossroads between giants and Aesir, which is otherwise called Elbing (Ifing). In the

(4) In the runic song Wuotan sings of himself: "I know how I hung on the wind-cold tree nine eternal nights, I, Wuotan, consecrated to myself, etc."

thunderstorm myth the representation of the sun god as a ferryman across the Elbing river means the sun veiled by thunderclouds, which travel back and forth from one bank of the river to the other. That is, the storm clouds actually move once there, then back again. But the sun refuses the crossing and remains the winner, then finally the thunderstorms move away and go to look for a ford in the "west" to wade through.

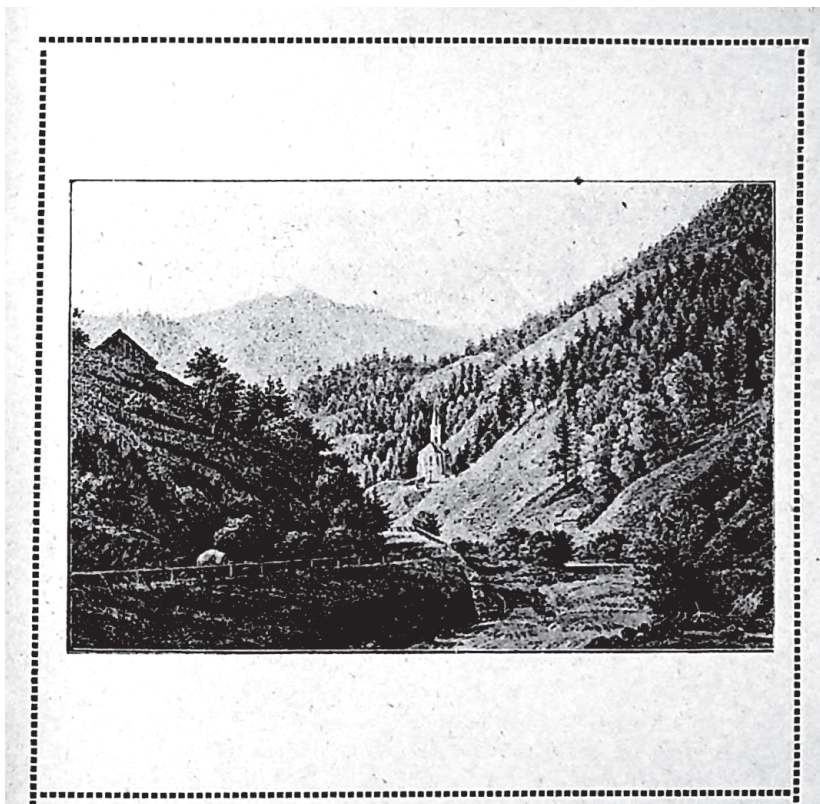
In "Harbardshliödh" this myth has already become very unclear, because the song is a late one, from the time of the decline of the Skaldic art. But it characterizes very well the character of the knightly as well as the peasant god. Both quarrel, the warlike Wuotan and the "giver" of sheaves" Donar, and both are right.

Wuotan boasts of love adventures and deeds of war, Donar boasts of his benefits shown to the people and donations as a guardian of agriculture.

If we now see here the dividing stream between Aesir and Giant, which Donar wades through, if we compare this dividing stream with the Danube (see Aggstein), where on the northern, left bank the Wadstone stands, on the southern, right bank the Giant Stone Aggstein rises, then the conclusion is that Wate, who carries his people across the stream, can be none other than the "wading Donar" in fabulously attenuated form.

If now, however, in the Christophorus legend the "great sea or water spirit" " is recognized as Agez, then the Aesir superior to him and conquering him must be the giant conqueror Donar, who, in spite of the fact that the crossing is refused to him by an actually friendly side, is strong enough to conquer the water giant by self-help and to gain the river crossing by wading.

Thus in the treasure legend of Christophorus actually two treasure donors would be hidden, as such also clearly emerges, because it is not only about the treasure gold which the great water spirit hides in the water, but also about the treasures buried in the earth. So water and earth unite here to hide the treasure gold. Already in the Nibelungen saga it can be found that the dwarf "Antwari" hides his hoard of gold in the cave



Illus. 49. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental". St. Leonhard in Carinthia.

located under the waters.

Now the German miracle faith knows also other treasure legends, which point like that of Christophorus from earth and water, to earth and air like to earth and fire, whereby here again the mighty three suddenly breaks through.

If also the alchemy four elements, namely:

Earth V

Water V

Fire A

Air A and forms from it the

Universe #, the German mythe knows only three elements in their influence on the earth, namely: air, water and fire. To this trilogy correspond:

Wuotan (air), Donar (water) and Loki (fire).⁵

Since the treasures that lie in the air, like those that lie in the fire, are comprehensible only spiritually (psychically), but physically (physically, materially) only to a few knowledgeable people, it is easy to explain why just the treasure legend, which is based on Donar as the lord of the buried and sunken treasures, as Christophorus legend pushed the other two into the background, because it was more obvious to the treasure diggers to deal with buried or sunken treasures than with those that lie in the fire or even in - the air.

After all, we will also roam the other two areas on our German-mythological wanderings.

Now it does not need further the special reference that the treasure digger belief, strengthened by accidental treasure finds, lost itself ever more deeply into the area of the sorcery and the magic belief and in the "Christopheles prayer" like in the "violent sea spirit" of Dr. Faust's threefold hell compulsion solidified in the crassest superstition.

The church had not succeeded in eradicating the old cult of Wuotan,

(5) More about this in G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen", especially plate I of that book.

although it made the most far-reaching concessions to the people. Thus, a good part of the Odinic holy beliefs remained alive in the Christian confession in its exotericism, which soon became a belief in the devil and thus a secondary belief, which, however, soon developed into a counter-faith and finally into a superstition.

However, in order to protect themselves from persecution, this devil or counter belief was clothed in forms that resembled the Christian ones, incantations were combined with prayers and thus the infamous Christopheles prayer was created, which despite all secular and ecclesiastical prohibitions is still printed, bought and prayed with all the prescribed magic apparatus even today - on Christmas Eve.

It is hair-raising, which nonsense is to be read united on the thirty-eight narrowly printed pages of the booklet, which leads the promising title:

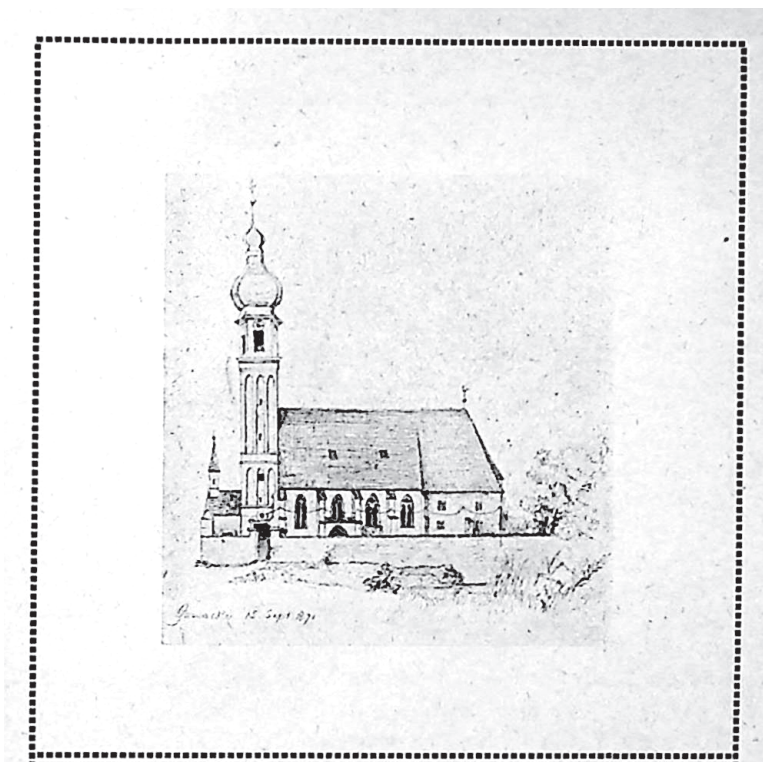
"The Call of St. Christopher
Or:
The So-Called Christopheles Prayer."

First of all, this booklet brings the instructions for the preparation under the inscription: "Science of the hearings and requirement for the attainment of these petitions". There is a lot of talk about Christian exercises, especially about "fasting with water and bread" and the like. Then follows a myriad of real and proper magic conditions, as they only ever fit into the witch's kitchen, although apparently in the Christian sense. Thus, three or only one of them must lead the incantation; a picture of St. Christopher and a picture of the Virgin Mary must be set up together with a crucifix, in front of which a consecrated candle burns. In a closed lantern, however, a hidden candle burns. This covered candle burns of course for the devil, "to whom one must also sometimes put a light"; this shows so quite clearly how here Christianity and Wuotanism stand side by side. It is not unbelief, no! This is full, true faith to both sides, but misguided in the delusions of an overstimulated, overheated imagination.

Thus it goes on in the desolate nonsense, to the Christianity and Odinism equally abhorrent!

The next chapter is called: "White and manner to make the circle." This is the famous magic circle, common in all incantations; but as it may not be known what such a circle looks like, let us try to describe it here. First, a straight line is drawn from east to west, which crosses another from north to south, as on the compass rose. Around the center of this cross now three concentric circles are drawn. The picture looks almost like a target for target practice; it consists of four quadrants and eight ring quarters, four of which are always the same size.

In the quadrant between north and east is the cross with the image of Mary, in the next between east and south is the image of St. Christopher, in the quadrant between north and west is the holy water font, while the quadrant between west and south forms the entrance and designates the place where the invoker must kneel. The ring formed by the first and second circles, counting from the center, contains the names of the four evangelists, namely: East: Matthew; South: Mark; West: Luke; North: John. The ring between the second and third circles contains in each celestial region, progressing from east to south, one of the four words: Jesus, Nazareus, Rex, Judaeorum, between which four words, separated by crosses, are inscribed the following four archangels' names: Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel and Michael. When the ceremony of drawing the circle, very complicated by many prayers and formulas, is completed, there come terrifying quantities of long prayers, which become more and more importunate and insolent, for they have the purpose of compelling St. Christopher, as the bestower of hidden treasures, to pay such in the modest figure of 999,999 ducats in fully important, customary coin, and not to reward the many labors of conjuring by deceptive sham gold, which could turn into misty coals or the like, in an evil way. This is the "true prayer of St. Christopher, prayed with devotion and purity". This terrible nonsense, several pages long, is followed by an equally blatant "Prayer to God Almighty", which is now finally followed by the "Invocation to St. Christopher". Only now comes the actual witchcraft,



Illus. 50: See Chapter 20, "Saint Leonhard". Leonhardi Church at Ganacker. Outside, one can see the chain hanging around the church. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

namely "The Weighing and Listing of the Spirit of the Treasure". An attached "Note" foresees the not impossible case that the spirit would still not be inclined to bring the 999,999 ducats, which is why it advises: "Speak the following charges with sharp constraint three times." Of course, now an incredible thing is already done and if the spirit has only some sense of honor in its body, it must come, it may want to or not.

The author of the "Compulsion" has also seen this and now brings rules, how to meet the spirit, in the following order: "When you hear something, speak immediately so". "Answer the question of the spirit; when it asks you what your desire is, answer it immediately in this way." "When the spirit says he has no money (sic) or such coin, speak thus." Of course the conjuror does not let act; he behaves by the way exactly as brutally, as at most a usurer opposite his debtor, if this does not want to honor the words of the long prayer. But the spirit has a sympathy, because the next chapter is headed: "If the spirit has brought you something, speak immediately after his good deed". There the man becomes polite, but he does not trust the spirit nevertheless quite, because now the "summoning of the treasure" follows and on it immediately the "abdication of the spirit", so that they "come in peace from each other."

This is followed only by the following four sections: "Vacating of the Spirit", "Extinction of the Circle", "Before Leaving the Circle" and "Dismissal of the Circle".

This is followed by many more prayers, in order to - as I said - also calm one's Christian conscience and to shield oneself from the devil, whom one has happily gotten rid of.

This so-called Christopheles prayer contains as much of Christianity as of Wotanism, namely of neither of them even the dust of a mildew, because it is sheer madness, the spawn of the brain of many traveling scholars of dishonorable memory, whose descendants we still meet here and there as market criers and Theriakkrämer in the country. It grew and grew, everyone tightened here and there to make it quite gruesome "and thereby squeeze the last pennies out of the poor peasants. Thus this "prayer" grew and was finally printed and reprinted and perhaps

experienced a circulation that surpassed that of Scheffel's "Ekkehard"!

And this, the more the church, "the more the state zealously opposed it, because - forbidden fruit tastes best.

The rain had stopped, but the great spirit of water had settled so broadly and softly into the wet herbiage as into the slippery paths, that we persistently remained behind our jugs of Christophe, in order to indulge in the noble activities of drinking men.

There is also a poetry of its own in being thus watered in the countryside.

Vale magne Christophore!

End of Book 1

